THE JĀTAKA

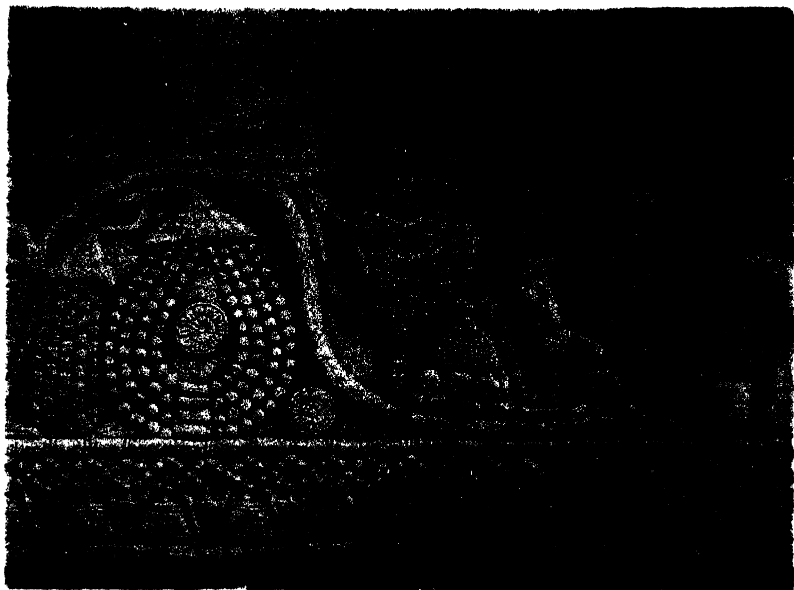
OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS

London: C. J. CLAY AND SONS,
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE,
AVE MARIA LANE.
Glasgow: 263, ARGYLE STREET.



Leipzig: F. A. BROCKHAUS.
New York: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.
Bombay: G. BELL AND SONS.



SCENE FROM THE STUPA OF BHARHUT ILLUSTRATING JATAKA 383
(from Cunningham, Pl. XLVII. 5).

THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PĀLI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. III.

TRANSLATED BY

H. T. FRANCIS, M.A.,
LATE FELLOW OF GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE,

AND

R. A. NEIL, M.A.,
FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

CAMBRIDGE:
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
1897

Cambridge:
PRINTED BY J. AND C. F. CLAY,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

PREFACE.

THIS volume of translation corresponds to the third volume of the text, and the translators, Mr H. T. Francis, and Mr R. A. Neil, have endeavoured to keep up an uniformity with the plan adopted in the two former volumes. Mr Francis is responsible for pp. 1—150 and p. 287 to the end, Mr Neil for pp. 151—286. The Secretary of State for India has kindly given permission to illustrate one of the stories in this volume also from the Bhārhut Stūpa. The story is No. 383; the words above the picture are *Biḍala Jataka Kukuṭa Jataka.*

The two translators of this volume cannot allow the book to appear without expressing their gratitude to Professor Cowell for his constant help and supervision and for his kindness in compiling the index.

TO

THE HON. V. FAUSBØLL

WHO FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS

HAS SHEWN UNWEARIED ENERGY IN PUBLISHING

THE EDITIO PRINCEPS OF THE PĀLI JĀTAKA

THIS THIRD VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE TRANSLATORS.

CONTENTS.

BOOK IV. CATUKKANIPĀTA.

No. 301.

CULLAKĀLIṄGA-JĀTAKA[1].

[1] "*Open the gate,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, about the admission of four female ascetics to the religious life.

Tradition says that Licchavis of the ruling family to the number of seven thousand seven hundred and seven had their abode at Vesālī. And all of them were given to argument and disputation.

Now a certain Jain, skilled in maintaining five hundred different theses, arrived at Vesālī and met with a kind reception there. A female Jain too of a similar character also came to Vesālī. And the Licchavi chiefs got up a disputation between them. And when they proved well matched as disputants, the Licchavis were struck with the notion that such a pair would be sure to have clever children. So they arranged a marriage between them, and as the issue of this union in due course four daughters and a son were born. The daughters were named Saccā, Lolā, Avavādakā, and Paṭācārā, and the boy was called Saccaka. These five children when they reached years of discretion learned a thousand different theses, five hundred from the mother and five hundred from the father. And the parents schooled their daughters after this manner: "If any layman refutes your thesis, you are to become his wives, but if a priest refutes you, you must take orders at his hands."

After a time their parents died. And when they were dead, the Jain Saccaka lived on in the same place at Vesālī, studying the lore of the Licchavis. [2] But his sisters took in their hands a branch of the rose-apple tree, and in the course of their wanderings from city to city for purposes of disputation, at last reached Sāvatthi. There they planted the rose-apple branch at the city gate and said to some boys who were there, "If any man, be he layman or priest, is equal to maintaining a thesis against us, let him scatter with his foot this heap of dust and trample under foot this branch." And with these words they went into the city to collect alms.

Now the venerable Sāriputta, after sweeping up wherever it was necessary, and putting water into the empty pots and tending the sick, later on in the day went into Sāvatthi for alms. And when he had seen and heard about the bough, he ordered the boys to throw it down and trample upon it. "Let those," said he, "by whom this bough has been planted, as soon as they have finished their meal, come and see me in the gable-chamber over the gate of Jetavana."

[1] See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal*, iii. 61.

So he went into the city, and when he had ended his meal, he took his stand in the chamber over the monastery gate. The female ascetics too, after going their rounds for alms, returned and found the branch had been trampled on. And when they asked who had done this, the boys told them it was Sāriputta, and if they were anxious for a disputation, they were to go to the chamber over the gate of the monastery.

So they returned to the city, and followed by a great crowd went to the gate-tower of the monastery, and propounded to the priest a thousand different theses. The priest solved all their difficulties and then asked them if they knew any more.

They replied, "No, my Lord."

"Then I," said he, "will ask you something."

"Ask on, my Lord," they said, "and if we know it, we will answer you."

So the priest propounded just one question to them, and when they had to give it up, the priest told them the answer.

Then said they, "We are beaten, the victory rests with you."

"What will you do now?" he asked.

"Our parents," they replied, "admonished us thus: 'if you are refuted in disputation by a layman, you are to become his wives, but if by a priest, you are to receive orders at his hands'.—Therefore," said they, "admit us to the religious life."

The priest readily assented and ordained them in the house of the Nun called Uppalavaṇṇā. And all of them shortly attained to Sainthood.

Then one day they started this topic in the Hall of Truth, how that Sāriputta proved a refuge to the four female ascetics, and that through him they all attained to Sainthood. When the Master came and heard the nature of their discourse, he said, "Not now only, but in former times too, Sāriputta proved a refuge to these women. [3] On this occasion he dedicated them to the religious life, but formerly he raised them to the dignity of queen consort." Then he told them an old-world story.

Once upon a time when Kāliṅga was reigning in the city of Dantapura in the Kāliṅga[1] kingdom, Assaka was king of Potali in the Assaka country. Now Kāliṅga had a fine army and was himself as strong as an elephant, but could find no one to fight with him. So being eager for a fray he said to his ministers: "I am longing to fight but can find no one to war with me."

His ministers said, "Sire, there is one way open to you. You have four daughters of surpassing beauty. Bid them adorn themselves with jewels, and then seated in a covered carriage let them be driven to every village, town and royal city with an armed escort. And if any king shall be desirous of taking them into his harem, we will get up a fight with him."

The king followed their advice. But the kings of the various countries, wherever they came, were afraid to let them enter their cities, but sent them presents and assigned them quarters outside the city walls. Thus they passed through the length and breadth of India till they reached Potali in the Assaka country. But Assaka too closed his gates against

[1] On the Coromandel coast.

them and merely sent them a present. Now this king had a wise and able minister named Nandisena, who was fertile in expedients. He thought to himself: "These princesses, men say, have traversed the length of India without finding any to fight for their possession. If this is the case, India is but an empty name. I myself will do battle with Kāliṅga."

Then he went and bade the guards open the city gate to them, and spake the first stanza:

> Open the gate to these maidens: thro' Nandisena's might,
> King Aruna's[1] sage lion, our city is guarded aright.

[4] With these words he threw open the gate, and brought the maidens into the presence of king Assaka, and said to him, "Fear not. If there is to be a fight, I will see to it. Make these fair princesses your chief queens." Then he installed them as queens by sprinkling them with holy water, and dismissed their attendants, bidding them go and tell Kāliṅga that his daughters had been raised to the dignity of queen-consorts. So they went and told him, and Kāliṅga said, "I presume he does not know how powerful I am," and at once set out with a great army. Nandisena heard of his approach and sent a message to this effect; "Let Kāliṅga abide within his own marches, and not encroach upon ours, and the battle shall be fought on the frontiers of the two countries." On receiving this message, Kāliṅga halted within the limits of his own territory and Assaka also kept to his.

At this time the Bodhisatta was following the ascetic life and was living in a hermitage on a spot lying between the two kingdoms. Said Kāliṅga, "These monks are knowing fellows. Who can tell which of us will gain the victory, and which will be defeated? I will ask this ascetic." So he came to the Bodhisatta disguised, and sitting respectfully on one side, after the usual kindly greetings he said, "Your Reverence, Kāliṅga and Assaka have their forces drawn up each within his own territory, eager for a fight. Which of them will be victorious, and which will be defeated?"

"Your Excellency," he replied, "the one will conquer, the other will be beaten. I can tell you no more. But Sakka, the King of Heaven, is coming here. I will ask him and let you know, if you come back again to-morrow."

[5] So when Sakka came to pay his respects to the Bodhisatta, he put this question to him, and Sakka replied, "Reverend Sir, Kāliṅga will conquer, Assaka will be defeated, and such and such omens will be seen beforehand." Next day Kāliṅga came and repeated his question, and the Bodhisatta gave Sakka's answer. And Kāliṅga, without inquiring what

[1] The scholiast says Aruna was the real name of the Assaka king.

the omens would be, thought to himself: "They tell me I shall conquer," and went away quite satisfied. This report spread abroad. And when Assaka heard it, he summoned Nandisena and said, "Kāliṅga, they say, will be victorious and we shall be defeated. What is to be done?"

"Sire," he replied, "who knows this? Do not trouble yourself as to who shall gain the victory and who shall suffer defeat."

With these words he comforted the king. Then he went and saluted the Bodhisatta, and sitting respectfully on one side he asked, "Who, Reverend Sir, will conquer, and who will be defeated?"

"Kāliṅga," he replied, "will win the day and Assaka will be beaten."

"And what, Reverend Sir," he asked, "will be the omen for the one that conquers, and what for the one that is defeated?"

"Your Excellency," he answered, "the tutelary deity of the conqueror will be a spotless white bull, and that of the other king a perfectly black bull, and the tutelary gods of the two kings will themselves fight and be severally victorious or defeated."

On hearing this Nandisena rose up and went and took the king's allies—they were about one thousand in number and all of them great warriors—and led them up a mountain close at hand and asked them saying, "Would you sacrifice your lives for our king?"

"Yes, Sir, we would," they answered.

"Then throw yourselves from this precipice," he said.

They essayed to do so, when he stopped them, saying, "No more of this. Show yourselves staunch friends of our king and make a gallant fight for him."

They all vowed to do so. And when the battle was now imminent, Kāliṅga came to the conclusion in his own mind that he would be victorious, and his army too thought "The victory will be ours." [6] And so they put on their armour, and forming themselves into separate detachments, they advanced just as they thought proper, and when the moment came for making a great effort, they failed to do so.

But both the kings, mounted on horseback, drew nigh to one another with the intention of fighting. And their two tutelary gods moved before them, that of Kāliṅga in the shape of a white bull, and that of the other king as a black bull. And as these drew nigh to one another, they too made every demonstration of fighting. But these two bulls were visible to the two kings only, and to no one else. And Nandisena asked Assaka, saying, "Your Highness, are the tutelary gods visible to you?"

"Yes," he answered, "they are."

"In what guise?" he asked.

"The guardian god of Kāliṅga appears in the shape of a white bull, while ours is in the form of a black bull and looks distressed."

"Fear not Sire, we shall conquer and Kāliṅga will be defeated. Only

dismount from your well-trained Sindh horse, and grasping this spear, with your left hand give him a blow on the flank, and then with this body of a thousand men advance quickly and with a stroke of your weapon fell to the ground this god of Kāliṅga, while we with a thousand spears will smite him and so shall Kāliṅga's tutelary deity perish, and then shall Kāliṅga be defeated and we shall be victorious."

"Good," said the king, and at a given signal from Nandisena he smote with his spear and his courtiers too smote with their thousand spears, and the tutelary god of Kāliṅga died then and there.

Meanwhile Kāliṅga was defeated and fled. And at the sight all those thousand councillors raised a loud cry, saying, "Kāliṅga is fled." Then Kāliṅga with the fear of death upon him, as he fled, reproached that ascetic and uttered the second stanza:

"Kāliṅgas bold shall victory claim,
Defeat crowns Assakas with shame."
[7] Thus did your reverence prophesy,
And honest folk should never lie.

Thus did Kāliṅga, as he fled, revile that ascetic. And in his flight to his own city he durst not so much as once look back. And a few days afterwards Sakka came to visit the hermit. And the hermit conversing with him uttered the third stanza:

The gods from lying words are free,
Truth should their chiefest treasure be.
In this, great Sakka, thou didst lie;
Tell me, I pray, the reason why.

On hearing this, Sakka spoke the fourth stanza:

Hast thou, O brahmin, ne'er been told
Gods envy not the hero bold?
The fixed resolve that may not yield,
Intrepid prowess in the field,
High courage and adventurous might
For Assaka have won the fight.

[8] And on the flight of Kāliṅga, king Assaka returned with his spoils to his own city. And Nandisena sent a message to Kāliṅga, that he was to forward a portion for the dowry of these four royal maidens. "Otherwise," he added, "I shall know how to deal with him." And Kāliṅga, on hearing this message, was so alarmed that he sent a fitting portion for them. And from that day forward the two kings lived amicably together.

His discourse ended, the Master identified the Birth:—"In those days these young female ascetics were the daughters of king Kāliṅga, Sāriputta was Nandisena and I myself was the hermit."

No. 302.

MAHĀASSĀROHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Thy gifts bestowed,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the Elder Ānanda. The circumstances that suggested the story have been already given. "In former days too," the Master said, "wise men acted on the principle that one good turn deserves another." And hereupon he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was king of Benares, and exercising his rule with justice and equity he gave alms and kept the moral law.

And being minded to quell some disturbance on his frontier he set out with a large force, but being defeated he mounted his horse and fled till he reached a certain border village. Now there dwelt here thirty loyal subjects and they were gathered together very early, in the middle of the village, to transact the business of the place. And at this moment the king mounted on his mail-clad horse and splendidly equipped [9] rode into the place by the village gate. The people were terrified and saying, "What can this be?" fled every man to his own home. But there was one man who without going to his own house, came to welcome the king. And telling the stranger that the king, he heard, had come to the frontier, he inquired who he was and whether he was a royalist or a rebel. "I am for the king, Sir," he said. "Then come with me," he answered, and led the king to his home and made him sit down on his own seat. Then the man said to his wife, "My dear, bathe our friend's feet;" and when she had so done, he offered him the best food he could, and had a bed made ready for him, bidding him rest awhile. So the king lay down. Then his host took off the armour from the horse, turned him loose, gave him water to drink and grass to eat and rubbed him down with oil. Thus did he tend the king for three or four days, and the king said, "Friend, I am now off," and again he did all due service both to the king and his horse. The king after he had taken food, on leaving said, "I am called the Great Horseman. Our home is in the centre of the city. Should you come there on any business, stand at the door on the right hand and ask the porter where the Great Horseman dwells, and take him with you and come to our house." With these words he departed.

Now the army, not seeing the king, remained encamped outside the town, but when they saw him, they came out to meet him and escorted him home. The king on entering the city stood at the entrance of the

gate and calling the porter ordered the crowd to retire and said, "Friend, a certain man who lives in a frontier village will come here, anxious to see us, and will ask where the house of the Great Horseman is. Take him by the hand and bring him into our presence, and then you shall receive a thousand pieces of money."

But when the man failed to come, the king increased the tax on the village where he dwelt. But though the tax was raised, still he did not come. So the king increased the tax for the second and third time, and still he came not. Then the inhabitants of the village gathered together and said to the man: "Sir, from the time the Horseman came to you, [10] we have been so weighed down by the tax that we cannot lift up our head. Go and see the Great Horseman and persuade him to lighten our burden."

"Well, I will go," he answered, "but I cannot go empty-handed. My friend has two sons: so get you ready ornaments and suits of clothes for them and for his wife and for my friend himself."

"Very well," they said, and got everything ready for a present.

So he took both this gift and a cake fried in his own house. And when he came to the door on the right hand he asked the porter where the house of the Great Horseman might be. The porter answered, "Come with me and I will shew you," and took him by the hand, and on arriving at the king's gate sent in word, "The porter has come and has brought with him the man who dwells in the border village." The king on hearing it, rose from his seat and said, "Let my friend and all that have come with him enter." Then he went forward to welcome him and embraced him, and after inquiring if his friend's wife and children were well, he took him by the hand, stepped on the daïs and seated him on the royal throne beneath the white umbrella. And he summoned his chief consort and said, "Wash my friend's feet." So she washed his feet. The king sprinkled water from a golden bowl, while the queen washed his feet and anointed them with scented oil. Then the king asked, "Have you anything for us to eat?" And he said, "Yes, my lord," and brought out cakes in a bag. The king received them in a golden dish, and showing great favour towards him he said, "Eat what my friend has brought," and gave some to his queen and his ministers, and himself too ate of it. Then the stranger brought out his other gift. And the king to show that he accepted it put off his silken garments and put on the suit of clothes that he had brought him. [11] The queen also laid aside her silk dress and ornaments and put on the dress and ornaments he had brought her. Then the king served him with food fit for a king and bade one of his councillors, saying, "Go and see that his beard is trimmed after the fashion of my own, and let him bathe in scented water. Then dress him in a silken robe worth a hundred thousand pieces of money, and adorn him in royal style and bring him

here." This was done. And the king by beat of drum through the city gathered together his councillors, and throwing a thread of pure vermilion across the white umbrella, gave him the half of his kingdom. From that day they ate, drank and dwelt together and they became firm and inseparable friends.

Then the king sent for the man's wife and family and had a house built for them in the city, and they ruled the kingdom in perfect harmony. So the courtiers waxed wroth and said to the king's son, "O prince, the king has given the half of his kingdom to a certain householder. He eats and drinks and dwells with him, and orders us to salute his children. What service he has done the king we know not. What does the king mean? We feel ashamed. Do you speak to the king." He readily agreed to do so, and told every word to the king and said, "O great king, do not act thus."

"My son," he answered, "do you know where I dwelt after I was defeated in battle?"[1]

"I know not, my lord," he said.

"I was living," said the king, "in this man's house, and when I had recovered my health I came back and reigned again. How then should I not bestow honour on my benefactor?"

And then the Bodhisatta went on to say, "My son, whosoever giveth to one unworthy of his gift, and to the deserving giveth nought, that man when he falls into misfortune findeth no one to help him." And to point the moral he uttered these verses:

[12] Thy gifts bestowed upon or fool or knave,
In sorest need would bring no friend to save:
But grace or kindness to the good displayed
In sorest need would bring thee timely aid.
Boons to unworthy souls are spent in vain,
Thy smallest service to the good is gain:
A noble action though it stands alone,
Renders the doer worthy of a throne:
As fruit abundant from the tiny seed,
Eternal fame springs from a virtuous deed.

[13] On hearing this neither the councillors nor the young prince had aught to say in answer.

The Master, his discourse ended, thus identified the Birth: "At that time it was Ānanda who dwelt in the frontier village, while I myself was king of Benares."

[1] Compare No. 157, vol. ii.

No. 303.

EKARĀJA-JĀTAKA.

"*O monarch that erst,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a courtier of the king of Kosala. The circumstances that suggested the story have been already related in the Seyyaṃsa[1] Birth. On this occasion the Master said, "You are not the only one who got good out of evil: wise men of old also got good out of evil." And he told an old-world story.

Once upon a time a minister in attendance on the king of Benares misconducted himself in the royal harem. The king after witnessing his offence with his own eyes banished him from the kingdom. How he took service with the king of Kosala, named Dabbasena, is all told in the Mahāsīlava[2] Birth.

But in the present story Dabbasena had the king of Benares seized while sitting on the daïs in the midst of his councillors, and fastening him by a cord on the lintel of the door suspended him head downwards. The king cultivated feelings of charity towards the rebel prince, and by a process of complete absorption entered upon a state of mystic meditation, and bursting his bonds sat cross-legged in the air. The rebel prince was attacked with a burning pain in the body, and with a cry of "I burn, I burn," he rolled over and over on the ground. When he asked the reason of it, his courtiers replied, "It is because the king whom you suspend head downwards from the lintel of the door is such an innocent and holy man." Then said he, "Go quickly and release him." His servants went and found the king sitting cross-legged in the air, and came back and told Dabbasena. [14] So he went with all speed, and bowing before him asked his pardon and repeated the first stanza:

O monarch that erst in thy kingdom didst dwell,
  Enjoying such bliss as few mortals have seen,
How is it that lying midst tortures of Hell
  Thou still art so calm and so gracious of mien?

On hearing this the Bodhisatta repeated the rest of the stanzas:

Of yore 'twas my one earnest prayer unto Heaven
  From the ranks of ascetics no more to be barred,
But now that such glory to me has been given,
  O why should the form of my visage be marred?

[1] No. 282, vol. ii.
[2] No. 51, vol. i.

The end is accomplished, my task is now done,
  The prince once my foe is no longer estranged,
But now that the fame I so envied is won,
  O why should the form of my visage be changed?

[1]When joy turns to sorrow, and weal becomes woe,
  Patient souls even pleasure may wring from their pain,
But no such distinction of feeling they know,
  When the calm of Nirvāna poor mortals attain.

[15] On hearing this Dabbasena asked forgiveness of the Bodhisatta and said, "Rule over your own people and I will drive out the rebels from amongst you." And after punishing that wicked councillor he went his way. But the Bodhisatta handed over the kingdom to his ministers, and adopting the ascetic life of a Rishi he became destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was Dabbasena, and I myself was the king of Benares."

No. 304.

DADDARA-JĀTAKA.

"*O Daddara, who,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about a certain choleric fellow. The circumstance has been already related before. On this occasion when a discussion had arisen in the Hall of Truth about the passionate nature of the man, the Master came up, and when in answer to his inquiry he was told by the Brethren the subject of their discourse, he sent for the man and asked, "Is it true, Brother, what they say, that you are passionate?" "Yes, my Lord, it is so," he replied. [16] Then the Master said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too this fellow was very choleric, and

[1] Compare Lord Houghton's poem, "Pleasure and Pain."

See the Fakeer as he swings on his iron,
  See the thin Hermit that starves in the wild;
Think ye no pleasures the penance environ,
  And hope the sole bliss by which pain is beguiled?

No! in the kingdoms those spirits are reaching,
  Vain are our words the emotions to tell;
Vain the distinctions our senses are teaching,
  For Pain has its Heaven and Pleasure its Hell!

owing to his passionate temper wise men of former days though continuing to lead perfectly innocent lives as Nāga princes, had to dwell three years on a filthy dunghill." And herewith he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning at Benares, the Daddara Nāgas dwelt at the foot of Mount Daddara in the Himālaya region and the Bodhisatta came to life as Mahādaddara, the son of Sūradaddara, the king of that country, with a younger brother named Culladaddara. The latter was passionate and cruel, and went about abusing and striking the Nāga maidens. The Nāga king, on hearing of his cruelty, gave orders for his expulsion from the Nāga world. But Mahādaddara got his father to forgive him and saved his brother from expulsion. A second time the king was wroth with him, and again he was induced to forgive him. But on the third occasion the king said, "You have prevented me from expelling this good-for-nothing fellow; now both of you get you gone from this Nāga world, and live for three years at Benares on a dunghill."

So he drove them forth from the Nāga country and they went and lived at Benares. And when the village boys saw them looking for their food in a ditch bounding the dunghill, they struck them and threw clods and sticks and other missiles at them, and crying out, "What have we here—water lizards with big heads and tails like needles?" uttered other words of abuse. But Culladaddara, by reason of his fierce and passionate nature, being unable to put up with such disrespect said, "Brother, these boys are mocking us. They don't know that we are venomous serpents. I can't stand their contempt for us. I will destroy them by the breath of my nostril." And then addressing his brother, he repeated the first stanza:

O Daddara, who such an insult could bear?
"Ho! frog-eating stick-i'-the-mud," they cry:
To think that these poor harmless creatures should dare
A serpent with poisonous fang to defy!

[17] On hearing his words Mahādaddara uttered the rest of the stanzas:

An exile driven to a foreign shore
Must of abuse lay up a goodly store;
For where his rank and virtues none can know,
Only the fool his pride would care to show.
He who at home a "shining light" may be,
Abroad must suffer men of low degree.

So they dwelt there three years. Then their father recalled them home. And from that day their pride was abated.

When the Master had brought his discourse to an end, he proclaimed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the choleric Brother attained Fruition of the Third Path:—"At that time the choleric Brother was Culladaddara, and I myself was Mahādaddara."

No. 305.

SĪLAVĪMAṀSANA-JĀTAKA[1].

[18] "*In sooth there is,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while dwelling at Jetavana, about the rebuking of sin. The circumstances will be set forth in the Pānīya Birth[2] in the Eleventh Book. The following is a brief summary of it.

Five hundred Brethren living in Jetavana, at the close of the middle watch of the night, entered into an argument on the pleasures of sense. Now the Master through all the six divisions of night and day keeps a continual watch over the Brethren, even as a one-eyed man carefully guards his eye, a father his only son, or a yak its tail. In the night time, with his supernatural vision regarding Jetavana, he beheld these Brethren, as it were, like robbers that had found their way into some great king's palace. And opening his perfumed chamber he summoned Ānanda and bade him assemble the Brethren in the Home of the Golden Pavement, and prepare a seat for him at the door of the perfumed chamber. Ānanda did as he was commanded and told the Master. Then the Master, sitting down on the seat prepared for him, addressed the Brethren collectively and said, "Brethren, wise men of old thought there was no such thing as secrecy in wrong-doing and so refrained from it," and he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in a brahmin family, and when he was of age, he was taught science by a world-renowned professor of that city, being at the head of a class of five hundred students. Now his teacher had a grown-up daughter. And he thought: "I will test the virtue of these youths and will give her in marriage to him that most excels in virtue."

So one day he thus addressed his pupils: "My friends, I have a grown-up daughter, and I intend to give her in marriage, but I must have proper dresses and ornaments for her. Do you then steal some without your friends discovering it, and bring them to me. Whatever no one has seen you take I will accept, but if you allow anything you bring to be seen, I shall refuse it." They assented, saying, "Very well," and from that day they stole dresses and ornaments without their friends' knowledge

[1] See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal*, iii. 244.
[2] No. 459, Vol. iv.

and brought them to him. And the teacher arranged whatever each pupil brought in a separate place. But the Bodhisatta stole nothing.

Then the teacher said, [19] "But you, my friend, bring me nothing." "True, Master," he replied. "Why is this, my friend?" he asked. "You accept nothing," he answered, "unless it is taken secretly. But I find there is no such thing as secrecy in wrong-doing."

And to illustrate this truth he repeated these two stanzas:

In sooth there is no act of sin, that in this world may hidden lie,
That which the fool a secret deems, the spirits of the wood espy.
Concealment nowhere may be found, nor can a void exist for me,
E'en where no being is in sight, while I am there, no void can be.

The Master, being pleased with his words, said, "Friend, there is no lack of wealth in my house, but I was anxious to marry my daughter to a virtuous man, and I acted thus to prove these youths. But you alone are worthy of my daughter." Then he adorned his daughter and gave her in marriage to the Bodhisatta, but to his other pupils he said, "Take back all that you brought me to your several homes again."

Then the Master said, "It was thus, Brethren, that the wicked pupils by their dishonesty failed to win this woman, while this one wise youth by his virtuous conduct obtained her as his wife." And in his Perfect Wisdom he gave utterance to yet two other stanzas:

Masters Bastard[1] and Low and Easy and Gay,
With Bravo and Frail, for a wife, went astray;
But our Brahmin, well seen in the Law from his youth,
Won a bride by his courage in holding the Truth.

[20] The Master, having brought this solemn lesson to an end, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths these five hundred Brethren attained to Sainthood:—"At that time Sāriputta was the Teacher, and I myself was the Wise Youth."

No. 306.

SUJĀTA-JĀTAKA.

"*What is this egg-shaped fruit,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about queen Mallikā.

One day, they say, there was a dispute at court between her and the king[2]. Men still speak of it as the 'Harem Quarrel.' The king was so enraged that he

[1] The Scholiast explains that these were the names of six leading disciples amongst those that yielded to temptation.

[2] Pasenadi, king of Kosala.

ignored her existence. Mallikā thought: "The Master, I fancy, knows not how angry the king is with me." But the Master knew all about it and resolved to make peace between them. So early in the morning he put on his inner garment and taking his bowl and robes he entered Sāvatthi with a following of five hundred brethren and came to the palace gate. The king took his bowl from him, brought him into the house, and placing him on the seat prepared for him, poured the Water of Donation on the hands of the Brotherhood with Buddha at their head, and brought them rice and cakes to eat. But the Master covered up his bowl with his hand and said, "Sire, where is the queen?"

"What have you to do with her, Reverend Sir?" he answered. "Her head is turned, she is intoxicated with the honour she enjoys."

"Sire," he said, "after you yourself bestowed this honour on the woman, it is wrong of you now to get rid of her, and not to put up with the offence she has committed against you."

The king hearkened to the words of the Master and sent for the queen. [21] And she ministered to the Master. "You ought," he said, "to live together in peace," and singing the praises of the sweets of concord he went his way. And from that day they lived happily together.

The Brethren raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that the Master had reconciled the king and queen by a single word. The Master, when he came, inquired what the Brethren were discussing, and on being told said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly too I reconciled them by a single word of admonition." And he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king at Benares, the Bodhisatta was his minister and his temporal and spiritual adviser.

Now one day the king stood at an open window looking into the palace court. And at this very moment the daughter of a fruiterer, a beautiful girl in the flower of her youth, stood with a basket of jujubes on her head crying, "Jujubes, ripe jujubes, who'll buy my jujubes?" But she did not venture into the royal court[1].

And the king no sooner heard her voice than he fell in love with her, and when he learned that she was unmarried he sent for her and raised her to the dignity of chief queen, and bestowed great honour upon her. Now she was dear and pleasing in the king's eyes. And one day the king sat eating jujubes in a golden dish. And the queen Sujātā, when she saw the king eating jujubes, asked him, saying, "My lord, what in the world are you eating?" And she uttered the first stanza:

What is this egg-shaped fruit, my lord, so pretty and red of hue,
In a gold dish set before thee? Pray tell me, where they grew.

And the king was wroth and said, "O daughter of a greengrocer, dealer in ripe jujubes, do you not recognise the jujubes, the special fruit of your own family?" And he repeated two stanzas:

[22] Bare-headed and meanly clad, my queen, thou once didst feel no shame,
To fill thy lap with the jujube fruit, and now thou dost ask its name;
Thou art eaten up with pride, my queen, thou findest no pleasure in life,
Begone and gather thy jujubes again. Thou shalt be no longer my wife.

[1] Reading *rājaṅgaṇe na gacchati*. With Fausbøll's text *rājaṅgaṇena*, it must be "She passed by way of the court."

Then the Bodhisatta thought, "No one, except myself, will be able to reconcile this pair. I will appease the king's anger and prevent him from turning her out of doors." Then he repeated the fourth stanza:

These are the sins of a woman, my lord, promoted to high estate:
Forgive her and cease from thine anger, O king, for 'twas thou didst make her great.

So the king at his word put up with the offence of the queen and restored her to her former position. And thenceforth they lived amicably together.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time the king of Kosala was king of Benares, Mallikā was Sujātā and I myself was the Minister."

No. 307.

PALĀSA-JĀTAKA[1].

[23] "*Why, brahmin, though,*" *etc.*—The Master, when he was stretched upon the bed of death, told this story of the Elder Ānanda.

The venerable man, knowing that the Master on this very night at eventide would die, said to himself, "I am still under discipline and have duties to perform, and my Master is certainly going to die, and then the service I have rendered to him for five-and-twenty years will be fruitless." And so being overwhelmed with sorrow he leaned upon the monkey-head which formed the bolt of the garden store-room and burst into tears.

And the Master, missing Ānanda, asked the Brethren where he was, and on hearing what was the matter he sent for him and addressed him as follows: "Ānanda, thou hast laid up a store of merit. Continue to strive earnestly and thou wilt soon be free from human passion. Grieve not thyself. Wherefore should the service thou hast rendered me prove fruitless now, seeing that thy former services in the days of thy sinfulness were not without their reward?" Then he told a legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in the form of a Judas-tree sprite. Now at this time all the inhabitants of Benares were devoted to the worship of such deities, and constantly engaged in religious offerings and the like.

[1] See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal*, iii. 355.

And a certain poor brahmin thought, "I too will watch over some divinity." So he found a big Judas-tree growing on high ground, and by sprinkling gravel and sweeping all round it, he kept its root smooth and free from grass. Then he presented it with a scented wreath of five sprays and lighting a lamp made an offering of flowers and perfume and incense. And after a reverential salutation he said, "Peace be with thee," and then went his way. On the next day he came quite early and asked after its welfare. Now one day it occurred to the tree-sprite, "This brahmin is very attentive to me. I will test him and find out why he thus worships me, and grant him his desire." So when the brahmin came and was sweeping about the root of the tree, the spirit stood near him disguised as an aged brahmin and repeated the first stanza:

[24] Why, brahmin, though thyself with reason blest,
Hast thou this dull insensate tree addressed?
Vain is thy prayer, thy kindly greeting vain,
From this dull wood no answer wilt thou gain.

On hearing this the brahmin replied in a second stanza:

Long on this spot a famous tree has stood,
Meet dwelling-place for spirits of the wood;
With deepest awe such beings I revere,
They guard, methinks, some sacred treasure here.

The tree-sprite on hearing these words was so pleased with the brahmin that he said, "O brahmin, I was born as the divinity of this tree. Fear not. I will grant you this treasure." And to reassure him, by a great manifestation of divine power, he stood suspended in the air at the entrance of his celestial mansion, while he recited two more stanzas:

O brahmin, I have marked thy act of love;
A pious deed can never fruitless prove.
Lo! where yon fig-tree casts its ample shade,
Due sacrifice and gifts of old were paid.
Beneath this fig a buried treasure lies,
The gold unearth, and claim it as thy prize.

[25] The spirit moreover added these words: "O brahmin, thou wouldst be weary, if thou hadst to dig up the treasure and carry it away with thee. Do thou therefore go thy way, and I will bring it to thy house and deposit it in such and such a place. Then do thou enjoy it all thy life long, and give alms and keep the moral law." And after thus admonishing the brahmin, the tree-sprite, by an exercise of divine power, conveyed the treasure into the brahmin's house.

The Master here brought his lesson to an end and identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the Brahmin, and I myself was the Tree-sprite."

No. 308.

JAVASAKUṆA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Kindness as much,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about the ingratitude of Devadatta.

He ended it by saying, "Not only now, but in former days did Devadatta show ingratitude," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a woodpecker in the Himālaya country.

[26] Now a certain lion, while devouring his prey, had a bone stick in his throat. His throat swelled up so that he could not take any food and severe pains set in. Then this woodpecker, while intent on seeking its own food, as it was perched on a bough, saw the lion and asked him, saying, "Friend, what ails you?" He told him what was the matter, and the bird said, "I would take the bone out of your throat, friend, but I dare not put my head into your mouth, for fear you should eat me up."

"Do not be afraid, friend; I will not eat you up. Only save my life."

"All right," said the bird, and ordered the lion to lie down upon his side. Then it thought: "Who knows what this fellow will be about?" And to prevent his closing his mouth, it fixed a stick between his upper and lower jaw, and then putting its head into the lion's mouth, it struck the end of the bone with its beak. The bone fell out and disappeared. And then the woodpecker drew out its head from the lion's mouth, and with a blow from its beak knocked out the stick, and hopping off sat on the top of a bough.

The lion recovered from his sickness, and one day was devouring a wild buffalo which he had killed. Thought the woodpecker: "I will now put him to the test," and perching on a bough above the lion's head, it fell to conversing with him and uttered the first stanza:

Kindness as much as in us lay,
 To thee, my lord, we once did show:
On us in turn, we humbly pray,
 Do thou a trifling boon bestow.

[1] Compare *Tibetan Tales*, xxvii. p. 311: "The Ungrateful Lion." *Æsop:* "The Wolf and the Crane." *Jātakamālā*, No. 34: "The Woodpecker."

On hearing this the lion repeated the second stanza:

To trust thy head to a lion's jaw,
A creature red in tooth and claw,
To dare such a deed and be living still,
Is token enough of my good will.

The woodpecker on hearing this uttered two more stanzas:

From the base ingrate hope not to obtain
  The due requital of good service done; [27]
From bitter thought and angry word refrain,
  But haste the presence of the wretch to shun.

With these words the woodpecker flew away.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the Lion, and I myself was the Woodpecker."

No. 309.

CHAVAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Holy Teacher,*" *etc.*—The Master while residing at Jetavana told this story, about the Fraternity of Six Priests. It is related in detail in the Vinaya[1]. Here is a brief summary of it.

The Master sent for the Six Priests and asked if it were true that they taught the law from a low seat[2], while their pupils sat on a higher seat. They confessed that it was so, and the Master in reproving these brethren for their want of respect for his law, said that wise men of old had to rebuke men for teaching even heretical doctrines while sitting on a low seat. Then he told them an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of a pariah woman, and when he was grown up, he established himself as a householder. And his wife being with child had a great longing for the mango fruit, and said to her husband, "My lord, I have a desire to eat mangoes."

[1] See Oldenberg's *Vinaya*, iv. 203. (*Suttavibhaṅga*, *Sekhiya*, 68, 69.)

[2] See *Manu* ii. 198 for the rule that the disciple must sit on a seat lower than his guru.

"My dear," he said, "there are no mangoes at this season, I will bring you some other acid fruit."

"My lord," said she, "if I can have a mango, I shall live. Otherwise I shall die."

[28] He being infatuated about his wife thought, "Where in the world am I to get a mango?" Now at this time there was a mango tree in the garden of the king of Benares, which had fruit on it all the year round. So he thought, "I will get a ripe mango there to appease her longings." And going to the garden by night he climbed up the tree, and stepped from one branch to another, looking for the fruit, and while he was thus engaged, the day began to break. Thought he, "If I shall come down now to go away, I shall be seen and seized as a thief. I will wait till it is dark." So he climbed up into a fork of the tree and remained there, perched upon it.

Now at this time the king of Benares was being taught sacred texts by his chaplain. And coming into the garden he sat down on a high seat at the foot of the mango tree, and placing his teacher on a lower seat, he had a lesson from him. The Bodhisatta sitting above them thought, "How wicked this king is. He is learning the sacred texts, sitting on a high seat. The brahmin too is equally wicked, to sit and teach him from a lower seat. I also am wicked, for I have fallen into the power of a woman, and counting my life as nought, I am stealing the mango fruit." Then taking hold of a hanging bough, he let himself down from the tree, and stood before these two men and said, "O Great King, I am a lost man, and thou a gross fool, and this priest is as one dead." And being asked by the king what he meant by these words, he uttered the first stanza:—

Holy Teacher, Royal Scholar, lo! the sinful deed I saw,
Both alike from grace are fallen, both alike transgressed the law[1].

[29] The brahmin, on hearing this, repeated the second stanza:—

My food is pure rice from the hill,
With a delicate flavour of meat,
For why should a sinner fulfil
A rule meant for saints, when they eat?

On hearing this the Bodhisatta recited two more stanzas:—

Brahmin, go range the length and breadth of earth;
Lo! suffering is found the common lot.
Here marred by sin thy ruined life is worth
Less than the fragments of a shattered pot.
Beware ambition and o'ermastering greed:
Vices like these to "Worlds of Suffering" lead.

[1] The Scholiast in his explanation adds this verse:

True faith of yore prevailed on earth,
False doctrine was a later birth.

[30] Then the king being pleased with his exposition of the law, asked him of what caste he was. "I am a pariah, my lord," he said. "Friend," he replied, "had you been of a high caste family, I would have made you sole king. But henceforth I will be king by day, and you shall be king by night." And with these words he placed upon his neck the wreath of flowers with which he himself was adorned, and made him lord protector over the city. And hence is derived the custom for the lords of the city to wear a wreath of red flowers on their neck. And from that day forward the king abiding in his admonition paid respect to his teacher, and learned sacred texts from him, sitting on a lower seat.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the pariah."

No. 310.

SAYHA-JĀTAKA.

"*No throne on earth,*" *etc.*—The Master told this story while in residence at Jetavana, about a backsliding brother, who in going his rounds for alms at Sāvatthi caught sight of a beautiful woman, and thenceforth had grown discontented and lost all pleasure in the Law. So the Brethren brought him before the Blessed One. Said the Blessed One, "Is it true, Brother, what I hear, that you are discontented?" He confessed it was so. The Master on learning the cause of his discontent said, "Why, Brother, are you longing for the world, after taking orders in a religion that leads to Salvation? Wise men of old when offered the dignity of family priest rejected it, and adopted the ascetic life." And he told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived in the womb of the brahmin wife of the king's chaplain, [31] and was born on the same day as the king's son. And when the king asked his ministers if any child had been born on the same day as his son, they said, "Yes, Sire, a son of your family priest." So the king had him brought and given into the charge of nurses to be carefully tended together with the young prince. And they both had the same ornaments to wear and had exactly the same things to eat and drink.

And when they were grown up, they went together to Takkasilā and as soon as they had attained proficiency in all the sciences they returned home.

The king made his son viceroy and bestowed great honour upon him. From that time the Bodhisatta ate, drank, and lived with the prince, and there was a firm friendship between them. By and bye at the death of his father, the young prince ascended the throne and enjoyed great prosperity. Thought the Bodhisatta: "My friend now rules the kingdom; when he sees a fitting opportunity, he will certainly give me the office of his family priest. What have I to do with a householder's life? I will become an ascetic and devote myself to solitude."

So he saluted his parents and having asked their permission to take orders, he gave up his worldly fortune and setting forth quite alone he entered the Himālaya country. There on a charming spot he built himself a hermitage, and adopting the religious life of an anchorite he developed all the Faculties and Attainments, and lived in the enjoyment of the pleasure of the mystic life.

At this time the king remembered him and said, "What has become of my friend? He is nowhere to be seen." His ministers told him he had taken orders, and was living, they heard, in some delightful grove. The king asked the place of his abode, and said to a councillor named Sayha, "Go and bring my friend back with you. I will make him my chaplain." Sayha readily assented, and going forth from Benares in course of time reached a frontier village and taking up his abode there, he went with some foresters to the place where the Bodhisatta dwelt and found him sitting like a golden statue at the door of his hut. After saluting him with the usual compliments he sat at a respectful distance and thus addressed him: "Reverend Sir, the king desires your return, being anxious to raise you to the dignity of his family priest." [32] The Bodhisatta replied, "If I were to receive not merely the post of chaplain but all Kāsi and Kosala, and the realm of India and the glory of a Universal Empire, I would refuse to go. The wise do not again take up the sins they have once abandoned any more than they would swallow the phlegm they have once raised." So saying he repeated these stanzas:—

[1]No throne on earth should tempt me to my shame,
No sea-girt realm, safe-guarded in the deep;
Accursèd be the lust of wealth and fame
That dooms poor man in "Suffering Worlds" to weep.

Better through earth a homeless waif to stray,
And bowl in hand to beg from door to door,
Than as a king, to sinful lusts a prey,
To bear a tyrant rule and vex the poor.

[1] These stanzas occur again in Jātaka 433.

Thus did the Bodhisatta though again and again importuned by him reject his offer. And Sayha, being unable to prevail on him, saluted him, and returned and told the king of his refusal to come.

---

[33] When the Master had brought his lesson to an end, he revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the back-sliding Brother attained to fruition of the First Path. Many others too experienced like fruits of Conversion:—"At that time Ānanda was the king, Sāriputta was Sayha, and I myself was the family priest."

No. 311.

PUCIMANDA-JĀTAKA.

"*Robber, arise,*" *etc.*—The Master, while dwelling in the Bamboo-Grove, told this story about the venerable Moggallāna.

When that elder was living near Rājagaha in a forest hut, a certain robber, after breaking into a house in a suburban village, fled with his hands full of plunder till he came within the precincts of the elder's cell, and thinking that he should be safe there he lay down at the entrance of his hut of leaves. The elder noticed him lying there and suspecting his character said to himself, "It would be wrong for me to have any dealings with a robber." So coming out of his hut he told him not to lie there, and drove him away.

The robber starting off fled with the greatest haste. And men with torches in their hands, following close upon the robber's track, came and saw the various spots marked by the presence of the robber and said, "It was this way the robber came. Here is where he stood. There he sat down. And that is the way he fled. He is not to be seen here." So they rushed about hither and thither, but at last had to return without finding him. On the next day early in the morning the elder went his round for alms in Rājagaha, and on coming back from his pilgrimage he went to the Bamboo-Grove and told the Master what had happened. The Master said, "You are not the only one, Moggallāna, to suspect in a case in which suspicion is justified. Wise men of old suspected in like manner." And at the request of the elder he told a story of bygone times.

---

[34] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a Nimb-tree spirit in a cemetery grove of that city. Now one day a robber having been guilty of an act of theft in an outlying hamlet of the city entered the cemetery grove. And at this time two old trees stood there, a Nimb-tree and a Bo-tree. The robber placed his stolen goods at the foot of this Nimb-tree and lay down there.

Now in these days robbers that were caught were put to torture by being impaled on a stake of the Nimb-tree. So the spirit of the Nimb-tree thought: "If people should come and capture this robber, they will cut off a branch and make a stake from this Nimb-tree and impale him on it. And in that case the tree will be destroyed. So I will drive the fellow away." Then addressing him, he repeated the first stanza:—

Robber, arise! why sleepest thou? For slumber 'tis no time,
The king's men are upon thee, the avengers of thy crime.

Moreover he added these words, "Get you gone, before the king's men take you." Thus did he frighten the robber away. And no sooner had he fled than the deity of the Bo-tree repeated the second stanza:—

And even if this robber bold red-handed they should take,
To thee, O Nimb-tree, woodland sprite, what difference would it make?

The deity of the Nimb-tree on hearing this uttered the third stanza:—

O Bo-tree, sure thou knowest not the secret of my fear;
I would not have the king's men find that wicked robber here.
They from my sacred tree, I know, straightway a branch would take,
And to requite the guilty wretch, impale him on a stake.

[35] And while the two sylvan deities were thus conversing together, the owners of the property, following on the trail of the robber, with torches in their hand, when they saw the place where he had been lying down said, "Lo! the robber has just risen up and fled from this place. We have not got him yet, but if we do, we will come back and either impale him at the foot of this Nimb-tree, or hang him from one of its branches."

And with these words rushing about hither and thither, and not finding the robber, they made off. And on hearing what they said the spirit of the Bo-tree uttered the fourth stanza:—

Beware a danger yet unseen: suspect before too late,
The wise e'en in this present world look to a future state.

The Master, when he had brought this lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time Sāriputta was the Spirit of the Bo-tree. I myself was the Nimb-tree Spirit."

No. 312.

KASSAPAMANDIYA-JĀTAKA.

[36] "*Should foolish youth,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while residing at Jetavana, about an aged Brother. A young nobleman at Sāvatthi, tradition says, from a sense of the evil consequences of sinful desires, received ordination at the hands of the Master, and by devotion to the rite by which ecstasy may be induced, in no long time attained to Sainthood. By and bye on the death of his mother, he admitted his father and younger brother to orders, and they took up their abode at Jetavana.

At the opening of the rainy season, hearing of a village retreat where the necessary robes were to be easily obtained[1], they all three entered upon the Vassa residence there, and when it was ended they returned straight to Jetavana. The youthful Brother, when they came to a spot not far from Jetavana, told the novice lad to bring on the old man quietly, while he himself pushed on ahead to Jetavana to get ready their cell. The old priest walked slowly on. The novice repeatedly butted him, as it were, with his head, and dragged him along by force, crying, "Come on, Master." The elder said, "You are pulling me along against my will," and turning back he made a fresh start from the beginning. As they were thus quarrelling, the sun went down and darkness set in. The young Brother meanwhile swept out his hut, set water in the pots, and not seeing them coming, he took a torch and went to meet them. When he saw them coming, he asked what made them so late. The old man gave the reason. So he made them rest and brought them slowly on their way. That day he found no time to pay his respects to the Buddha. So on the next day, when he had come to pay his respects to Buddha, after he had saluted him and taken his seat, the Master asked, "When did you arrive?" "Yesterday, Sir." "You came yesterday and pay your respects to me only to-day?" "Yes, Sir," he answered, and told him the reason. The Master rebuked the elder: "Not now only does he act like this. Of old too he did just the same. Now it is you that are annoyed by him. Formerly he annoyed wise men." And at the Brother's request he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in a brahmin family in a town of the Kāsi country. [37] When he was grown up, his mother died. And after due performance of her funeral rites, at the end of six weeks he gave away in alms all the money that was in the house, and taking his father and younger brother with him he put on the bark garment of somebody or other, and adopted the religious life of an ascetic in the Himālaya country. And there he dwelt in a pleasant grove, supporting himself by gleaning in the fields and living on roots and wild fruits.

[1] Compare *Mahāvagga*, iii. 14.

Now in the Himālaya, during the rainy season, when the rains are incessant, as it is impossible to dig up any bulb or root, or to get any wild fruits, and the leaves begin to fall, the ascetics for the most part come down from the Himālayas, and take up their abode amidst the haunts of men. And at this time the Bodhisatta, after living here with his father and younger brother, as soon as the Himālaya country began to blossom again and bear fruit, took his two companions and returned to his hermitage in the Himālayas. And at sunset when they were not far from his hut he left them, saying, "You can come on slowly, while I go forward and set the hermitage in order."

Now the young hermit coming on slowly with his father kept butting him in the waist with his head. The old man said, "I do not like the way in which you are taking me home." So he turned back and started afresh from the same point. And while they were thus quarrelling, darkness set in. But the Bodhisatta as soon as he had swept out his hut of leaves, and got ready some water, took a torch and returned on the way back, and when he found them he asked why they had taken such a long time. And the boy ascetic told him what his father had done. But the Bodhisatta brought them quietly home, and having stowed safely away all the Buddhist requisites, he gave his father a bath, and washed and anointed his feet and shampooed his back. Then he set out a pan of charcoal and when his father had recovered from his fatigue, he sat near him and said, "Father, young boys are just like earthen vessels: they are broken in a moment, [38] and when they are once broken, it is impossible to mend them again. Old men should bear with them patiently, when they are abusive." And for the admonition of his father Kassapa, he repeated these stanzas:—

Should foolish youth in word or deed offend,
'Tis wisdom's part long-suffering to display;
Quarrels of good men find a speedy end,
Fools part asunder, like untempered clay.

Men wise to learn, of their own sins aware,
Friendship can prove, that suffers no decay;
Such are a brother's burden strong to bear,
And strife of neighbours skilful to allay.

[39] Thus did the Bodhisatta admonish his father. And he from that time forward exercised self-restraint.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time the old priest was the father hermit, the novice was the boy hermit, and I myself was the son who admonished his father."

No. 313.

KHANTIVĀDI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Whoso cut off,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told about a wrathful Brother. The incident that gave rise to the story has been already described. The Master asked that Brother, saying, "Why after taking orders under the dispensation of the Buddha who knows not what wrath is, do you show anger? Wise men in bygone days, though they suffered a thousand stripes, and had their hands and feet and ears and nose cut off, showed no anger against another." And he then told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time a king of Kāsi named Kalābu reigned at Benares. At that time the Bodhisatta came to life in a brahmin family endowed with eighty crores of treasure, in the form of a youth named Kuṇḍaka-kumāra. And when he was of age, he acquired a knowledge of all the sciences at Takkasilā and afterwards settled down as a householder.

On the death of his parents, looking at his pile of treasure he thought: "My kinsmen who amassed this treasure are all gone without taking it with them: now it is for me to own it and in my turn to depart." Then he carefully selected persons, who by virtue of their almsgiving deserved it, and gave all his wealth to them, and entering the Himālaya country he adopted the ascetic life. There he dwelt a long time, living on wild fruits. And descending to the inhabited parts for the sake of procuring salt and vinegar he gradually made his way to Benares, where he took up his abode in the royal park. Next day he went his rounds in the city for alms, till he came to the door of the commander-in-chief. And he being pleased with the ascetic for the propriety of his deportment, brought him into the house [40] and fed him with the food prepared for himself. And having gained his consent he got him to take up his abode in the royal park.

Now one day king Kalābu being inflamed with strong drink came into the park in great pomp, surrounded by a company of dancers. Then he had a couch spread on the royal seat of stone, and lay with his head on the lap of a favourite of the harem, while the nautch girls who were skilful in vocal and instrumental music and in dancing provided a musical entertainment—So great was his magnificence, like to that of Sakka, Lord of heaven—And the king fell asleep. Then the women said, "He for whose sake we are providing music, is gone to sleep. What need is there for us to sing?" Then they cast aside their lutes and other musical instruments

[1] See *Jātakamālā*, No. 28: "The Story of Kshāntivādin."

hither and thither, and set out for the garden, where tempted on by the flowers and fruit-bearing shrubs they were soon disporting themselves.

At this moment the Bodhisatta was seated in this garden, like a royal elephant in the pride of his vigour, at the foot of a flowering Sāl tree, enjoying the bliss of retirement from the world. So these women in wandering about came upon him and said, "Come hither, ladies, and let us sit down and hear somewhat from the priest who is resting at the foot of this tree, until the king awakes." Then they went and saluted him and sitting in a circle round about him, they said, "Tell us something worth hearing." So the Bodhisatta preached the doctrine to them.

Meanwhile the royal favourite with a movement of her body woke up the king. And the king on waking up, and not seeing the women asked, "Where are those wretches gone?" "Your Highness," she said, "they are gone away and are sitting in attendance on a certain ascetic." The king in a rage seized his sword and went off in haste, saying, "I will give this false ascetic a lesson." Then those of the women that were most in favour, when they saw the king coming in a rage, went and took the sword from the king's hand and pacified him. Then he came and stood by the Bodhisatta and asked, "What doctrine are you preaching, Monk?" "The doctrine of patience, Your Majesty," he replied. "What is this patience?" said the king. "The not being angry, when men abuse you and strike you and revile you." Said the king, "I will see now the reality of your patience," [41] and he summoned his executioner. And he in the way of his office took an axe and a scourge of thorns, and clad in a yellow robe and wearing a red garland, came and saluted the king and said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Take and drag off this vile rogue of an ascetic," said the king, "and throwing him on the ground, with your lash of thorns scourge him before and behind and on both sides, and give him two thousand stripes." This was done. And the Bodhisatta's outer and inner skins were cut through to the flesh, and the blood flowed. The king again asked, "What doctrine do you preach, Monk?" "The doctrine of patience, Your Highness," he replied. "You fancy that my patience is only skin deep. It is not skin deep, but is fixed deep within my heart, where it cannot be seen by you, Sire." Again the executioner asked, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" The king said, "Cut off both the hands of this false ascetic." So he took his axe, and placing the victim within the fatal circle, he cut off both his hands. Then the king said, "Off with his feet," and his feet were chopped off. And the blood flowed from the extremities of his hands and feet like lac juice from a leaking jar. Again the king asked what doctrine he preached. "The doctrine of patience, Your Highness," he replied. "You imagine, Sire, that my patience dwells in the extremities of my hands and feet. It is not there, but it is deep seated somewhere else." The king said, "Cut off his nose and ears." The

executioner did so. His whole body was now covered with blood. Again the king asked of his doctrine. And the asetic said, "Think not that my patience is seated in the tips of my nose and ears: my patience is deep seated within my heart." The king said, "Lie down, false Monk, and thence exalt your patience." And so saying, he struck the Bodhisatta above the heart with his foot, and betook himself off.

When he was gone, the commander-in-chief wiped off the blood from the body of the Bodhisatta, [42] putting bandages[1] on the extremities of his hands, feet, ears and nose, and then having gently placed him on a seat, he saluted him and sitting on one side he said, "If, Reverend Sir, you would be angry with one who has sinned against you, be angry with the king, but with no one else." And making this request, he repeated the first stanza:—

Whoso cut off thy nose and ear, and lopped off foot and hand,
With him be wroth, heroic soul, but spare, we pray, this land.

The Bodhisatta on hearing this uttered the second stanza:—

Long live the king, whose cruel hand my body thus has marred,
Pure souls like mine such deeds as these with anger ne'er regard.

And just as the king was leaving the garden and at the very moment when he passed out of the range of the Bodhisatta's vision, the mighty earth that is two hundred and forty thousand leagues in thickness split in two, like unto a strong stout cloth garment, and a flame issuing forth from Avīci seized upon the king, wrapping him up as it were with a royal robe of scarlet wool. Thus did the king sink into the earth just by the garden gate and was firmly fixed in the great Hell of Avīci. And the Bodhisatta died on that same day. And the king's servants and the citizens came with perfumes and wreaths and incense in their hands and performed the Bodhisatta's obsequies. And some said that the Bodhisatta had gone straight back to the Himālayas. But in this they said the thing that was not.

[43] A saint of old, as men have told,
Great courage did display:
That saint so strong to suffer wrong
The Kāsi king did slay.

Alas! the debt of vain regret
That king will have to pay;
When doomed to dwell in lowest Hell,
Long will he rue the day.

These two stanzas were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

---

[1] *Mahāvagga*, vi. 14. 5.

The Master, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the choleric Brother attained fruition of the Second Path, while many others attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Devadatta was Kalābu king of Kāsi, Sāriputta was the Commander-in-Chief, and I myself was the Ascetic, the Preacher of Patience."

No. 314.

LOHAKUMBHI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Due share of wealth,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while living at Jetavana, told concerning a king of Kosala. The king of Kosala of those days, they say, one night heard a cry uttered by four inhabitants of Hell—the syllables *du*, *sa*, *na*, *so*, one from each of the four. In a previous existence, tradition says, they had been princes in Sāvatthi, and had been guilty of adultery. After misconducting themselves with their neighbours' wives, however carefully guarded they might be, and indulging their amorous propensities, their evil life had been cut short by the Wheel of Death, near Sāvatthi. They came to life again in Four Iron Cauldrons. After being tortured for sixty thousand years they had come up to the top, and on seeing the edge of the Cauldron's mouth they thought to themselves, "When shall we escape from this misery?" And then all four uttered a loud cry, one after another. The king was terrified to death at the noise, and sat waiting for break of day, unable to stir.

At dawn the brahmins came and inquired after his health. The king replied, "How, my Masters, can I be well, [44] who to-day have heard four such terrible cries." The brahmins waved their hands[2]. "What is it, my Masters?" said the king. The brahmins assure him that the sounds are ominous of great violence. "Do they admit of remedy, or not?" said the king. "You might say not," said the brahmins, "but we are well-trained in these matters, Sire." "By what means," said the king, "will you avert these evils?" "Sire," they replied, "there is one great remedy in our power, and by offering the fourfold sacrifice[3] of every living creature we will avert all evil." "Then be quick," said the king, "and take all living creatures by fours—men, bulls, horses, elephants, down to quails and other birds—and by this fourfold sacrifice restore my peace of mind." The brahmins consented, and taking whatever they required, they dug a sacrificial pit and fastened their numerous victims to their stakes, and were highly excited at the thought of the dainties they were to eat, and the wealth they would gain, and went about backwards and forwards, saying, "Sir, I must have so and so."

The queen Mallikā came and asked the king, why the brahmins went about so delighted and smiling. The king said, "My queen, what have you to do with this? You are intoxicated with your own glory, and you do not know how wretched I am." "How so, Sire?" she replied. "I have heard such awful noises, my queen, and when I asked the brahmins what would be the result of

[1] Compare *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, No. 15: "Story of the Four Thuthe's Sons." King Pasenadikosala in this story was meditating the sin of David against Uriah the Hittite, and was deterred from his purpose by the awful vision related in this Jātaka. See also Turnour's *Mahāwanso*, i. iv. 18. A king in a dream sees his soul cast into the Lohakumbhī Hell.

[2] Possibly to avert the evil omen.

[3] See Colebrooke's *Essays*, i. 348.

my hearing these cries, they told me I was threatened with danger to my kingdom or my property or my life, but by offering the fourfold sacrifice they would restore my peace of mind, and now in obedience to my command, they have dug a sacrificial pit and are gone to fetch whatever victims they require." The queen said, "Have you, my lord, consulted the chief brahmin in the Deva-world as to the origin of these cries?" "Who, lady," said the king, "is the chief brahmin in the Deva-world?" "The Great Gotama," she replied, "the Supreme Buddha.' "Lady," he said, "I have not consulted the Supreme Buddha." "Then go," she answered, "and consult him."

The king hearkened to the words of the queen and after his morning meal he mounted his state chariot and drove to Jetavana. Here after saluting the Master he thus addressed him: "Reverend Sir, in the night season I heard four cries and consulted the brahmins about it. [45] They undertook to restore my peace of mind, by the fourfold sacrifice of every kind of victim, and are now busy preparing a sacrificial pit. What does the hearing of these cries betoken to me?"

"Nothing whatever," said the Master. "Certain beings in Hell, owing to the agony they suffer, cried aloud. These cries," he added, "have not been heard by you alone. Kings of old heard the same. And when they too, after consulting their brahmins, were anxious to offer sacrifices of slain victims, on hearing what wise men had to say, they refused to do so. The wise men explained to them the nature of these cries, and bade them let loose the crowd of victims and thus restored their peace of mind." And at the request of the king he told a story of bygone days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, in a certain village of Kāsi. And when he was of mature years, renouncing the pleasures of sense and embracing the ascetic life he developed the supernatural powers of mystic meditation, and enjoying the delights of Contemplation took up his abode in a pleasant grove in the Himālaya country.

The king of Benares at this time was fearfully alarmed by hearing those four sounds uttered by four beings who dwelt in Hell. And when told by brahmins in exactly the same way that one of three dangers must befall him, he agreed to their proposal to put a stop to it by the fourfold sacrifice. The family priest with the help of the brahmins provided a sacrificial pit, and a great crowd of victims was brought up and fastened to the stakes. Then the Bodhisatta, guided by a feeling of charity, regarding the world with his divine eye, when he saw what was going on, said, "I must go at once and see to the well-being of all these creatures." And then by his magic power flying up into the air, he alighted in the garden of the king of Benares, and sat down on the royal slab of stone, looking like an image of gold. The chief disciple of the family priest approached his teacher and asked, "Is it not written, Master, in our Vedas that there is no happiness for those who take the life of any creature?" The priest replied, "You are to bring here the king's property, and we shall have abundant dainties to eat. Only hold your peace." And with these words he drove his pupil away. [46] But the youth thought,

"I will have no part in this matter," and went and found the Bodhisatta in the king's garden. After saluting him in a friendly manner he took a seat at a respectful distance. The Bodhisatta asked him saying, "Young man, does the king rule his kingdom righteously?" "Yes, Reverend Sir, he does," answered the youth, "but he has heard four cries in the night, and on inquiring of the brahmins, he has been assured by them that they would restore his peace of mind, by offering up the fourfold sacrifice. So the king, being anxious to recover his happiness, is preparing a sacrifice of animals, and a vast number of victims has been brought up and fastened to the sacrificial stakes. Now is it not right for holy men like yourself to explain the cause of these noises, and to rescue these numerous victims from the jaws of death?" "Young man," he replied, "the king does not know us, nor do we know the king, but we do know the origin of these cries, and if the king were to come and ask us the cause, we would resolve his doubts for him." "Then," said the youth, "just stay here a moment, Reverend Sir, and I will conduct the king to you."

The Bodhisatta agreed, and the youth went and told the king all about it, and brought him back with him. The king saluted the Bodhisatta and sitting on one side asked him if it were true that he knew the origin of these noises. "Yes, Your Majesty," he said. "Then tell me, Reverend Sir." "Sire," he answered, "these men in a former existence were guilty of gross misconduct with the carefully guarded wives of their neighbours near Benares, and therefore were re-born in Four Iron Cauldrons. Where after being tortured for thirty thousand years in a thick corrosive liquid heated to boiling point, they would at one time sink till they struck the bottom of the cauldron, and at another time rise to the top like a foam bubble[1], but after those years they found the mouth of the cauldron, and looking over the edge they all four desired to give utterance to four complete stanzas, but failed to do so. And after getting out just one syllable each, they sank again in the iron cauldrons. [47] Now the one of them that sank after uttering the syllable '*du*' was anxious to speak as follows:—

> *Du*e share of wealth we gave not; an evil life we led:
> We found no sure salvation in joys that now are fled.

And when he failed to utter it, the Bodhisatta of his own knowledge repeated the complete stanza. And similarly with the rest. The one that uttered merely the syllable '*sa*' wanted to repeat the following stanza:—

> *Sa*d fate of those that suffer! ah! when shall come release?
> Still after countless æons, Hell's tortures never cease.

[1] See *Milindapañha*, 357.

And again in the case of the one that uttered the syllable '*na*,' this was the stanza he wished to repeat:—

*N*ay endless are the sufferings to which we're doomed by fate;
The ills we wrought upon the earth 'tis ours to expiate.

And the one that uttered the syllable '*so*' was anxious to repeat the following:—

*So*on shall I passing forth from hence, attain to human birth,
And richly dowered with virtue rise to many a deed of worth.

[48] The Bodhisatta, after reciting these verses one by one, said, "The dweller in Hell, Sire, when he wanted to utter a complete stanza, through the greatness of his sin, was unable to do it. And when he thus experienced the result of his wrong-doing he cried aloud. But fear not; no danger shall come nigh you, in consequence of hearing this cry." Thus did he reassure the king. And the king proclaimed by beat of his golden drum that the vast host of victims was to be released, and the sacrificial pit destroyed. And the Bodhisatta, after thus providing for the safety of the numerous victims, stayed there a few days, and then returning to the same place, without any break in his ecstasy, was born in the world of Brahma.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "Sāriputta at that time was the young priest, I myself was the ascetic."

No. 315.

MAṀSA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*For one who is asking,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master, while living at Jetavana, as to how the Elder Sāriputta procured dainty fare for some sick Brothers under medical treatment. The story goes that certain of the Brethren at that time at Jetavana, after taking oil as a purgative, wished for some dainty food. Those who ministered to them in their sickness went into Sāvatthi to fetch some dainties, but after going their round for alms in a street in the Cooks' quarters, had to come back without getting what they wanted. Later on in the day the Elder was going into the town for alms and meeting these Brethren asked them why they had returned so soon. They told him

[1] See R. Morris, *Folklore Journal*, iii. 242.

what had happened. "Come then with me," said the Elder, [49] and took them to the very same street. And the people there gave him a full measure of dainty fare. The attendants brought the food to the sick Brethren, and they partook of it. So one day a discussion was started in the Hall of Truth how that when some servants were leaving a town, without being able to get dainty fare for their sick masters, the Elder took them with him on his round for alms in a street in the Cooks' quarters, and sent them home with abundant dainties. The Master came up and inquired the nature of their discussion, and on being told what it was he said, "Not now only, Brethren, did Sāriputta alone obtain food. Formerly also wise men who had a soft voice and knew how to speak pleasantly obtained the same." And then he told a tale of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of a wealthy merchant.

Now one day a certain deer-stalker had taken venison, and filling his cart with the meat, returned to the city with the intention of selling it. At this time four sons of rich merchants who were living in Benares sallied out of the city, and meeting at some cross roads they sat down and conversed with one another about whatever they had seen or heard. One of these youths on seeing the cart full of meat proposed to go and get a piece of venison from the hunter. The others bade him go and try. So he went up to the hunter, and said, "Hi, Sirrah, give me a piece of meat." The hunter replied, "A man who begs somewhat from another ought to speak with a gentle voice: you shall receive a piece of meat appropriate to your manner of speech." Then he uttered the first stanza:—

For one who is asking a favour, my friend, thy language is coarse in its tone,
Such language deserves coarse fare in return, so I offer thee mere skin and bone.

Then one of his companions asked him what language he had used in begging for a piece of meat. "I said, Hi, Sirrah!" he replied. "I too," said the other, "will beg of him." [50] Then he went to the hunter and said, "O elder brother, give me a piece of venison." The hunter answered, "You shall receive such a piece as the words you have spoken deserve," and he repeated the second stanza:—

The name of a brother a strong link is found, to join those akin to each other,
As thy kind words suggest the gift I should make, so a joint I present to my brother.

And with these words he took up and threw him a joint of venison. Then a third youth inquired with what words the last had begged for the meat. "I addressed him as brother," he replied. "Then I too will beg of him," he said. So he went to the hunter and cried, "Dear father, give me a piece of venison." The hunter replied, "You shall receive a

piece suitable to the words you have spoken," and he repeated the third stanza:—

As a parent's fond heart to pity is moved, the cry of "Dear father" to hear,
So I too respond to thy loving appeal, and give thee the heart of the deer.

And with these words he picked up and gave him a savoury piece of meat, heart and all. Then the fourth of the youths asked the third youth, with what words he had asked for the venison. "Oh I called him 'Dear father,'" he answered. "Then I too will beg a piece," said the other, and he went to the hunter and said, "My friend, give me a piece of meat." Said the hunter, "According to the words you have spoken, shall you receive." And he repeated the fourth stanza:—

A world without friends, I venture to think, a wilderness surely must be,
In that title of friend all that's dear is implied, so I give all the deer unto thee.

Moreover he said, "Come, friend, I will convey all this cartful of meat to your house." [51] So this merchant's son had the cart driven to his house, and he went and unloaded the meat. And he treated the hunter with great hospitality and respect, and sending for his wife and son he took him away from his cruel occupation, and settled him on his own estate. And they became inseparable friends, and all their life long lived amicably together.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Sāriputta was the Hunter, and I myself was the Merchant's Son who had all the venison given to him."

No. 316.

SASA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Seven red fish*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, about a gift of all the Buddhist requisites. A certain landowner at Sāvatthi, they say, provided all the requisites for the Brotherhood with Buddha at its head, and setting up a pavilion at his house door, he invited all the

[1] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, ii. 336 and 370. *Jātakamālā*, No. 6. On the wide-spread prevalence of the legend of the Hare in the Moon, see T. Harley's *Moon-Lore*, p. 60.

company of priests with their chief Buddha, seated them on elegant seats prepared for them, and offered them a variety of choice and dainty food. And saying, "Come again to-morrow," he entertained them for a whole week, and on the seventh day he presented Buddha and the five hundred priests under him with all the requisites. At the end of the feast the Master, in returning thanks, said, "Lay Brother, you are right in giving pleasure and satisfaction by this charity. For this is a tradition of wise men of old, who sacrificed their lives for any beggars they met with, and gave them even their own flesh to eat." And at the request of his host he related this old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young hare and lived in a wood. On one side of this wood was the foot of a mountain, on another side a river, and on the third side a border-village. The hare had three friends—a monkey, a jackal and an otter. These four wise creatures lived together [52] and each of them got his food on his own hunting-ground, and in the evening they again came together. The hare in his wisdom by way of admonition preached the Truth to his three companions, teaching that alms are to be given, the moral law to be observed, and holy days to be kept. They accepted his admonition and went each to his own part of the jungle and dwelt there.

And so in the course of time the Bodhisatta one day observing the sky, and looking at the moon knew that the next day would be a fast-day, and addressing his three companions he said, "To-morrow is a fast-day. Let all three of you take upon you the moral precepts, and observe the holy day. To one that stands fast in moral practice, almsgiving brings a great reward. Therefore feed any beggars that come to you by giving them food from your own table." They readily assented, and abode each in his own place of dwelling.

On the morrow quite early in the morning, the otter sallied forth to seek his prey and went down to the bank of the Ganges. Now it came to pass that a fisherman had landed seven red fish, and stringing them together on a withe, he had taken and buried them in the sand on the river's bank. And then he dropped down the stream, catching more fish. The otter scenting the buried fish, dug up the sand till he came upon them, and pulling them out cried aloud thrice, "Does any one own these fish?" And not seeing any owner he took hold of the withe with his teeth and laid the fish in the jungle where he dwelt, intending to eat them at a fitting time. And then he lay down, thinking how virtuous he was! The jackal too sallied forth in quest of food and found in the hut of a field-watcher two spits, a lizard and a pot of milk-curd. And after thrice crying aloud, "To whom do these belong?" and not finding an owner, he put on his neck the rope for lifting the pot, and grasping the spits and the

lizard with his teeth, he brought and laid them in his own lair, thinking, "In due season I will devour them," and so lay down, [53] reflecting how virtuous he had been.

The monkey also entered the clump of trees, and gathering a bunch of mangoes laid them up in his part of the jungle, meaning to eat them in due season, and then lay down, thinking how virtuous he was. But the Bodhisatta in due time came out, intending to browse on the kuça grass, and as he lay in the jungle, the thought occurred to him, "It is impossible for me to offer grass to any beggars that may chance to appear, and I have no oil or rice and such like. If any beggar shall appeal to me, I shall have to give him my own flesh to eat." At this splendid display of virtue, Sakka's white marble throne manifested signs of heat. Sakka on reflection discovered the cause and resolved to put this royal hare to the test. First of all he went and stood by the otter's dwelling-place, disguised as a brahmin, and being asked why he stood there, he replied, "Wise Sir, if I could get something to eat, after keeping the fast, I would perform all my priestly duties." The otter replied, "Very well, I will give you some food," and as he conversed with him he repeated the first stanza:—

Seven red fish I safely brought to land from Ganges flood,
O brahmin, eat thy fill, I pray, and stay within this wood.

The brahmin said, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." Next he went to the jackal, and when asked by him why he stood there, he made the same answer. The jackal, too, readily promised him some food, and in talking with him repeated the second stanza:—

[54] A lizard and a jar of curds, the keeper's evening meal,
Two spits to roast the flesh withal I wrongfully did steal:
Such as I have I give to thee: O brahmin, eat, I pray,
If thou shouldst deign within this wood a while with us to stay.

Said the brahmin, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." Then he went to the monkey, and when asked what he meant by standing there, he answered just as before. The monkey readily offered him some food, and in conversing with him gave utterance to the third stanza:—

An icy stream, a mango ripe, and pleasant greenwood shade,
'Tis thine to enjoy, if thou canst dwell content in forest glade.

Said the brahmin, "Let be till to-morrow. I will see to it by and bye." And he went to the wise hare, and on being asked by him why he stood there, he made the same reply. The Bodhisatta on hearing what he wanted was highly delighted, and said, "Brahmin, you have done well in coming to me for food. This day will I grant you a boon that I have never granted before, but you shall not break the moral law by taking

animal life. Go, friend, and when you have piled together logs of wood, and kindled a fire, come and let me know, [55] and I will sacrifice myself by falling into the midst of the flames, and when my body is roasted, you shall eat my flesh and fulfil all your priestly duties." And in thus addressing him the hare uttered the fourth stanza:—

> Nor sesame, nor beans, nor rice have I as food to give,
> But roast with fire my flesh I yield, if thou with us wouldst live.

Sakka, on hearing what he said, by his miraculous power caused a heap of burning coals to appear, and came and told the Bodhisatta. Rising from his bed of kuça grass and coming to the place, he thrice shook himself that if there were any insects within his coat, they might escape death. Then offering his whole body as a free gift he sprang up, and like a royal swan, alighting on a cluster of lotuses, in an ecstasy of joy he fell on the heap of live coals. But the flame failed even to heat the pores of the hair on the body of the Bodhisatta, and it was as if he had entered a region of frost. Then he addressed Sakka in these words: "Brahmin, the fire you have kindled is icy-cold: it fails to heat even the pores of the hair on my body. What is the meaning of this?" "Wise sir," he replied, "I am no brahmin. I am Sakka, and I have come to put your virtue to the test." The Bodhisatta said, "If not only thou, Sakka, but all the inhabitants of the world were to try me in this matter of almsgiving, they would not find in me any unwillingness to give," and with this the Bodhisatta uttered a cry of exultation like a lion roaring. Then said Sakka to the Bodhisatta, "O wise hare, be thy virtue known throughout a whole æon." And squeezing the mountain, with the essence thus extracted, he daubed the sign of a hare on the orb of the moon. And after depositing the hare on a bed of young kuça grass, in the same wooded part of the jungle, Sakka returned to his own place in heaven. [56] And these four wise creatures dwelt happily and harmoniously together, fulfilling the moral law and observing holy days, till they departed to fare according to their deeds.

The Master, when he had ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the householder, who gave as a free-gift all the Buddhist requisites, attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Ānanda was the otter, Moggallāna was the jackal, Sāriputta the monkey, and I myself was the wise hare."

No. 317.

MATARODANA-JĀTAKA.

"*Weep for the living*," *etc.*—The Master while in residence at Jetavana told this story of a certain landowner who dwelt at Sāvatthi.

On the death of his brother, it is said, he was so overwhelmed with grief that he neither ate nor washed nor anointed himself, but in deep affliction he used to go to the cemetery at daybreak to weep. The Master, early in the morning casting his eye upon the world and observing in that man a capacity for attaining to the fruition of the First Path, thought, "There is no one but myself that can, by telling him what happened long ago, assuage his grief and bring him to the fruition of the First Path. I must be his Refuge." So next day on returning in the afternoon from his round of alms-begging, he took a junior priest and went to his house. On hearing of the Master's arrival, the landowner ordered a seat to be prepared and bade him enter, and saluting him he sat on one side. In answer to the Master, who asked him why he was grieving, he said he had been sorrowing ever since his brother's death. Said the Master, "All compound existences are impermanent, and what is to be broken is broken. One ought not to make a trouble of this. Wise men of old, from knowing this, did not grieve, when their brother died." And at his request the Master related this legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was reborn in the family of a rich merchant, worth eighty crores. When he was come of age, his parents died. And on their death a brother of the Bodhisatta managed the family estate. [57] And the Bodhisatta lived in dependence on him. By and bye the brother also died of a fatal disease. His relations, friends and companions came together, and throwing up their arms wept and lamented, and no one was able to control his feelings. But the Bodhisatta neither lamented nor wept. Men said, "See now, though his brother is dead, he does not so much as pull a wry face: he is a very hard-hearted fellow. Methinks he desired his brother's death, hoping to enjoy a double portion." Thus did they blame the Bodhisatta. His kinsfolk too reproved him, saying, "Though your brother is dead, you do not shed a tear." On hearing their words he said: "In your blind folly, not knowing the Eight Worldly Conditions, you weep and cry, 'Alas! my brother is dead,' but I too, and you also, will have to die. Why then do you not weep at the thought of your own death? All existing things are transient, and consequently no single compound is able to remain in its natural condition. Though you, blind fools, in your state of ignorance, from not knowing the Eight Worldly

Conditions, weep and lament, why should I weep?" And so saying, he repeated these stanzas:—

Weep for the living rather than the dead!
  All creatures that a mortal form do take,
  Four-footed beast and bird and hooded snake,
Yea men and angels all the same path tread.

Powerless to cope with fate, rejoiced to die,
  Midst sad vicissitude of bliss and pain,
  Why shedding idle tears should man complain,
And plunged in sorrow for a brother sigh?

Men versed in fraud and in excess grown old,
  The untutored fool, e'en valiant men of might,
  If worldly-wise and ignorant of right,
Wisdom itself as foolishness may hold.

[58] Thus did the Bodhisatta teach these men the Truth, and delivered them all from their sorrow.

The Master, after he had ended his religious exposition, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the landowner attained to fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the wise man who by his religious exposition delivered people from their sorrow was I myself."

No. 318.

KAṆAVERA-JĀTAKA.

"*'Twas the joyous time,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master at Jetavana, about a Brother who was tempted by thoughts of the wife he had left.—The circumstances that led up to the story will be set forth in the Indriya Birth[1].—The Master, addressing this Brother, said, "Once before, through her, you had your head cut off." And then he related a legend of the past.

---

[59] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a village of Kāsi in the home of a certain householder, under the star of a robber. When he grew up to be a man, he

[1] No. 423.

gained his living by robbery, and his fame was blazed abroad in the world, as a bold fellow and as strong as an elephant. And no man could catch him. One day he broke into a rich merchant's house and carried off much treasure. The townsfolk came to the king and said, "Sire, a mighty robber is plundering the city: have him arrested." The king ordered the governor of the city to seize him. So in the night the governor posted men here and there in detachments, and having effected his capture with the money upon him, he reported it to the king. The king bade the governor cut off his head. Then the governor had his arms tightly bound behind him, and having tied a wreath of red kaṇavera flowers about his neck and sprinkled brickdust on his head, had him scourged with whips in every square, and then led to the place of execution to the music of the harsh-sounding drum. Men said, "This rapacious robber who loots our city is taken," and the whole city was greatly moved.

At this time there lived in Benares a courtezan named Sāmā, whose price was a thousand pieces of money. She was a favourite of the king's, and had a suite of five hundred female slaves. And as she stood at an open window on the upper floor of the palace, she saw this robber being led along. Now he was comely and gracious to look upon, and stood forth above all men, exceedingly glorious and god-like in appearance. And when she saw him being thus led past, she fell in love with him and thought within herself, "By what device can I secure this man for my husband?" "This is the way," she said, and sent by the hand of one of her female attendants a thousand pieces of money to the governor, and "Tell him," she said, "this robber is Sāmā's brother, and he has no other refuge except in Sāmā. And ask him to accept the money and let his prisoner escape." [60] The handmaid did as she was told. But the governor said, "This is a notorious robber, I cannot let him go free after this sort. But if I could find another man as a substitute, I could put the robber in a covered carriage and send him to you." The slave came and reported this to her mistress.

Now at this time a certain rich young merchant, who was enamoured of Sāmā, presented her every day with a thousand pieces of money. And that very day at sunset her lover came as usual to her house with the money. And Sāmā took the money and placed it in her lap and sat weeping. And when she was asked what was the cause of her sorrow, she said, "My lord, this robber is my brother, though he never came to see me, because people say I follow a vile trade: when I sent a message to the governor he sent word that if he were to receive a thousand pieces of money, he would let his prisoner go free. And now I cannot find any one to go and take this money to the governor." The youth for the love he bare her said, "I will go." "Go, then," said she, "and take with you the money you brought me." So he took it and went to the house of the governor.

The governor hid the young merchant in a secret place, and had the robber conveyed in a close carriage to Sāmā. Then he thought, "This robber is well known in the country. It must be quite dark first. And then, when all men are retired to rest, I will have the man executed." And so making some excuse for delaying it awhile, when people had retired to rest, he sent the young merchant with a large escort to the place of execution, and cutting off his head with a sword impaled his body, and returned into the city.

Thenceforth Sāmā accepted nought at any other man's hand, but passed all her time, taking her pleasure with this robber only. The thought occurred to the robber: "If this woman should fall in love with any one else, she will have me too put to death, and take her pleasure with him. She is very treacherous to her friends. I must no longer dwell here, but make haste to escape." When he was going away, [61] he thought, "I will not go empty-handed, but will take some of the ornaments belonging to her." So one day he said to her, "My dear, we always stay indoors like tame cockatoos in a cage. Some day we will disport ourselves in the garden." She readily assented and prepared every kind of food, hard and soft, and decked herself out with all her ornaments, and drove to the garden with him seated in a close carriage. While he was disporting himself with her, he thought, "Now must be the time for me to escape." So under a show of violent affection for her, he entered into a thicket of kaṇavera bushes, and pretending to embrace her, he squeezed her till she became insensible. Then throwing her down he spoiled her of all her ornaments, and fastening them in her outer garment he placed the bundle on his shoulder, and leaping over the garden wall made off.

And when she had recovered consciousness, rising up she went and asked her attendants, what had become of her young lord. "We do not know, lady." "He thinks," she said, "I am dead, and must in his alarm have run away." And being distressed at the thought, she returned thence to her house, and said, "Not till I have set eyes on my dear lord, will I rest upon a sumptuous couch," and she lay down upon the ground. And from that day she neither put on comely garments, nor ate more than one meal, nor affected scents and wreaths and the like. And being resolved to seek and recover her lover by every possible means, she sent for some actors and gave them a thousand pieces of money. On their asking, "What are we to do for this, lady?" She said, "There is no place that you do not visit. Go then to every village, town and city, and gathering a crowd around you, first of all sing this song in the midst of the people,"—teaching the actors the first stanza,—"And if," said she, "when you have sung this song, my husband shall be one of the crowd, he will speak to you. [62] Then you may tell him I am quite well, and bring him back with you. And should he refuse to come, send me a message."

And giving them their expenses for the journey, she sent them off. They started from Benares, and calling the people together here and there, at last arrived at a border-village. Now the robber, since his flight, was living here. And the actors gathered a crowd about them, and sang the first stanza:—

'Twas the joyous time of spring,
  Bright with flowers each shrub and tree,
From her swoon awakening
  Sāmā lives, and lives for thee.

The robber on hearing this drew nigh to the actor, and said, "You say that Sāmā is alive, but I do not believe it." And addressing him he repeated the second stanza:

Can fierce winds a mountain shake?
Can they make firm earth to quake?
But alive the dead to see
Marvel stranger far would be!

[63] The actor on hearing these words uttered the third stanza:

Sāmā surely is not dead,
Nor another lord would wed.
Fasting from all meals but one,
She loves thee and thee alone.

The robber on hearing this said, "Whether she be alive or dead, I don't want her," and with these words he repeated the fourth stanza:

Sāmā's fancy ever roves
From tried faith to lighter loves:
Me too Sāmā would betray,
Were I not to flee away.

The actors came and told Sāmā how he had dealt with them. And she, full of regrets, took once more to her old course of life.

The Master, when his lesson was ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained to fruition of the First Path:—"At that time this Brother was the rich merchant's son, the wife he had left was Sāmā, and I myself was the robber."

No. 319.

TITTIRA-JĀTAKA.

[64] "*Happy life*," *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while living in the Badarika Monastery near Kosambī, regarding the elder Rāhula. The introductory story has been already related in full in the Tipallattha Birth[1]. Now when the Brethren in the Hall of Truth were setting forth the praises of the venerable Rāhula, and speaking of him as fond of instruction, scrupulous and patient of rebuke, the Master came up and on hearing from them the subject of their discourse said, "Not now only, but formerly also Rāhula possessed all these virtues." And then he told them a legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. And when he grew up, he studied all the arts at Takkasilā, and giving up the world devoted himself to the ascetic life in the Himālaya country, and developed all the Faculties and Attainments. There enjoying the pleasures of ecstatic meditation he dwelt in a pleasant grove, whence he journeyed to a frontier village to procure salt and vinegar. The people, on seeing him, became believers, and built him a hut of leaves in a wood, and providing him with all that a Buddhist requires, made a home for him there.

At this time a fowler in this village had caught a decoy partridge, and putting it in a cage carefully trained and looked after it. Then he took it to the wood, and by its cry decoyed all the other partridges that came near. The partridge thought: "Through me many of my kinsfolk come by their death. This is a wicked act on my part." So it kept quiet. When its master found it was quiet, he struck it on the head with a piece of bamboo. The partridge from the pain it suffered uttered a cry. And the fowler gained a living by decoying other partridges through it. Then the partridge thought: "Well, suppose they die. There is no evil intention on my part. Do the evil consequences of my action affect me? When I am quiet, they do not come, but when I utter a cry, they do. And all that come this fellow catches and puts to death. Is there any sinful act here on my part, or is there not?" Thenceforth the only thought of the partridge is, "Who verily may resolve my doubt?" [65] and it goes about seeking for such a wise man. Now one day the fowler snared a lot of partridges, and filling his basket with them he came to the Bodhisatta's hermitage to beg a draught of water. And putting down the cage near the Bodhisatta, he drank some water and lay down on the sand and fell

[1] No. 16, Vol. i.

asleep. The partridge observing that he was asleep thought, "I will ask this ascetic as to my doubt, and if he knows he will solve my difficulty." And as it lay in its cage, it repeated the first stanza in the form of a question:

Happy life I lead all day,
  Food abundant falls to me:
Yet I'm in a parlous way,
  What's my future state to be?

The Bodhisatta solving this question uttered the second stanza:

If no evil in thy heart
  Prompts to deed of villainy,
Shouldst thou play a passive part,
  Guilt attaches not to thee.

The partridge on hearing this uttered the third stanza:

"Lo! our kinsman": thus they cry,
  And in crowds they flock to see.
Am I guilty, should they die?
  Please resolve this doubt for me.

[66] On hearing this, the Bodhisatta repeated the fourth stanza:

If no sin lurks in the heart,
  Innocent the deed will be.
He who plays a passive part
  From all guilt is counted free.

Thus did the Great Being console the partridge. And through him the bird was freed from remorse. Then the fowler waking up saluted the Bodhisatta and took up his cage and made off.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Rāhula was the partridge, and I myself was the ascetic."

No. 320.

SUCCAJA-JĀTAKA.

"*He might give,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master, while residing at Jetavana, with regard to a certain landowner. According to the story he went to a village with his wife to get in a debt, and seizing a cart in satisfaction for what was due to him he deposited it with a certain family, intending to fetch it

later on. While on the road to Sāvatthi, they came in sight of a mountain. The wife asked him, "Suppose this mountain were to become all gold, would you give me some of it?" "Who are you?" he replied, "I would not give you a jot." "Alas!" she cried, "he is a hard-hearted man. Though the mountain should become pure gold, he would not give me an atom." And she was highly displeased.

When they drew nigh to Jetavana, feeling thirsty, they went into the monastery, and had some water to drink. [67] At daybreak the Master seeing in them a capacity for Salvation, sat in a cell of his Perfumed Chamber, looking out for their arrival, and emitted the six-coloured rays of Buddhahood. And after they had quenched their thirst, they came to the Master and respectfully saluting him sat down. The Master, after the usual kindly greetings, asked them where they had been. "We have been, Reverend Sir, to call in a debt." "Lay Sister," he said, "I hope your husband is anxious for your good and ready to do you a kindness." "Reverend Sir," she replied, "I am very affectionate to him, but he has no love for me. To-day when I asked him, on catching sight of a mountain, 'Supposing it were all pure gold, would you give me some?' he answered, 'Who are you? I would not give you a jot.' So hard-hearted is he." "Lay Sister," said the Master, "he talks like this. But whenever he calls to mind your virtues he is ready to give you lordship over all." "Tell us about it, your Reverence," they cried, and at their request he related this legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his minister, rendering him all due service. One day the king saw his son, who acted as his viceroy, coming to pay his respects to him. He thought to himself, "This fellow may do me wrong, if he gets an opportunity." So he sent for him and said, "As long as I live, you cannot dwell in this city. Live somewhere else, and at my death bear rule in the kingdom." He agreed to these conditions, and bidding his father farewell he started from Benares with his chief wife. On coming to a frontier village, he built himself a hut of leaves in a wood, and stayed there, supporting life on wild roots and fruit. By and bye the king died. The young viceroy, from his observation of the stars, knew of his father's death, and as he journeyed to Benares, a mountain came into sight. His wife said to him, "Supposing, Sir, yonder mountain were turned into pure gold, would you give me some of it?" "Who are you?" he cried, "I would not give you an atom." She thought: "Through my love for him I entered this forest, not having the heart to desert him, and he speaks to me thus. [68] He is very hard-hearted, and if he becomes king, what good will he do me?" And she was sore at heart.

On reaching Benares he was established on the throne and raised her to the dignity of chief queen. He merely gave her titular rank, but beyond this he paid her no respect or honour, and did not even recognize her existence. Thought the Bodhisatta, "This queen was helpmeet to the king, not counting the pain, and dwelt with him in the wilderness. But he, taking no count of this, goes about, taking his pleasure with other women. But I will bring it about that she shall receive lordship over

all." And with this thought he went one day and saluting her said, "Lady, we do not receive from you so much as a lump of rice. Why are you so hard-hearted, and why do you thus neglect us?" "Friend," she replied, "if I myself were to receive aught, I would give it you, but if I get nothing, what am I to give? What, pray, is the king likely to give me? On the road here, when asked, 'If yonder mountain were all pure gold, would you give me anything?' he answered, 'Who are you? I would give you nothing.'" "Well, could you repeat all this before the king?" he said. "Why should I not, friend?" she answered. "Then when I stand in the king's presence," he said, "I will ask and you shall repeat it." "Agreed, friend," she said. So the Bodhisatta, when he stood and paid his respects to the king, asked the queen, saying, "Are we not, lady, to receive aught at your hands?" "Sir," she answered, "when I get anything, I will give you something. But, pray, what is the king likely to give me now? When we were coming from the forest, and a mountain came into sight, I asked him, 'If yonder mountain were all pure gold, would you give me some of it?' 'Who are you?' he said, 'I will give you nothing.' And in these words he refused what it was easy to give." [69] To illustrate this, she repeated the first stanza:

He might give at little cost
What he would not miss, if lost.
Golden mountains I bestow;
He to all I ask says "No."

The king on hearing this uttered the second stanza:

When you can, say "Yes, I will,"
When you cannot, promise nil.
Broken promises are lies;
Liars all wise men despise.

The queen, when she heard this, raising her joined hands in respectful salutation, repeated the third stanza:

Standing fast in righteousness,
Thee, O prince, we humbly bless.
Fortune may all else destroy;
Truth is still thy only joy.

[70] The Bodhisatta, after hearing the queen sing the praises of the king, set forth her virtues and repeated the fourth stanza:

Known to fame as peerless wife,
Sharing weal and woe of life,
Equal she to either fate,
Fit with even kings to mate.

The Bodhisatta in these words sang the praises of the queen, saying, "This lady, your majesty, in the time of your adversity, lived with you

and shared your sorrows in the forest. You ought to do her honour." The king, at his words, called to mind the queen's virtues and said, "Wise Sir, at your words I am reminded of the queen's virtues," and so saying he gave all power into her hand. Moreover he bestowed great power upon the Bodhisatta. "For it was by you," he said, "I was reminded of the queen's virtues."

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths, the husband and wife attained to fruition of the First Path:—"At that time this landowner was the king of Benares, this lay sister was the queen, and I myself was the wise councillor."

No. 321.

KUṬIDŪSAKA-JĀTAKA.

[71] "*Monkey, in feet,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about a young disciple who burnt down the hut of leaves of the elder Mahākassapa. The incident that led to the story originated in Rājagaha. At that time, they say, the elder was living in a cell in the forest near Rājagaha. Two young novices ministered to his wants. The one of them was serviceable to the elder, the other was ill-behaved. Whatever was done by his comrade, he makes as if it were done by himself. For instance, when the other lad had placed water to rinse the mouth, he goes to the elder and saluting him, says, "Sir, the water is ready. Please to rinse your mouth." And when his companion had risen betimes and swept out the elder's cell, as soon as the elder appears, he knocks things about hither and thither, and makes as if the whole cell had been swept out by himself.

The dutiful disciple thought, "This ill-behaved fellow claims whatever I do just as if he had done it himself. I will expose his cunning behaviour." So when the young rogue had returned from the village and was sleeping after his meal, he heated water for the bath, and hid it in a back room, and then put merely a small quantity of water in the boiler. The other lad on waking went and saw the steam rising up and thought, "No doubt our friend has heated the water and put it in the bath-room." So going to the elder he said, "Sir, the water is in the bath-room. Please, take your bath." The elder went with him to take a bath, and finding no water in the bath-room asked where the water was. The lad went hastily to the heating chamber and let down a ladle into the empty boiler. The ladle struck against the bottom of the empty vessel, and gave forth a rattling sound. (Thenceforth the boy was known by the name of "Rattle-Ladle.") At this moment the other lad fetched the water from the back room, and said, "Sir, please take your bath." The elder had his bath, [72] and being now aware of Rattle-Ladle's misconduct, when the boy came in the evening to wait upon him, he reproached him and said, "When one that is under religious vows

has done a thing himself, then only has he the right to say, 'I did that.' Otherwise it is a deliberate lie. Henceforth be not guilty of conduct like this."

The boy was wroth with the elder, and next day refused to go into the town with him to beg for alms. But the other youth accompanied the elder. And Rattle-Ladle went to see a family of the elder's retainers. When they inquired where the elder was, he answered that he remained at home ill. They asked what he ought to have. He said, "Give me so and so," and took it and went to a place that he fancied, and ate it and returned to the hermitage. Next day the elder visited that family and sat down with them. The people said, "You are not well, are you? Yesterday, they say, you stopped at home in your cell. We sent you some food by the hand of such and such a lad. Did your Reverence partake of it?" The elder held his peace, and when he had finished his meal, returned to the monastery.

In the evening when the boy came to wait upon him, the elder addressed him thus: "You went begging, Sir, in such and such a family, and in such and such a village. And you begged, saying, 'The elder must have so and so to eat.' And then, they say, you ate it yourself. Such begging is highly improper. See that you are not guilty of such misconduct again."

So the boy for ever so long nursed a grudge against the elder, thinking, "Yesterday merely on account of a little water he picked a quarrel with me. And now being indignant because of my having eaten a handful of rice in the house of his retainers, he quarrels with me again. I will find out the right way to deal with him." And next day, when the elder had gone into the city for alms, he took a hammer and broke all the vessels used for food, and setting fire to the hut of leaves, took to his heels. While still alive he became a preta in the world of men, and withered away till he died and was born again in the Great Hell of Avīci. And the fame of his evil deed spread abroad amongst the people.

So one day some Brethren came from Rājagaha to Sāvatthi, and after putting away their bowls and robes in the Common Room they went and saluting the Master sat down. The Master conversed pleasantly with them and asked whence they had come. "From Rājagaha, Sir." "Who is the teacher that preaches there?" he said. "The Great Kassapa, Sir." "Is Kassapa quite well, Brethren?" he asked. "Yes, Reverend Sir, the elder is well. But a youthful member of the fraternity was so angry on account of a reproof he gave him, that he set fire to the elder's hut of leaves, and made off." [73] The Master, on hearing this, said, "Brethren, solitude is better for Kassapa than keeping company with a fool like this." And so saying he repeated a stanza in the Dhammapada:

To travel with the vulgar herd refuse,
And fellowship with foolish folk eschew;
Thy peer or better for a comrade choose
Or else in solitude thy way pursue.

Moreover he again addressed the Brethren and said, "Not now only, Brethren, did this youth destroy the hut and feel wroth with one that reproved him. In former times too he was wroth." And he then told them a legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young siṅgila bird. And when he grew to be a big bird, he settled in the Himālaya country and built him a nest to his fancy, that was proof against the rain. Then a certain monkey in the rainy season, when the rain fell without intermission, sat near the Bodhisatta, his teeth chattering by reason of the severe cold. The Bodhisatta, seeing him thus distressed, fell to talking with him, and uttered the first stanza:

Monkey, in feet and hands and face
  So like the human form,
Why buildest thou no dwelling-place,
  To hide thee from the storm?

The monkey, on hearing this, replied with a second stanza:

In feet and hands and face, O bird,
  Though close to man allied,
Wisdom, chief boon on him conferred,
  To me has been denied.

The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, repeated yet two more couplets:

He that inconstancy betrays, a light and fickle mind,
Unstable proved in all his ways, no happiness may find.
[74] Monkey, in virtue to excel, do thou thy utmost strive,
And safe from wintry blast to dwell, go, hut of leaves contrive.

Thought the monkey, "This creature, through dwelling in a place that is sheltered from the rain, despises me. I will not suffer him to rest quietly in this nest." Accordingly, in his eagerness to catch the Bodhisatta, he made a spring upon him. But the Bodhisatta flew up into the air, and winged his way elsewhere. And the monkey, after smashing up and destroying his nest, betook himself off.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth:—"At that time the youth that fired the hut was the monkey, and I myself was the siṅgila bird."

No. 322.

DADDABHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*From the spot where,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master, when he dwelt at Jetavana, about some heretics. These heretics, they say, in various places near Jetavana, made their beds on thorns, suffered the five-fold forms of fire penance, and practised false asceticism of many different kinds. Now a number of the Brethren, after going their rounds for alms in Sāvatthi, on their way back to Jetavana saw these heretics undergoing their pretended austerities, and came and asked the Master, [75] "Is there, Sir, any virtue in these heterodox priests in taking upon them these practices?" The Master said, "There is no

[1] See *Tibetan Tales*, XXII. p. 296, "The Flight of the Beasts." R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, Vol. iii. 121.

virtue, Brethren, nor any special merit in it. When it is examined and tested, it is like a path over a dunghill, or like the noise the hare heard." "We do not know, Sir, what that noise was. Tell us, Holy Sir." So at their request he told them an old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young lion. And when fully grown he lived in a wood. At this time there was near the Western Ocean a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. A certain hare lived here beneath a palm sapling, at the foot of a vilva tree. One day this hare after feeding came and lay down beneath the young palm tree. And the thought struck him: "If this earth should be destroyed, what would become of me?" And at this very moment a ripe vilva fruit fell on a palm leaf. At the sound of it, the hare thought: "This solid earth is collapsing," and starting up he fled, without so much as looking behind him. Another hare saw him scampering off, as if frightened to death, and asked the cause of his panic flight. "Pray, don't ask me," he said. The other hare cried, "Pray, Sir, what is it?" and kept running after him. Then the hare stopped a moment and without looking back said, "The earth here is breaking up." And at this the second hare ran after the other. And so first one and then another hare caught sight of him running, and joined in the chase till one hundred thousand hares all took to flight together. They were seen by a deer, a boar, an elk, a buffalo, a wild ox, a rhinoceros, a tiger, a lion and an elephant. And when they asked what it meant and were told that the earth was breaking up, they too took to flight. [76] So by degrees this host of animals extended to the length of a full league.

When the Bodhisatta saw this headlong flight of the animals, and heard the cause of it was that the earth was coming to an end, he thought: "The earth is nowhere coming to an end. Surely it must be some sound which was misunderstood by them. And if I don't make a great effort, they will all perish. I will save their lives." So with the speed of a lion he got before them to the foot of a mountain, and lion-like roared three times. They were terribly frightened at the lion, and stopping in their flight stood all huddled together. The lion went in amongst them and asked why they were running away.

"The earth is collapsing," they answered.

"Who saw it collapsing?" he said.

"The elephants know all about it," they replied.

He asked the elephants. "We don't know," they said, "the lions know." But the lions said, "We don't know, the tigers know." The tigers said, "The rhinoceroses know." The rhinoceroses said, "The wild oxen know." The wild oxen, "the buffaloes." The buffaloes, "the elks." The elks, "the boars." The boars, "the deer." The deer said, "We

don't know, the hares know." When the hares were questioned, they pointed to one particular hare and said, "This one told us."

So the Bodhisatta asked, "Is it true, Sir, that the earth is breaking up?"

"Yes, Sir, I saw it," said the hare.

"Where," he asked, "were you living, when you saw it?"

"Near the ocean, Sir, in a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. For as I was lying beneath the shade of a palm sapling at the foot of a vilva tree, methought, 'If this earth should break up, where shall I go?' And at that very moment I heard the sound of the breaking up of the earth and I fled."

Thought the lion: "A ripe vilva fruit evidently must have fallen on a palm leaf and made a 'thud,' and this hare jumped to the conclusion that the earth was coming to an end, and ran away. [77] I will find out the exact truth about it." So he reassured the herd of animals, and said, "I will take the hare and go and find out exactly whether the earth is coming to an end or not, in the place pointed out by him. Until I return, do you stay here." Then placing the hare on his back, he sprang forward with the speed of a lion, and putting the hare down in the palm grove, he said "Come, show us the place you meant."

"I dare not, my lord," said the hare.

"Come, don't be afraid," said the lion.

The hare, not venturing to go near the vilva tree, stood afar off and cried, "Yonder, Sir, is the place of dreadful sound," and so saying, he repeated the first stanza:

From the spot where I did dwell
  Issued forth a fearful 'thud;'
What it was I could not tell,
  Nor what caused it understood.

After hearing what the hare said, the lion went to the foot of the vilva tree, and saw the spot where the hare had been lying beneath the shade of the palm tree, and the ripe vilva fruit that fell on the palm leaf, and having carefully ascertained that the earth had not broken up, he placed the hare on his back and with the speed of a lion soon came again to the herd of beasts.

Then he told them the whole story, and said, "Don't be afraid." And having thus reassured the herd of beasts, he let them go. Verily, if it had not been for the Bodhisatta at that time, all the beasts would have rushed into the sea and perished. It was all owing to the Bodhisatta that they escaped death.

Alarmed at sound of fallen fruit
  A hare once ran away,
The other beasts all followed suit
  Moved by that hare's dismay.

They hastened not to view the scene,
But lent a willing ear
To idle gossip, and were clean
Distraught with foolish fear.

[78] They who to Wisdom's calm delight
And Virtue's heights attain,
Though ill example should invite,
Such panic fear disdain.

These three stanzas were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the lion."

No. 323.

BRAHMADATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Such is the quality,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master, while dwelling in the Aggāḷava shrine near Āḷavī, concerning the regulations to be observed in the building of cells[1].

The introductory story has been already set forth in the Maṇikaṇṭha Birth[2], but on this occasion the Master said, "Is it true, Brethren, that you live here by your importunity in asking and begging for alms?" And when they answered "Yes," he reproved them and said, "Wise men of old, when offered their choice by the king, though they were longing to ask for a pair of single-soled shoes, through fear of doing violence to their sensitive and scrupulous nature, did not venture to say a word in the presence of the people, but spoke in private." And so saying he told them an old-world legend.

---

[79] Once upon a time in the Kampillaka kingdom, when a Pañcāla king was reigning in a North Pañcāla city, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family, in a certain market town. And when he was grown up, he acquired a knowledge of the arts at Takkasilā. Afterwards taking orders as an ascetic and dwelling in the Himālaya country, he lived for a long time by what he could glean—feeding on wild fruits and roots.

[1] See *Suttavibhaṅga* vi. 1.
[2] No. 253, Vol. ii.

And wandering into the haunts of men for the purpose of procuring salt and vinegar, he came to a city of North Pañcāla and took up his abode in the king's garden. Next day he went into the city to beg alms, and came to the king's gate. The king was so pleased with his deportment and behaviour that he seated him on the dais and fed him with food worthy of a king. And he bound him by a solemn promise and assigned him a lodging in the garden.

He lived constantly in the king's house, and at the end of the rainy season, being anxious to return to the Himālayas, he thought, "If I go upon this journey, I must get a pair of single-soled shoes[1] and a parasol of leaves. I will beg them of the king." One day he came to the garden, and finding the king sitting there, he saluted him and resolved he would ask him for the shoes and parasol. But his second thought was, "A man who begs of another, saying, 'Give me so and so,' is apt to weep. And the other man also when he refuses, saying, 'I have it not,' in his turn weeps." And that the people might not see either him or the king weeping, he thought, "We will both weep quietly in some secret place." So he said, "Great King, I am anxious to speak with you in private." The royal attendants on hearing this departed. Thought the Bodhisatta, "If the king should refuse my prayer, our friendship will be at an end. So I will not ask a boon of him." That day, not venturing to mention the subject, he said, "Go now, Great King, I will see about this matter by and bye." Another day on the king's coming to the garden, saying, as before, first this and then that, he could not frame his request. And so twelve years elapsed.

Then the king thought, [80] "This priest said, 'I wish to speak in private,' and when the courtiers are departed, he has not the courage to speak. And while he is longing to do so, twelve years have elapsed. After living a religious life so long, I suspect, he is regretting the world. He is eager to enjoy pleasures and is longing for sovereignty. But being unable to frame the word 'kingdom,' he keeps silent. To-day now I will offer him whatever he desires, from my kingdom downwards." So he went to the garden and sitting down saluted him. The Bodhisatta asked to speak to him in private, and when the courtiers had departed, he could not utter a word. The king said, "For twelve years you have asked to speak to me in private, and when you have had the opportunity, you have not been able to say a word. I offer you everything, beginning with my kingdom. Do not be afraid, but ask for whatever you please."

"Great King," he said, "will you give me what I want?"

[1] See *Mahāvagga*, v. 1. 28. Shoes with more than a single lining were not to be worn by the Brethren, except when they had been cast off by others.

"Yes, Reverend Sir, I will."

"Great King, when I go on my journey, I must have a pair of single-soled shoes and a parasol of leaves."

"Have you not been able, Sir, for twelve years to ask for such a trifle as this?"

"That is so, Great King."

"Why, Sir, did you act thus?"

"Great King, the man who says 'Give me so and so,' sheds tears, and the one who refuses and says 'I have it not,' in his turn weeps. If, when I begged, you should have refused me, I feared the people might see us mingling our tears. This is why I asked for a secret interview." Then from the beginning he repeated three stanzas:

Such is the quality of prayer, O king,
'Twill a rich gift or a refusal bring.

Who beg, Pañcāla lord, to weep are fain,
They who refuse are apt to weep again.

Lest people see us shed the idle tear,
My prayer I whisper in thy secret ear.

[81] The king, being charmed with this mark of respect on the part of the Bodhisatta, granted him the boon and spoke the fourth stanza:

Brahmin, I offer thee a thousand kine,
Red kine, and eke the leader of the herd;
Hearing but now these generous words of thine,
I too in turn to generous deed am stirred.

But the Bodhisatta said, "I do not, Sire, desire material pleasures. Give me that only which I ask for." And he took a pair of single-soled shoes and the parasol of leaves, and exhorted the king to be zealous in religion and to keep the moral law and observe fast days. And though the king begged him to stay, he went off to the Himālayas, where he developed all the Faculties and Attainments, and was destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the ascetic."

No. 324.

CAMMASĀṬAKA-JĀTAKA[1].

[82] "*The kindly beast,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, about a mendicant priest who wore a leather jerkin[2]. Both his upper and under garment, it is said, were of leather. One day sallying out of the monastery, he went his rounds in Sāvatthi for alms, till he came to the fighting-ground of the rams. A ram on seeing him drew back, desiring to butt him. The mendicant thought, "He is doing this, as an act of respect for me," and himself did not draw back. The ram came on with a rush and striking him on the thigh felled him to the ground. This case of imaginary salutation was blazed abroad in the Congregation of the Brethren. The matter was discussed by them in the Hall of Truth, as to how the leather-coated mendicant fancied he was being saluted and met with his death. The Master came and inquired the subject of their discussion and on being told what it was said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too this ascetic imagined he was being saluted and so came by his death," and he then related to them an old-world legend.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was born in a merchant family and plied his trade. At that time a certain religious mendicant, clad in a leather garment, in going his rounds for alms, came to the rams' fighting ground, and on seeing a ram falling back before him, he fancied it did this as a mark of respect, and did not himself retire. "In the whole world," he thought, "this ram alone recognises my merits," and raising his joined hands in respectful salutation he stood and repeated the first stanza:

The kindly beast obeisance makes before
The high-caste brahmin versed in holy lore.
  Good honest creature thou,
Famous above all other beasts, I vow!

[83] At this moment a wise merchant sitting in his stores, to restrain the mendicant, uttered the second stanza:

Brahmin, be not so rash this beast to trust,
Else will he haste to lay thee in the dust,
  For this the ram falls back,
To gain an impetus for his attack.

While this wise merchant was still speaking, the ram came on at full speed, and striking the mendicant on the thigh, knocked him down. He

[1] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 248.
[2] *Mahāvagga*, viii. 28. 2.

was maddened with the pain and as he lay groaning, the Master, to explain the incident, gave utterance to the third stanza:

> With broken leg and bowl for alms upset,
> His damaged fortune he will sore regret.
> Let him not weep with outstretched arms in vain,
> Haste to the rescue, ere the priest is slain.

Then the mendicant repeated the fourth stanza:

> Thus all that honour to the unworthy pay,
> Share the same fate that I have met to-day;
> Prone in the dust by butting ram laid low
> To foolish confidence my death I owe.

[84] Thus lamenting he there and then came by his death.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "The man in the leather coat of to-day was the same then as now. And I myself was the wise merchant."

No. 325.

GODHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*One that plays*," *etc.*—This stoıy was told by the Master, while living at Jetavana, with regard to a certain cheating rogue. The introductory story has been already given in full. But on this occasion they brought the Brother to the Master and exposed him, saying, "Holy Sir, this Brother is a cheat." The Master said, "Not now only, but formerly also he was a rogue." And then he told an old-world story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a young lizard, and when he grew up and was lusty and strong, he dwelt in a forest. And a certain wicked ascetic built a hut of leaves, and took up his abode near him. The Bodhisatta, in ranging about for food, saw this hut of leaves and thought to himself,

[1] Compare No. 277, vol. ii.

"This hut must certainly belong to some holy ascetic," and he went there and after saluting the holy man returned to his own place of abode.

Now one day this false ascetic ate some savoury food prepared in the house of one of his retainers, and asked what meat it was. On hearing that it was lizard-flesh, he became such a slave to his love of dainties that he thought, "I will kill this lizard that so constantly keeps coming to my hermitage and will cook him to my taste and eat him." So he took some ghee, curds, condiments and the like, and went with his club concealed under his yellow robe and sat perfectly still at the door of his hut, waiting for the Bodhisatta to come, as quiet as quiet could be.

[85] And when the Bodhisatta saw this depraved fellow he thought, "This wretch must have been eating the flesh of my kinsfolk. I will put it to the test." So he stood to leeward of him and getting a whiff from his person he knew that he had been eating the flesh of a lizard, and without going near him he turned back and made off. And when the ascetic saw he was not coming, he threw his club at him. The club missed his body, but just reached the tip of his tail. The ascetic said, "Be off with you, I have missed you." Said the Bodhisatta, "Yes, you have missed me, but you will not miss the fourfold States of Suffering." Than he ran off and disappeared in an ant-hill which stood at the end of the cloister walk, and putting out his head at some other hole, he addressed the ascetic in these two stanzas:

One that plays the ascetic rôle
Should exhibit self-control.
Thou didst hurl thy stick at me,
False ascetic thou must be.

Matted locks and robe of skin
Serve to cloke some secret sin.
Fool! to cleanse for outward show,
Leaving what is foul below.

The ascetic, on hearing this, replied in a third stanza:

Prithee, lizard, hasten back,
Oil and salt I do not lack:
Pepper too I would suggest
May to boiled rice add a zest.

[86] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, uttered the fourth stanza:

I will hide me snug and warm
Midst the anthill's myriad swarm.
Cease of oil and salt to prate,
Pepper I abominate.

Moreover he threatened him and said, "Fie! false ascetic, if you continue to dwell here, I will have you seized as a thief by the people who

live in my feeding ground, and given over to destruction. So make haste and be off." Then the false ascetic fled from that place.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time the rogue of a Brother was the false ascetic, but I myself was the royal lizard."

No. 326.

KAKKĀRU-JĀTAKA.

"*He that from thievish act,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while he was at Jetavana, about Devadatta, how that after causing a schism in the Order, as he was going away with his chief disciples, when the assembly broke up, a hot stream of blood gushed from his mouth. Then the Brethren discussed the matter in the Hall of Truth, and said that Devadatta by speaking falsely had created a schism, and afterwards fell sick and suffered great pain. The Master came and inquired what subject the Brethren were discussing as they sat in conclave, and on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too this fellow was a liar, and not now only, but of old also he suffered pain as the penalty of lying." And so saying he repeated this old-world legend.

---

[87] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a certain god in the heaven of the Thirty-three. Now at this time there was a great festival at Benares. A crowd of Nāgas and Garuḍa birds and terrestrial deities came and watched the festival. And four divine beings from the heaven of the Thirty-three, wearing a wreath made of heavenly kakkāru flowers, came to see the festival. And the city for the space of twelve leagues was filled with the fragrance of these flowers. Men moved about, wondering by whom these flowers were worn. The gods said, "They are watching us," and flying up from the royal court, by an act of supernatural power they stood poised in the air. The multitude gathered together, and the king with his vassal princes came and asked from what world of the gods they had come.

"We come from the heaven of the Thirty-three."

"For what purpose are you come?"

"To see the festival."

"What are these flowers?"

"They are called the heavenly kakkāru flowers."

"Sirs," they said, "in the world of the gods you may have other flowers to wear. Give these to us."

The gods made answer, "These divine flowers are fit for those possessed of great powers: for the base, foolish, faithless and sinful beings in this world of men they are not fitted. But whosoever amongst men are endued with such and such virtues, for them they are suitable." And with these words the chief amongst these divine beings repeated the first stanza:—

He that from thievish act refrains,
His tongue from lying word restrains,
And reaching dizzy heights of fame
Still keeps his head—this flower may claim.

[88] On hearing this the family priest thought, "I own not one of these qualities, but by telling a lie I will get these flowers to wear, and thus the people will credit me with these virtues." Then he said, "I am endued with these qualities," and he had the flowers brought to him and he put them on, and then begged of the second god, who replied in a second stanza:—

He that should honest wealth pursue
And riches gained by fraud eschew,
In pleasure gross excess would shun,
This heavenly flower has duly won.

Said the priest, "I am endued with these virtues," and had the flowers brought to him and put them on, and then begged of the third god, who uttered the third stanza:—

He that from purpose fixed ne'er swerves
And his unchanging faith preserves,
Choice food alone scorns to devour,
May justly claim this heavenly flower.

[89] Said the priest, "I am endued with these virtues," and had the flowers brought to him and he put them on, and then begged of the fourth god, who spoke the fourth stanza:—

He that good men will ne'er attack
When present, nor behind their back,
And all he says, fulfils in deed,
This flower may claim as his due meed.

The priest said, "I am endued with these virtues," and he had the flowers brought to him and put them on. So these divine beings gave the four wreaths of flowers to the priest and returned to the world of gods. As soon as they were gone, the priest was seized with a violent pain in the head, as if it were being pounded by a sharp spike, or crushed by an

instrument of iron. Maddened with the pain he rolled up and down, and cried out with a loud voice. When men asked, "What means this?" he said, "I claimed these virtues when I had them not, and spoke falsely and so begged these flowers of the gods: take them from off my head." They would have removed them, but could not, for they were fastened as it were with an iron band. Then they raised him up and led him home. And as he lay there crying aloud, seven days passed. The king spake to his councillors and said, "This wicked brahmin will die. What are we to do?" "My lord," they answered, "let us again celebrate a festival. The sons of the gods will come back."

[90] And the king held a festival, and the sons of the gods returned and filled all the city with the perfume of the flowers, and took their stand in the same place in the royal court. The people gathered together, and bringing that wicked brahmin they laid him down before the gods on his belly. He prayed the gods, saying, "My lords, spare my life." They said, "These flowers are not meet for a wicked and evil man. You thought in your heart to deceive us. You have received the reward of your false words."

After thus rebuking him in the presence of the people, they removed the wreath of flowers from his head and having admonished the people, they returned to their own place of abode.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the brahmin, of the divine beings Kassapa was one, Moggallāna was another, Sāriputta a third, and I myself was the chief one of all."

No. 327.

KĀKĀTI-JĀTAKA.[1]

"*Fragrant odours*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while residing at Jetavana, of a certain Brother who regretted having taken orders. On this occasion the Master asked the Brother if it were true that he was discontented, and on his answering, "Yes, Holy Sir," he asked him the reason. The Brother replied, "By reason of sinful passion." The Master said, "Woman cannot be guarded. There is no keeping her safe. Sages of old placed a woman in mid ocean in a palace by the Simbalī lake[2], but failed to preserve her honour." Then he told a story of the olden time.

---

[1] Compare No. 360 *infra*.

[2] On Mount Meru: the Garuḍas live round it.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of the king by his queen-consort. And when he was grown up, at his father's death he bare rule. Kākāti was his chief queen and as lovely as an Apsara. [91] The old form of the legend will be found set forth in full in the Kuṇāḷa Birth[1]. Here follows a brief summary of it.

Now at this time a certain Garuḍa king came disguised as a man, and played at dice with the king of Benares. Falling in love with the chief queen Kākāti, he carried her off with him to the dwelling place of the Garuḍas and lived happily with her. The king missing her told his musician named Naṭakuvera to go in quest of her. He found the Garuḍa king lying on a bed of eraka grass in a certain lake, and just as the Garuḍa was on the point of leaving that spot, he seated himself in the midst of the royal bird's plumage[2], and was in this way conveyed to the dwelling place of the Garuḍas. There he enjoyed the lady's favours, and again seating himself on the bird's wing returned home. And when the time came for the Garuḍa to play at dice with the king, the minstrel took his lute and going up to the gaming board he stood before the king, and in the form of a song gave utterance to the first stanza:—

Fragrant odours round me playing
  Breath of fair Kākāti's love,
From her distant home conveying
  Thoughts my inmost soul to move.

On hearing this the Garuḍa responded in a second stanza:—

Sea and Kebuk stream defying
  Didst thou reach my island home?
Over seven oceans flying
  To the Simbal grove didst come?

[92] Naṭakuvera, on hearing this, uttered the third stanza:—

'Twas through thee all space defying
  I was borne to Simbal grove,
And o'er seas and rivers flying
  'Twas through thee I found my love.

Then the Garuḍa king replied in the fourth stanza:—

Out upon the foolish blunder,
  What a booby I have been!
Lovers best were kept asunder,
  Lo! I've served as go-between.

So the Garuḍa brought the queen and gave her back to the king of Benares, and came not there any more.

---

[1] No. 536.

[2] Compare *Tibetan Tales*, XII. p. 231. *Suśroṇi*.

The Master, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the discontented Brother attained the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the discontented Brother was Naṭakuvera, and I myself was the king."

No. 328.

ANANUSOCIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Why should I shed tears*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living at Jetavana, of a certain landowner who had lost his wife. On her death, they say, he neither washed himself nor took food, and neglected his farm duties. Overcome with grief he would wander about the cemetery lamenting, while his predestination to enter the First Path blazed forth like a halo about his head. The Master, early one morning, casting his eye upon the world and beholding him said, "Save me there is no one that can remove this man's sorrow and bestow upon him the power of entering the First Path. I will be his refuge." So when he had returned from his rounds and had eaten his meal, he took an attendant priest and went to the door of the landowner's house. [93] And he on hearing that the Master was coming went out to meet him, and with other marks of respect seated him in the prescribed seat and came and sitting on one side saluted him.

The Master asked, "Wherefore, lay brother, are you silent?"

"Reverend Sir," he replied, "I am grieving for her."

The Master said, "Lay brother, that which is breakable is broken, but when this happens, one ought not to grieve. Sages of old, when they lost a wife, knew this truth, and therefore sorrowed not." And then at his request the Master told an old-world tale.

The old legend will be found set forth in the Cullabodhi Birth[1] in the Tenth Book. Here follows a short summary of it.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family. And when he grew up, he studied all the arts at Takkasilā and then returned to his parents. In this Birth the Great Being became a holy young student. Then his parents told him they would look out a wife for him.

"I have no desire for a married life," said the Bodhisatta. "When you are dead, I will adopt the religious life of an ascetic."

And being greatly importuned by them, he had a golden image[2] made,

[1] No. 443.

[2] For the incident of the golden image and the story generally compare *Tibetan Tales*, IX. p. 186. *Mahākāśyapa and Bhadrā.*

and said, 'If you can find me a maiden like unto this, I will take her to wife.' His parents sent forth some emissaries with a large escort, and bade them place the golden image in a covered carriage and go and search through the plains of India, till they found just such a young brahmin girl, when they were to give this golden image in exchange, and bring the girl back with them. Now at this time a certain holy man passing from the Brahma world was born again in the form of a young girl in a town in the kingdom of Kāsi, in the house of a brahmin worth eighty crores, and the name given her was Sammillabhāsinī. At the age of sixteen she was a fair and gracious maiden, like to an Apsara, endued with all the marks of female beauty. And since no thought of evil was ever suggested to her by the power of sinful passion, she was perfectly pure. [94] So the men took the golden image and wandered about till they reached this village. The inhabitants on seeing the image asked, "Why is Sammillabhāsinī, the daughter of such and such a brahmin, placed there?" The messengers on hearing this found the brahmin family, and chose Sammillabhāsinī for the prince's bride. She sent a message to her parents, saying, "When you are dead, I shall adopt the religious life; I have no desire for the married state." They said, "What art thou thinking of, maiden?" And accepting the golden image they sent off their daughter with a great retinue. The marriage ceremony took place against the wishes of both the Bodhisatta and Sammillabhāsinī. Though sharing the same room and the same bed they did not regard one another with the eye of sinful passion, but dwelt together like two holy men or two female saints.

By and bye the father and mother of the Bodhisatta died. He performed their funeral rites and calling to him Sammillabhāsinī, said to her, "My dear, my family property amounts to eighty crores, and yours too is worth another eighty crores. Take all this and enter upon household life. I shall become an ascetic."

"Sir," she answered, "if you become an ascetic, I will become one too. I cannot forsake you."

"Come then," he said. So spending all their wealth in almsgiving and throwing up their worldly fortune as it were a lump of phlegm, they journeyed into the Himālaya country and both of them adopted the ascetic life. There after living for a long time on wild fruits and roots, they at length came down from the Himālayas to procure salt and vinegar, and gradually found their way to Benares, and dwelt in the royal grounds. And while they were living there, this young and delicate female ascetic, from eating insipid rice of a mixed quality, was attacked by dysentery and not being able to get any healing remedies, she grew very weak. The Bodhisatta at the time for going his rounds to beg for alms, took hold of her and carried her to the gate of the city and there laid her on a bench in a certain hall, and himself went into the city for alms. He had scarce

T' out when s … the great beauty of
At. this female ascetic … and lamenting. The
Bodhisatta after g … ed, and hearing of her
death he said, " … dissolution is dissolved.
All impermanent … With these words he sat
down on the benc … ating the mixture of food he
rinsed out his mou … ood by gathered round him and
said, "Reverend Si … ale ascetic to you?"
"When I was … lied, "she was my wife."
"Holy Sir," t … we weep and lament and cannot control
our feelings, … ep?"
The B … ile she was alive, she belonged to me in some
sort. No … her that is gone to another world: she has
passed ir … of others. Wherefore should I weep?" And
teaching t … Truth, he recited these stanzas:

Why should I shed tears for thee,
Fair Sammillabhāsinī?
Passed to death's majority[1]
Thou art henceforth lost to me.

Wherefore should frail man lament
What to him is only lent?
He too draws his mortal breath
Forfeit every hour to death.

Be he standing, sitting still,
Moving, resting, what he will,
In the twinkling of an eye,
In a moment death is nigh.

Life I count a thing unstable,
Loss of friends inevitable.
Cherish all that are alive,
Sorrow not shouldst thou survive.

[97] Thus did the Great Being teach the Truth, illustrating by these four stanzas the impermanence of things. The people performed funeral rites over the female ascetic. And the Bodhisatta returned to the Himālayas, and entering on the higher knowledge arising from mystic meditation was destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths, the landowner attained to fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the mother of Rāhula was Sammillabhāsinī, and I myself was the ascetic."

[1] Compare the classical usage of οἱ πλεῖους, *plures*, for the dead.

No. 329.

KĀLABĀHU-JĀTAKA.

"*Once we enjoyed,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, with regard to Devadatta's loss of gains and honour. For when Devadatta had unreasonably conceived a grudge against the Buddha and suborned a band of archers to slay him, his offence became known by the letting loose of the elephant Nālāgiri[1]. Then men took away his office and the rations provided for him, and the king ceased to regard him. And having lost his source of gains and honour, he went about living on what he begged in noble families. The Brethren started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that Devadatta thought to get gain and honour, but when he had got it he could not keep it. The Master came and inquired what was the subject the Brethren sat in conclave to discuss, and on being told what it was he said, "Not only now, Brethren, but formerly too, Devadatta was deprived of gains and honour." And he then told them an old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Dhanañjaya was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a parrot named Rādha. He was a well-grown bird with perfectly-formed limbs. And his younger brother was called Poṭṭhapāda. A certain fowler trapped these two birds and brought them as a present to the king of Benares. The king put the pair in a golden cage [98] and took care of them and gave them honey and parched corn to eat in a golden dish and sugar-water to drink. Great attention was paid them, and they attained to the highest degree of profit and honour. Then a certain forester brought a big black monkey, called Kālabāhu, as a present to the king, and from the fact of his coming later than the parrots, he received still greater gain and respect, while that paid to the parrots fell off. The Bodhisatta through his possession of Buddha qualities said not a word, but his younger brother, from the absence of these qualities being unable to put up with the honour paid to the monkey, said, "Brother, formerly in this royal house men gave us savoury food, but now we get nothing, and they offer it all to the monkey Kālabāhu. As we receive neither gain nor honour in this place from the king, what are we to do? Come, let us go and live in the forest." And as he talked with him, he uttered the first stanza:

Once we enjoyed of food abundant store,
This monkey now has what was ours before.
Come, Rādha, let us to the forest hie;
Such scurvy treatment what can justify?

[1] See vol. ii. p. 140, and p. 168.

Rādha, on hearing this, replied in the second stanza:

> Gain and loss and praise and blame,
> Pleasure, pain, dishonour, fame,
> All as transient states conceive—
> Why should Poṭṭhapāda grieve?

[99] On hearing this, Poṭṭhapāda was unable to get rid of his grudge against the monkey and repeated the third stanza:

> Rādha, wisest bird alive,
> Sure thou knowest things to come,
> This vile creature who shall drive
> From the court to his old home?

Rādha, on hearing this, uttered the fourth stanza:

> Oft will his puckered face and moving ears
> The royal children fill with foolish fears:
> Soon Kālabāhu through some impish freak,
> Far far away his food will have to seek.

In a very short time the monkey by shaking his ears and the like tricks before the young princes terrified them. In their alarm they made an outcry. The king asked what it meant, and hearing the cause, said, "Drive him away." So he had the monkey driven away, and the parrots were restored to their former condition of gain and honour.

---

[100] The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth:—"At that time Devadatta was Kālabāhu, Ānanda was Poṭṭhapāda, and I myself was Rādha."

No. 330.

SĪLAVĪMAṀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Power on earth,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master when at Jetavana, about a brahmin who was ever proving his virtue. Two similar stories have been told before[1]. In this case the Bodhisatta was the family priest of the king of Benares.

---

[1] No. 86, Vol. i., and No. 290, Vol. ii.

In testing his virtue he for three days took a coin from the royal treasurer's board. They informed against him as a thief, and when brought before the king, he said:

Power on earth beyond compare,
  Virtue owns a wondrous charm:
Putting on a virtuous air
  Deadly snakes avoid all harm.

After thus praising virtue in the first stanza, he gained the king's consent and adopted the ascetic life. Now a hawk seized a piece of meat in a butcher's shop and darted up into the air. The other birds surrounded him and struck at him with feet, claws and beaks. Unable to bear the pain he dropped the piece of meat. Another bird seized it. It too in like manner being hard pressed let the meat fall. Then another bird pounced on it, and whosoever got the meat was pursued by the rest, and whosoever let it go was left in peace. The Bodhisatta on seeing this thought, "These desires of ours are like pieces of meat. To those that grasp at them is sorrow, and to those that let them go is peace." And he repeated the second stanza:

While the hawk had aught to eat,
  Birds of prey pecked at him sore,
When perforce he dropped the meat,
  Then they pecked at him no more.

[101] The ascetic going forth from the city, in the course of his journey came to a village, and at evening lay down in a certain man's house. Now a female slave there named Piṅgalā made an assignation with a man, saying, "You are to come at such and such an hour." After she had bathed the feet of her master and his family, when they had lain down, she sat on the threshold, looking out for the coming of her lover, and passed the first and the middle watch, repeating to herself, "Now he will be coming," but at daybreak, losing hope, she said, "He will not come now," and lay down and fell asleep. The Bodhisatta seeing this happen said, "This woman sat ever so long in the hope that her lover would come, but now that she knows he will not come, in her despair, she slumbers peacefully." And with the thought that while hope in a sinful world brings sorrow, despair brings peace, he uttered the third stanza:

The fruit of hope fulfilled is bliss;
How differs loss of hope from this?
Though dull despair her hope destroys,
Lo! Piṅgalā calm sleep enjoys[1].

Next day going forth from that village he entered into a forest, and beholding a hermit seated on the ground and indulging in meditation he

[1] Compare *Sânkhya Aphorisms*, iv. 11. *Mahābhārata*, xii. 6447.

thought, "Both in this world and in the next there is no happiness beyond the bliss of meditation." And he repeated the fourth stanza:

In this world and in worlds to be
  Nought can surpass ecstatic joy:
To holy calm a devotee,
  Himself unharmed, will none annoy.

[102] Then he went into the forest and adopted the ascetic life of a Rishi and developed the higher knowledge born of meditation, and became destined to birth in the Brahma-World.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the family priest."

No. 331.

KOKĀLIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*They that with speech inopportune*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master at Jetavana about Kokālika. The introductory story is told in full in the Takkārika Birth[1].

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his valued minister. Now the king was very talkative. Thought the Bodhisatta, "I will put an end to his talkativeness," and went about looking for an apt illustration. So one day the king came to his garden and sat down on the royal slab of stone. Above his head was a mango tree and there in a crow's nest a black cuckoo had laid her egg and gone off. The female crow watched over that cuckoo's egg. By and bye a young cuckoo came forth from it The crow thinking it was her own offspring took care of it, bringing food for it in her beak. The young bird while still unfledged uttered a cuckoo cry prematurely. The crow thought, "This young bird even now utters a strange note. [103] What will it do, when it is older?" And so she killed it by pecking it with her beak and threw it out of the nest, and it fell at the king's feet. The king asked the

[1] No. 481. Compare No. 215, Vol. ii.

Bodhisatta, "What is the meaning of this, my friend?" Thought the Bodhisatta, "I am seeking for an illustration to teach the king a lesson, and now I have got one." So he said, "Garrulous folk, Great King, who talk too much out of season, meet with a fate like this. This young cuckoo, sire, being fostered by the crow, while yet unfledged, uttered a premature cry. So the crow knew it was not her offspring and killed it by pecking it with her beak and threw it out of the nest. All those that are too talkative out of season, be they men or beasts, suffer like trouble." And with these words he recited these stanzas :

They that with speech inopportune offend
Like the young cuckoo meet untimely end.
Nor deadly poison, nor sharp-whetted sword
Is half so fatal as ill-spoken word.

The sage his measured words discreetly guides,
Nor rashly to his second self confides:
Before he speaks will prudent counsel take,
His foes to trap, as Garuḍa the snake.

[104] The king, after hearing the religious teaching of the Bodhisatta, thenceforth became more measured in his words, and increasing the glory of the Bodhisatta ever gave him more and more.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "Kokālika in those days was the young cuckoo, and I myself was the wise minister."

No. 332.

RATHALAṬṬHI-JĀTAKA.

"*Wounding another*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master when he was at Jetavana, about the family priest of the king of Kosala, who, it is said, as he was driving in his chariot to a village on his estate came upon a caravan in a narrow road, and crying out once and again, "Out of the way with you," was so enraged at a cart not clearing out of his way that he threw his goad-stick at the driver of the first cart. The stick struck against the yoke of the chariot, and rebounding hit him on the forehead and raised a bump on his head. The priest turned back and went and told the king he had been wounded by some carters. The carters were summoned, and the judges examining into the case found the priest only was to blame. One day the matter was discussed in the Hall of Truth, [105]

how that the king's chaplain, who said he had been assaulted by some carters, on going to law was cast in his suit. When the Master came and inquired what the Brethren were sitting in council to discuss, on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also this fellow acted in precisely the same way." And he then told them a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his lord justice. The king's chaplain drives to a village where he was headman, and acts in exactly the same way as in the other tale, but in this version, when the king heard the priest's story, he summoned the carters and himself sat in judgment, and without examining into the matter he said, "You have beaten my priest and raised a bump on his forehead," and ordered all their property to be taken from them. Then said the Bodhisatta to him, "Sire, without even investigating the matter you order them to be mulcted of all their goods, but some men after inflicting wounds on themselves declare that they have been wounded by another. Therefore it is wrong for one who bears rule to act thus without trying the case. He ought not to act till he has heard everything." And then he recited these verses:

Wounding another, his own wound he shows,
Himself the smiter, he complains of blows.
Wise men, O king, of partial views beware,
Hear both sides first, then judgment true declare.
The idle sensual layman I detest,
The false ascetic is a rogue confest.
A bad king will a case unheard decide,
Wrath in the sage can ne'er be justified.
[106] The warrior prince a well-weighed verdict gives,
Of righteous judge the fame for ever lives.

The king on hearing the words of the Bodhisatta judged righteously, and when the case was duly tried, the blame was found to rest with the brahmin alone.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "The Brahmin played the same part in both stories, and I myself was the wise minister in those days."

No. 333.

GODHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Then wert thou*," *etc.*—This is a story told by the Master while at Jetavana, of a certain landowner. The introductory story has been told in full before[2]. But in this case, as the husband and wife were returning home, after calling in a debt, in the course of their journey some hunters gave them a roasted lizard, bidding them both to eat of it. The man sent his wife to fetch water and ate up the whole lizard, and when she came back, he said, "My dear, the lizard has run away." "Well, my lord," she said, "what can one do with a roast lizard that runs away?" [107] She drank some water and afterwards at Jetavana when sitting in the presence of the Master, she was asked by him as follows: "Lay sister, is this man affectionate, loving and helpful to you?" She answered, "I am loving and affectionate to him, but he has no love for me." The Master said, "Well, suppose he does behave thus to you. Do not be grieved. When he recalls to mind your virtues, he will give supreme power to you alone." And at their request he related an old-world story.

This old story is just like the one given above, but in this case, as the husband and wife were on their way home, some hunters saw how distressed they were and gave them a roasted lizard and bade them share it between them. The royal lady tied it about with a creeper used as a string, and went on her way, carrying it in her hand. They came upon a lake, and leaving the high road sat down at the foot of a Bo-tree. The prince said, "Go, my dear, and fetch water from the lake in a lotus leaf, then we will eat this meat." She hung the lizard on a bough and went to fetch water. Her companion ate up all the lizard and then sat with averted face, holding the tip of the tail in his hand. When she returned with the water, he said, "My dear, the lizard came down from the bough and made for an ant-heap. I ran and seized it by the tip of its tail. The lizard broke in two and left in my hand the part I had seized and disappeared in the hole."

"Well, my lord," she replied, "how can we deal with a roast lizard that runs away? Come, let us be off."

And so drinking the water, they journey to Benares. The prince when he came to the throne gave her the titular rank of queen consort, but no honour or respect was paid to her. The Bodhisatta, desiring to win honour for her, standing in the king's presence asked her, "Lady, is it not the case that we receive nothing at your hands? Why do you neglect us?"

[1] Compare No. 223, Vol. ii.

[2] See No. 320, Vol. iii.

"Dear sir," she said, "I get nothing from the king. How then should I give a present to you? What is the king likely to give me now? When we were coming from the forest, he ate a roast lizard all by himself."

[108] "Lady," he said, "the king would not act after this sort. Do not speak thus of him."

Then the lady said to him, "Sir, this is not clear to you, but it is clear enough to the king and me," and she repeated the first stanza:—

Then wert thou first known to me,
When in forest-depths, O king,
Roasted lizard broke its string
And from Bo-tree branch got free.
Though 'neath robe of bark, I ween,
Sword and coat of mail were seen.

Thus spake the queen, making known the king's offence in the midst of his courtiers. The Bodhisatta, on hearing her, said, "Lady, ever since the time when your husband ceased to love you, why do you go on living here, making unpleasantness for both?" and he repeated two stanzas:—

To one that honours thee, due honour show
With full requital of good service done:
No kindness on illiberal folk bestow,
Nor those affect that would thy presence shun.

Forsake the wretch who has forsaken thee,
And love not one who has for thee no love,
E'en as a bird forsakes a barren tree,
And seeks a home in some far distant grove.

[109] The king, while the Bodhisatta was yet speaking, called to mind her virtues and said, "My dear, ever so long I observed not your virtues, but through the words of this wise man, I have observed them. Bear with my offence. This whole realm of mine I give to you alone." And hereupon he spoke the fourth stanza:

Far as in his power may be,
Gratitude a king should show:
All my realm I grant to thee,
Gifts, on whom thou wilt, bestow.

With these words the king conferred on the queen supreme power, and thinking, "It was by this man that I was reminded of her virtues," he gave great power to the wise man also.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths, both husband and wife attained fruition of the First Path:—"The husband and wife of the present story played the same part in the old tale. But I myself was the wise minister."

No. 334.

RĀJOVĀDA-JĀTAKA.

[110] "*The bull through floods,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana concerning the admonition of a king. The introductory story will be found in full in the Tesakuṇa Birth[1]. But in this version of it the Master said, "Kings of old, Sire, hearkening to the words of the wise, bare rule justly and attained to the heavenly world." And at the request of the king he told a story of the olden times.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. And when he came of age, he was trained in all the arts, and adopting the ascetic life he developed all the Faculties and Attainments, and took up his abode in a pleasant quarter of the Himālayas, living on wild fruits and roots. At this time the king being anxious to find out his defects, went about inquiring if there was any one who would tell him his faults. And not finding any one to speak to his dispraise, either within doors or without, either within the city or outside it, he wandered about the country side in disguise, thinking, "How will it be in the country?" And not meeting with any one there to speak to his dispraise, and hearing men speak only of his merits, he thought, "How will it be in the Himālaya region?" And he went into the forest and wandered about till he reached the hermitage of the Bodhisatta, where after saluting him, and addressing him in a friendly manner he took a seat on one side. At that moment the Bodhisatta was eating some ripe figs which he had brought from the wood. They were luscious and sweet, like powdered sugar. He addressed the king and said, "Your Excellency, pray eat this ripe fig and drink some water."

The king did so, and asked the Bodhisatta, "Why, Reverend Sir, is this ripe fig so exceedingly sweet?"

"Your Excellency," he replied, "the king now exercises his rule with justice and equity. That is why it is so sweet."

[111] "In the reign of an unjust king, does it lose its sweetness, Sir?"

"Yes, Your Excellency, in the time of unjust kings, oil, honey, molasses and the like, as well as wild roots and fruits, lose their sweetness and flavour, and not these only but the whole realm becomes bad and flavourless; but when the rulers are just, these things become sweet and full of flavour, and the whole realm recovers its tone and flavour."

[1] No. 521, Vol. v.

The king said, "It must be so, Reverend Sir," and without letting him know that he was the king, he saluted the Bodhisatta and returned to Benares. And thinking to prove the words of the ascetic, he ruled unjustly, saying to himself, "Now I shall know all about it," and after the lapse of a short time he went back and saluting the Bodhisatta, sat respectfully on one side. The Bodhisatta using exactly the same words, offered him a ripe fig, which proved to be bitter to his taste. Finding it to be bitter he spat it out, saying, "It is bitter, Sir."

Said the Bodhisatta, "Your Excellency, the king must be unjust, for when rulers are unjust, everything beginning with the wild fruits in the wood, lose all their sweetness and flavour." And hereupon he recited these stanzas:—

The bull through floods a devious course will take,
The herd of kine all straggling in his wake:
So if a leader tortuous paths pursue,
To base ends will he guide the vulgar crew,
And the whole realm an age of license rue.

But if the bull a course direct should steer,
The herd of kine straight follow in his rear.
So should their chief to righteous ways be true,
The common folk injustice will eschew,
And through the realm shall holy peace ensue.

[112] The king after hearing the Bodhisatta's exposition of the Truth, let him know he was the king and said, "Holy Sir, formerly it was due to me alone that the figs were first sweet and then bitter, but now I will make them sweet again." Then he saluted the Bodhisatta and returned home, and ruling righteously restored everything to its original condition.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was the ascetic."

No. 335.

JAMBUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Jackal beware*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about the attempt of Devadatta to imitate the Buddha. The incident that gave rise to the story has been told in full before[1]. Here is a short summary of it.

[1] See No. 204, Vol. ii.

When the Master asked Sāriputta what Devadatta did when he saw him, the Elder replied, "Sir, in taking you off he put a fan in my hand and lay down, and then Kokālika struck him on the breast with his knee: and so in taking you off he got into trouble." The Master said, "This happened to Devadatta before," and being pressed by the Elder, he told an old-world legend.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a young lion, and dwelt in a cave of the Himālayas, [113] and one day after killing a buffalo and eating of its flesh he took a draught of water and returned home. A jackal saw him, and being unable to escape lay down on his belly.

The lion said, "What is the meaning of this, Mr Jackal?"

"Sir," he said, "I would be your servant."

The lion said, "Well, come on then," and conducting him to the place where he dwelt, he day by day brought him meat and fed him. When the jackal had grown fat on the lion's broken meat, one day a feeling of pride sprang up in him, and he drew nigh to the lion, and said, "My lord, I am ever a hindrance to you. You constantly bring me meat and feed me. To-day do you remain here. I will go and slay an elephant, and after eating my fill will bring some meat to you." Said the lion, "Friend jackal, let not this seem good in your eyes. You are not sprung from a stock that feeds on the flesh of the elephants that it kills. I will kill an elephant and bring its flesh to you. The elephant surely is big of body. Do not undertake what is contrary to your nature, but hearken to my words." And hereupon he spoke the first stanza:—

Jackal, beware!
His tusks are long.
One of thy puny race
Would scarcely dare
So huge and strong
A beast as this to face.

The jackal, though forbidden by the lion, issued forth from the cave and thrice uttered the cry of a jackal. And looking to the base of the mountain, he spied a black elephant moving below, and thinking to fall on his head he sprang up and turning over in the air fell at the elephant's feet. The elephant lifting up his fore foot planted it on the jackal's head and smashed his skull to pieces. [114] The jackal lay there groaning, and the elephant went off trumpeting. The Bodhisatta came and standing on the top of the precipice saw how the jackal had met his death, and said, "Through his pride was this jackal slain," and uttered three stanzas:—

A jackal once assumed the lion's pride,
And elephant as equal foe defied.
Prone on the earth, while groans his bosom rent,
He learned the rash encounter to repent.

Who thus should challenge one of peerless fame,
Nor mark the vigour of his well-knit frame,
Shares the sad fate that on the jackal came.

But who the measure of his own power knows,
And nice discretion in his language shows,
True to his duty lives and triumphs o'er his foes.

[115] Thus did the Bodhisatta in these stanzas declare the duties proper to be done in this world.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the jackal, and I myself was the lion."

No. 336.

BRAHĀCHATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Grass is still*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, of a certain rogue. The incident that suggested the story has been already related.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his minister and temporal and spiritual adviser. The king of Benares went against the king of Kosala with a large army, and coming to Sāvatthi, after a battle entered the city and took the king prisoner. Now the king of Kosala had a son, prince Chatta by name. He made his escape in disguise, and went to Takkasilā, where he acquired the three Vedas and the eighteen liberal arts. Then he left Takkasilā, and while still studying the practical uses of science he arrived at a certain border village. In a wood near this five hundred ascetics dwelt in huts of leaves. The prince approached them, and with the idea of learning somewhat of them, he became an ascetic, and so acquired whatsoever knowledge they had to impart. By and bye he became the leader of that band of disciples.

One day he addressed his company of holy men and asked them, saying, "Sirs, why do you not go to the central region?"

"Sir," they said, "in the central region are said to be living wise men. [116] They pose one with questions, call upon one to return thanks and to repeat a form of blessing, and reprove the incompetent. And therefore we are afraid to go there."

"Fear not," he said, "I will manage all this for you."

"Then we will go," they said. And all of them taking their various requisites in due course reached Benares. Now the king of Benares, having got all the kingdom of Kosala into his possession, set up loyal officials as governors, and himself, having collected all their available treasure, returned with his spoil to Benares. And filling iron pots with it, he buried them in the royal garden, and then continued to live there. So these holy men spent the night in the king's garden, and on the morrow went into the city to beg alms, and came to the door of the palace. The king was so charmed with their deportment that he called them up and made them sit on the dais and gave them rice and cakes, and till it was their meal-time asked them such and such questions. Chatta won the king's heart by answering all his questions, and at the close of the meal he offered up various forms of thanksgiving. The king was still more pleased, and exacting a promise from them he made them all stay in his garden.

Now Chatta knew a spell for bringing to light buried treasure, and while dwelling there he thought, "Where can this fellow have put the money which belonged to my father?" So repeating the spell and looking about him he discovered that it was buried in the garden. And thinking that with this money he would recover his kingdom also, he addressed the ascetics and said, "Sirs, I am the son of the king of Kosala. When our kingdom was seized by the king of Benares, I escaped in disguise, and so far I have saved my life. But now I have got the property which belonged to my family. With this will I go and recover my kingdom. What will you do?"

"We too will go with you," they replied.

"Agreed," he said, and had some big leather sacks made, and at night digging a hole in the ground he pulled out the treasure-pots, [117] and putting the money into the sacks he had the pots filled with grass. Then he ordered the five hundred holy men and others as well to take the money, and fled to Sāvatthi. There he had all the king's officers seized, and recovering his kingdom he restored the walls, watch-towers and other works, and having thus made the city impregnable against the attack of any hostile king, he took up his abode there. It was told to the king of Benares, "The ascetics have carried off the treasure from your garden and are fled." He went to the garden and opening the pots found only grass in them. And by reason of his lost treasure great sorrow fell upon him. Going to the city he wandered about murmuring, "Grass, grass," and no one could assuage his grief. Thought the Bodhisatta, "The king is in

great trouble. He wanders to and fro, idly chattering. Except myself, no one has the power to drive away his sorrow. I will free him from his trouble." So one day while seated quietly with him, when the king began to chatter, he repeated the first stanza:

"Grass" is still thy constant cry;
Who did take thy grass away?
What thy need of it, or why
Dost thou this word only say?

The king, on hearing what he said, replied in a second stanza:

Chatta, holy man of fame,
As it happened this way came:
Him alone to blame I hold,
Substituting grass for gold.

[118] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, uttered a third stanza:

Canny folk their rule should make,
"Little give and mickle take."
What he took was all his own,
What he left was grass alone.

On hearing this the king uttered the fourth stanza:

Virtue follows no such rules,
These are morals fit for fools.
Doubtful morals they must be,
Learning too is vanity.

While he thus blamed Chatta, the king by these words of the Bodhisatta was freed from his sorrow and ruled his kingdom righteously.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the knavish Brother was the great Chatta, and I myself was the wise minister."

No. 337.

PĪṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Alas! we offered thee,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while living at Jetavana, about a certain Brother. He came, it was said, from the country to Jetavana, and, after putting away his bowl and robe, he saluted the Master and inquired of the young novices, saying, "Sirs, who look after the stranger Brethren that come to Sāvatthi?" [119] "The Treasurer Anāthapiṇḍika," they said, "and the great and holy lay sister Visākhā look after the order of the Brethren, and stand in the place of father and mother to them." "Very good,"

he said, and next day quite early, before a single brother had entered the house, he came to Anāthapiṇḍika's door. From his having come at an unseasonable hour there was no one to attend to him. Without getting anything there he went off to the door of Visākhā's house. There also from having come too early, he got nothing. After wandering hither and thither he came back, and finding the rice-gruel was all finished, he went off. Again he wandered about hither and thither, and on his return, finding the rice all finished, he went back to the monastery, and said, "The brethren here speak of these two families as faithful believers, but both of them really are without faith and unbelievers." Thus did he go about abusing these families. So one day they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain Brother from the country came to the door of certain households too early, and failing to obtain alms went about reviling those families. When the Master came and inquired what was the topic the Brethren were sitting to discuss, on hearing what it was, he called the Brother and asked him if it were true. When the Brother said, "Yes, your Reverence, it is true," the Master asked, "Why are you angry, Brother? Of old, before Buddha arose upon the world, even ascetics when they visited a household and received no alms, showed no anger." And with this he told a story of the olden days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, and when he was of age he studied all the arts at Takkasilā, and subsequently adopted the religious life of an ascetic. After sojourning a long time in the Himālayas he went to Benares to procure salt and vinegar, and, taking up his abode in a garden, on the next day he entered the city for alms. There was at this time a merchant at Benares, who was a faithful believer. The Bodhisatta asked which was a believing household, and on hearing of the merchant's family, he went to the door of his house. At that moment the merchant had gone to pay his respects to the king, and neither did any of his people happen to see him. So he turned back and came away.

Then the merchant who was returning from the palace saw him, [120] and saluting him took his alms-bowl and led him to his house. There he offered him a seat and comforted him with the washing and anointing of his feet, and with rice, cakes and other food, and in the course of his meal he asked him one thing and another, and after he had finished eating, he saluted him and sitting respectfully on one side, he said, "Reverend Sir, strangers who have come to our doors, whether beggars or holy priests or brahmins, have never before gone away without receiving marks of honour and respect, but to-day owing to your not being seen by our retainers, you have gone away without being offered a seat, or water to drink, and without having your feet washed, or rice and gruel given you to eat. This is our fault. You must forgive us in this." And with these words he uttered the first stanza:

Alas! we offered thee no seat,
No water brought, nor anything to eat:
We here confess our sinfulness,
And pardon humbly, Holy Sir, entreat.

great trouble. He wanders to and fro, idly chattering. Except myself, no one has the power to drive away his sorrow. I will free him from his trouble." So one day while seated quietly with him, when the king began to chatter, he repeated the first stanza:

"Grass" is still thy constant cry;
Who did take thy grass away?
What thy need of it, or why
Dost thou this word only say?

The king, on hearing what he said, replied in a second stanza:

Chatta, holy man of fame,
As it happened this way came:
Him alone to blame I hold,
Substituting grass for gold.

[118] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, uttered a third stanza:

Canny folk their rule should make,
"Little give and mickle take."
What he took was all his own,
What he left was grass alone.

On hearing this the king uttered the fourth stanza:

Virtue follows no such rules,
These are morals fit for fools.
Doubtful morals they must be,
Learning too is vanity.

While he thus blamed Chatta, the king by these words of the Bodhisatta was freed from his sorrow and ruled his kingdom righteously.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the knavish Brother was the great Chatta, and I myself was the wise minister."

No. 337.

PĪṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Alas! we offered thee,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told while living at Jetavana, about a certain Brother. He came, it was said, from the country to Jetavana, and, after putting away his bowl and robe, he saluted the Master and inquired of the young novices, saying, "Sirs, who look after the stranger Brethren that come to Sāvatthi?" [119] "The Treasurer Anāthapiṇḍika," they said, "and the great and holy lay sister Visākhā look after the order of the Brethren, and stand in the place of father and mother to them." "Very good,"

he said, and next day quite early, before a single brother had entered the house, he came to Anāthapiṇḍika's door. From his having come at an unseasonable hour there was no one to attend to him. Without getting anything there he went off to the door of Visākhā's house. There also from having come too early, he got nothing. After wandering hither and thither he came back, and finding the rice-gruel was all finished, he went off. Again he wandered about hither and thither, and on his return, finding the rice all finished, he went back to the monastery, and said, "The brethren here speak of these two families as faithful believers, but both of them really are without faith and unbelievers." Thus did he go about abusing these families. So one day they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain Brother from the country came to the door of certain households too early, and failing to obtain alms went about reviling those families. When the Master came and inquired what was the topic the Brethren were sitting to discuss, on hearing what it was, he called the Brother and asked him if it were true. When the Brother said, "Yes, your Reverence, it is true," the Master asked, "Why are you angry, Brother? Of old, before Buddha arose upon the world, even ascetics when they visited a household and received no alms, showed no anger." And with this he told a story of the olden days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, and when he was of age he studied all the arts at Takkasilā, and subsequently adopted the religious life of an ascetic. After sojourning a long time in the Himālayas he went to Benares to procure salt and vinegar, and, taking up his abode in a garden, on the next day he entered the city for alms. There was at this time a merchant at Benares, who was a faithful believer. The Bodhisatta asked which was a believing household, and on hearing of the merchant's family, he went to the door of his house. At that moment the merchant had gone to pay his respects to the king, and neither did any of his people happen to see him. So he turned back and came away.

Then the merchant who was returning from the palace saw him, [120] and saluting him took his alms-bowl and led him to his house. There he offered him a seat and comforted him with the washing and anointing of his feet, and with rice, cakes and other food, and in the course of his meal he asked him one thing and another, and after he had finished eating, he saluted him and sitting respectfully on one side, he said, "Reverend Sir, strangers who have come to our doors, whether beggars or holy priests or brahmins, have never before gone away without receiving marks of honour and respect, but to-day owing to your not being seen by our retainers, you have gone away without being offered a seat, or water to drink, and without having your feet washed, or rice and gruel given you to eat. This is our fault. You must forgive us in this." And with these words he uttered the first stanza:

Alas! we offered thee no seat,
No water brought, nor anything to eat:
We here confess our sinfulness,
And pardon humbly, Holy Sir, entreat.

The Bodhisatta on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

Nought have I to condone,
No anger do I feel,
The thought just once I own
Across my mind did steal,
"Habits of people here
Are just a trifle queer."

The merchant hearing this responded in two more stanzas:

The custom of our family—'twas so
Received by us from ages long ago—
Is to provide the stranger with a seat,
Supply his needs, bring water for his feet
And every guest as kinsman dear to treat.

[121] And the Bodhisatta, after sojourning there a few days, and teaching the merchant of Benares his duty, went straight back to the Himālayas, where he developed all the Faculties and Attainments.

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the Brother attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Ānanda was the merchant of Benares, and I myself was the ascetic."

No. 338.

THUSA-JĀTAKA.

"*With sense so nice,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while living in the Bamboo Grove, of prince Ajātasattu. At the time of his conception there arose in his mother, the daughter of the king of Kosala, a chronic longing to drink blood from the right knee of king Bimbisāra[1] (her husband). Being questioned by her attendant ladies, she told them how it was with her. The king too hearing of it called his astrologers and said, "The queen is possessed of such and such a longing. What will be the issue of it?" The astrologers said, "The child conceived in the womb of the queen will kill you and seize your kingdom." "If my son," said the king, "should kill me and seize my kingdom, what is the harm of it?" And then he had his right knee opened with a sword and letting the blood fall into a golden dish gave it to the queen to drink. She thought, "If the son that is born of me should kill his father, what care I for him?" and endeavoured to bring about a miscarriage. [122] The king hearing of it called her to him and said, "My dear, it is said, my son will slay me and seize my kingdom.

[1] Compare *Tibetan Tales* VI. Prince Jīvaka.

But I am not exempt from old age and death: suffer me to behold the face of my child. Henceforth act not after this manner." But she still went to the garden and acted as before. The king on hearing of it forbade her visits to the garden, and when she had gone her full time she gave birth to a son. On his naming-day, because he had been his father's enemy, while still unborn, they called him prince Ajātasattu. As he grew up with his princely surroundings, one day the Master accompanied by five hundred Brethren came to the king's palace and sat down. The assembly of the Brethren with Buddha at their head was entertained by the king with choice food, both hard and soft. And after saluting the Master the king sat down to listen to the law. At this moment they dressed up the young prince and brought him to the king. The king welcomed the child with a strong show of affection and placed him on his lap, and fondling the boy with the natural love of a father for his child, he did not listen to the law. The Master observing his inattention said, "Great king, formerly kings when suspicious of their sons had them kept in a secret place, and gave orders that at their death they were to be brought forth and set upon the throne." And at the request of the king he told him a legend of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a far-famed teacher at Takkasilā and trained many young princes and sons of brahmins in the arts. Now the son of the king of Benares, when he was sixteen years old, came to him and after he had acquired the three Vedas and all the liberal arts and was perfect in them, he took leave of his master. The teacher regarding him by his gift of prognostication thought, "There is danger coming to this man through his son. By my magic power I will deliver him from it." And composing four stanzas he gave them to the young prince and spoke as follows: "My son, after you are seated on the throne, when your son is sixteen years old, utter the first stanza while eating your rice; repeat the second stanza at the time of the great levée; the third, as you are ascending to the palace roof, standing at the head of the stairs, and the fourth, [123] when entering the royal chamber, as you stand on the threshold."

The prince readily assented to this and saluting his teacher went away. And after acting as viceroy, on his father's death he ascended the throne. His son, when he was sixteen years of age, on the king's going forth to take his pleasure in the garden, observing his father's majesty and power was filled with a desire to kill him and seize upon his kingdom, and spoke to his attendants about it. They said, "True, Sir, what is the good of obtaining power, when one is old? You must by some means or other kill the king and possess yourself of his kingdom." The prince said, "I will kill him by putting poison in his food." So he took some poison and sat down to eat his evening meal with his father. The king, when the rice was just served in the bowl, spoke the first stanza:

With sense so nice, the husks from rice
  Rats keen are to discriminate:
They cared not much the husks to touch,
  But grain by grain the rice they ate.

"I am discovered," thought the prince, and not daring to administer the poison in the bowl of rice, he rose up and bowing to the king went away. He told the story to his attendants and said, "To-day I am found out. How now shall I kill him?" From this day forth they lay concealed in the garden, and consulting together in whispers said, "There is still one expedient. When it is time to attend the great levée, gird on your sword, and taking your stand amongst the councillors, when you see the king off his guard, you must strike him a blow with your sword and kill him." Thus they arranged it. The prince readily agreed, and at the time of the great levée, he girt on his sword [124] and moving about from place to place looked out for an opportunity to strike the king. At this moment the king uttered the second stanza:

The secret counsel taken in the wood
By me is understood:
The village plot soft whispered in the ear
That too I hear.

Thought the prince, "My father knows that I am his enemy," and ran away and told his attendants. After the lapse of seven or eight days they said, "Prince, your father is ignorant of your feeling towards him. You only fancy this in your own mind. Put him to death." So one day he took his sword and stood at the top of the stairs in the royal closet. The king standing at the head of the staircase spoke the third stanza:

A monkey once did cruel measures take
His tender offspring impotent to make.

Thought the prince, "My father wants to seize me," and in his terror he fled away and told his attendants he had been threatened by his father. After the lapse of a fortnight they said, "Prince, if the king knew this, he would not have put up with it so long a time. Your imagination suggests this to you. [125] Put him to death." So one day he took his sword and entering the royal chamber on the upper floor of the palace he lay down beneath the couch, intending to slay the king, as soon as he came. At the close of the evening meal, the king sent his retinue away, wishing to lie down, and entering the royal chamber, as he stood on the threshold, he uttered the fourth stanza:

Thy cautious creeping ways
Like one-eyed goat in mustard field that strays,
And who thou art that lurkest here below,
This too I know.

Thought the prince, "My father has found me out. Now he will put me to death." And seized with fear he came out from beneath the couch, and throwing down his sword at the king's feet and saying, "Pardon me, my lord," he lay grovelling before him. The king said, "You thought, no

one knows what I am about." And after rebuking him he ordered him to be bound in chains and put into the prison house, and set a guard over him. Then the king meditated on the virtues of the Bodhisatta. And by and bye he died. When they had celebrated his funeral rites, they took the young prince out of prison and set him on the throne.

The Master here ended his lesson and said, "Thus, Sire, kings of old suspected in cases in which suspicion was justified," and related this incident, [126] but the king gave no heed to his words. The Master thus identified the Birth: "At that time the far-famed teacher at Takkasilā was I myself."

No. 339.

BĀVERU-JĀTAKA.

"*Before the crested peacock,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana, of certain heretics who lost their former gains and glory. For the heretics who before the Birth of Buddha received gain and honour, lost the same at his Birth, becoming like fireflies at sunrise. Their fate was discussed in the Hall of Truth. When the Master came and inquired what was the topic the Brethren were discussing in their assembly, on being told what it was, he said, "Brethren, not now only, but formerly too, before the appearance of those endowed with virtue, such as were without virtue attained to the highest gain and glory, but when those who were endowed with virtue appeared, such as were devoid of it lost their gain and glory." And with this he told a legend of bygone days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young peacock. And when he was fully grown, he was exceedingly beautiful and lived in a forest. At that time some merchants came to the kingdom of Bāveru, bringing on board ship with them a foreign crow. At this time, it is said, there were no birds in Bāveru. The natives who from time to time came and saw this bird perched on the top of the mast, said, "Mark the colour of this bird's skin. Look at its beaked mouth at the end of its throat, and its eyes like jewel-balls." Thus singing the praises of this crow they said to these merchants, "Sirs, give us this bird. We have need of it, and you can get another in your own country."

"Then take it," they said, "at a price."

"Give it us for a single piece of money," they said.

"We will not sell it for that," said the merchants.

[127] Gradually increasing their offer the people said, "Give it us for a hundred pieces of money."

"It is very useful," they replied, "to us, but let there be friendship between us and you." And they sold it for one hundred pieces.

The natives took it and put it in a golden cage and fed it with various kinds of fish and meat and wild fruits. In a place where no other birds existed, a crow endowed with ten evil qualities attained the highest gain and glory. The next time these merchants came to the kingdom of Bāveru, they brought a royal peacock which they had trained to scream at the snapping of the fingers and to dance at the clapping of the hands. When a crowd had gathered together, the bird stood in the fore part of the vessel, and flapping its wings uttered a sweet sound and danced.

The people that saw it were highly delighted and said, "This king of birds is very beautiful and well-trained. Give it to us."

The merchants said, "We first brought a crow. You took that. Now we have brought this royal peacock and you beg for this too. It will be impossible to come and even mention the name of any bird in your country."

"Be content, Sirs," they said, "give this bird to us and get another in your own land."

And raising the price offered they at last bought it for a thousand pieces. Then they put it in a cage ornamented with the seven jewels and fed it on fish, flesh and wild fruits, as well as with honey, fried corn, sugar-water and the like. Thus did the royal peacock receive the highest gain and glory. From the day of his coming, the gain and honour paid to the crow fell off. And no one wanted even to look at it. The crow no longer getting food either hard or soft, with a cry of "Caw, caw," went and settled on a dunghill.

The Master, making the connexion between the two stories, in his Perfect Wisdom repeated these stanzas:

[128] Before the crested peacock had appeared,
Crows were with gifts of fruit and meat revered:
The sweet-voiced peacock to Bāveru came,
The crow at once was stripped of gifts and fame.

So man to divers priests due honour paid,
Till Buddha the full light of Truth displayed:
But when the sweet-voiced Buddha preached the law,
From heretics their gifts and praise all men withdraw.

After uttering these four stanzas, he thus identified the Birth: "At that time the Jain Nāthaputta was the crow, and I myself was the royal peacock."

No. 340.

VISAYHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Of old, Visayha*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana of Anāthapiṇḍika. The incident that gave rise to the story has been already told in full in the Khadiraṅgāra Birth[2]. On this occasion the Master addressing Anāthapiṇḍika said, "Wise men of old, my lay brother, gave alms, rejecting the counsel of Śakka, king of heaven, when he stood in mid-air and tried to prevent them, saying, "Give not alms." And at his request the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a great merchant, named Visayha, worth eighty crores. [129] And being endowed with the Five Virtues, he was liberal and fond of almsgiving. He had alms-halls built at the four city gates, in the heart of the city, and at the door of his own house. At these six points he set on foot almsgiving, and every day six hundred thousand men went forth to beg, and the food of the Bodhisatta and that of the beggars was exactly the same.

And as he thus stirred up the people of all India by his gifts, the abode of Sakka was shaken by the extraordinary efficacy of his charity, and the yellow marble throne of the king of heaven showed signs of heat. Sakka exclaimed, "Who, I wonder, would make me fall from my seat in heaven?" And looking about him he espied the great merchant and thought to himself, "This Visayha gives alms and by scattering his gifts everywhere is stirring up all India. By means of his almsgiving, methinks, he will dethrone me and himself become Sakka. I will destroy his wealth and make him a poor man, and so bring it about that he shall no longer give alms." So Sakka caused his oil, honey, molasses, and the like, even all his treasure of grain to vanish, as well as his slaves and work people. Those who were deprived of his gifts came and said, "My lord, the alms-hall has disappeared. We do not find anything in the various places set up by you." "Take money hence," he said. "Do not cut off the giving of alms." And calling his wife, he bade her keep up her charity. She searched the whole house, and not finding a single piece of money, she said, "My lord, except the clothes we wear, I see nothing. The whole house is empty." Opening the seven jewel treasuries they found nothing, and save the merchant and his wife no one else was seen, neither slaves

[1] See *Jātakamālā*, no. 5, "The Story of Avishahya."

[2] No. 40, Vol. i.

nor hirelings. The Bodhisatta again addressing his wife said, "My dear, we cannot possibly cut off our charities. Search the whole house till you find something."

At that moment a certain grass-mower threw down his sickle and pole and the rope for binding the grass in the doorway, and ran away. The merchant's wife found them and said, "My lord, this is all I see," [130] and brought and gave them to him. Said the Bodhisatta, "My dear, all these years I have never mown grass before, but to-day I will mow grass and take and sell it, and by this means dispense the fitting alms." So through fear of having to cut off his charities, he took the sickle and the pole and the rope, and going forth from the city came to a place of much grass, and mowing it tied it up in two bundles, saying, "One shall belong to us, and with the other I will give alms." And hanging the grass on the pole he took it and went and sold it at the city gate, and receiving two small coins he gave half the money to the beggars. Now there were many beggars, and as they repeatedly cried out, "Give to us also," he gave the other half of the money also, and passed the day with his wife fasting. In this way six days passed, and on the seventh day, while he was gathering the grass, as he was naturally delicate and had been fasting for seven days, no sooner did the heat of the sun strike upon his forehead, than his eyes began to swim in his head, and he became unconscious and fell down, scattering the grass. Sakka was moving about, observing what Visayha did. And at that instant the god came, and standing in the air uttered the first stanza:

Of old, Visayha, thou didst alms bestow
And to almsgiving loss of wealth dost owe.
Henceforth show self-restraint, refuse to give,
And thou midst lasting joys for aye shalt live.

[131] The Bodhisatta on hearing his words asked, "Who art thou?" "I am Sakka," he said. The Bodhisatta replied, "Sakka himself by giving alms and taking upon him the moral duties, and keeping fast days and fulfilling the seven vows attained the office of Sakka. But now thou forbiddest the almsgiving that brought about thy own greatness. Truly thou art guilty of an unworthy deed." And so saying, he repeated three stanzas:

It is not right, men say, that deed of shame
Should stain the honour of a noble name.
O thou that dost a thousand eyes possess
Guard us from this, e'en in our sore distress.
Let not our wealth in faithless wise be spent
On our own pleasure or aggrandisement,
But as of old our stores with increase bless.
By that same road a former chariot went
A second may well go. So will we give
As long as we have wherewithal to live,
Nor at the worst each generous thought repress.

[132] Sakka being unable to stop him from his purpose asked him why he gave alms. "Desiring," he said, "neither Sakkahood nor Brahmaship, but seeking omniscience do I give." Sakka in token of his delight on hearing these words patted him on the back with his hands. At the very instant the Bodhisatta enjoyed this favour, his whole frame was filled with joy. By the supernatural power of Sakka all manner of prosperity was restored to him. "Great merchant," said Sakka, "henceforth do thou every day give alms, distributing twelve hundred thousand portions." And creating countless wealth in his house, Sakka took leave of him and returned straight to his own place of abode.

The Master, having ended his lesson, thus identified the Birth: "At that time the mother of Rāhula was the merchant's wife, and I myself was Visayha."

No. 341.

KAṆḌARI-JĀTAKA.

The story of this Birth will be set forth in full in the Kuṇāla Birth[1].

No. 342.

VĀNARA-JĀTAKA[2].

[133] "*Have I from water,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master, when dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, concerning the going about of Devadatta to kill the Buddha. The incident that led to the story has been already given in detail.

---

[1] No. 523, Vol. v.

[2] See no. 208, Vol. ii.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young monkey in the Himālaya region. And when fully grown he lived on the banks of the Ganges. Now a certain female crocodile in the Ganges conceived a longing for the flesh of the Bodhisatta's heart, and told it to her husband. He thought, "I will kill the Bodhisatta by plunging him in the water and will take his heart's flesh and give it to my wife." So he said to the Bodhisatta, "Come, my friend, we will go and eat wild fruits on a certain island."

"How shall I get there?" he said.

"I will put you on my back and bring you there," answered the crocodile.

Innocent of the crocodile's purpose he jumped on his back and sat there. The crocodile after swimming a little way began to dive. Then the monkey said, "Why, Sir, do you plunge me into the water?"

"I am going to kill you," said the crocodile, "and give your heart's flesh to my wife."

"Foolish fellow," said he, "do you suppose my heart is inside me?"

"Then where have you put it?"

"Do you not see it hanging there on yonder fig-tree?"

"I see it," said the crocodile. "But will you give it me?"

"Yes, I will," said the monkey.

Then the crocodile—so foolish was he—took him and swam to the foot of the fig-tree on the river bank. The Bodhisatta springing from the crocodile's back perched on the fig-tree and repeated these stanzas:

Have I from water, fish, to dry land passed
Only to fall into thy power at last?
Of bread fruit and rose apples I am sick,
And rather figs than yonder mangoes pick.
He that to great occasion fails to rise
'Neath foeman's feet in sorrow prostrate lies:
[134] One prompt a crisis in his fate to know
Needs never dread oppression from his foe.

Thus did the Bodhisatta in these four stanzas tell how to succeed in worldly affairs, and forthwith disappeared in the thicket of trees.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the crocodile, and I myself was the monkey."

No. 343.

KUNTANI-JĀTAKA.

"*Long I held*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master at Jetavana, concerning a heron that lived in the house of the king of Kosala. She carried messages, they say, for the king, and had two young ones. The king sent this bird with a letter to some other king. When she was gone away, the boys in the royal family squeezed the young birds to death in their hands. The mother bird came back and missing her young ones, asked who had killed her offspring. They said, "So and So." And at this time there was a fierce and savage tiger kept in the palace, fastened by a strong chain. Now these boys came to see the tiger and the heron went with them, thinking, "Even as my young ones were killed by them, just so will I deal with these boys," and she took hold of them and threw them down at the foot of the tiger. The tiger with a growl crunched them up. The bird said, "Now is the wish of my heart fulfilled," and flying up into the air made straight for the Himālayas. On hearing what had happened they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, [135] "Sirs, a heron, it is said, in the king's palace threw down before a tiger the boys who killed her young ones, and when she had thus brought about their death, she made off." The Master came and inquired what it was the Brethren were discussing and said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also did she bring about the death of those who killed her young ones." And herewith he related a legend of the past.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta at Benares ruled his kingdom with justice and equity. A certain heron in his house carried messages for him. And so on just as before. But the special point here is that in this case the bird, having let the tiger kill the boys, thought, "I can no longer remain here. I will take my departure, but though I am going away I will not leave without telling the king, but as soon as I have told him I will be off." And so she drew nigh and saluted the king, and standing a little way off said, "My lord, it was through your carelessness that the boys killed my young ones, and under the influence of passion I in revenge caused their death. Now I can no longer live here." And uttering the first stanza she said:

Long I held this house as mine,
  Honour great I did receive,
It is due to act of thine
  I am now compelled to leave.

The king on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

Should one to retaliate,
  Wrong with equal wrong repay,
Then his anger should abate;
  So, good heron, prithee stay.

[136] Hearing this the bird spoke the third stanza:

Wronged can with wrong-doer ne'er
As of old be made at one:
Nought, O king, can keep me here,
Lo! from henceforth I am gone.

The king, on hearing this, spoke the fourth stanza:

Should they wise, not foolish be,
With the wronged wrong-doer may
Live in peace and harmony:
So, good heron, prithee, stay.

The bird said, "As things are, I cannot stay, my lord," and saluting the king she flew up into the air and made straight for the Himālayas.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "The heron in the former tale was the heron in this, but the king of Benares was myself."

No. 344.

AMBACORA-JĀTAKA.

[137] "*She that did thy mangoes eat,*" *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, concerning an elder who kept watch over mango fruit. When he was old, they say, he became an ascetic and built him a hut of leaves in a mango orchard on the outskirts of Jetavana, and not only himself continually ate the ripe fruit that fell from the mango trees, but also gave some to his kinsfolk. When he had set out on his round of alms-begging, some thieves knocked down his mangoes, and ate some and went off with others. At this moment the four daughters of a rich merchant, after bathing in the river Aciravatī, in wandering about strayed into the mango orchard. When the old man returned and found them there, he charged them with having eaten his mangoes.

"Sir," they said, "we have but just come; we have not eaten your mangoes."

"Then take an oath," he said.

"We will, Sir," they said, and took an oath. The old man having thus put them to shame, by making them take an oath, let them go.

The Brethren, hearing of his action, raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that an old man exacted an oath from the daughters of a merchant, who entered the mango orchard where he himself lived, and after putting them to shame by administering an oath to them, let them go. When the Master came and on inquiring what was the topic they sat in council to discuss, heard what it was, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also this old man, when he kept watch over mangoes, made certain daughters of a rich merchant take an oath, and after thus putting them to shame let them go." And so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became Sakka. At that time a knavish ascetic built a hermitage of leaves in a mango orchard on a river bank near Benares, and keeping watch over the mangoes, ate the ripe fruit that fell from the mango trees and also gave some to his kinsfolk, and dwelt there gaining his livelihood by various false practices.

At this time Sakka, king of heaven, thought "Who, I wonder, in this world of men support their parents, pay honour to the aged members of their family, give alms, keep the moral law and observe fast days? Which of them after adopting the religious life, continually devote themselves to the duties befitting priests, and which of them again are guilty of misconduct?" And exploring the world he spied this wicked ascetic keeping watch over his mangoes [138] and said, "This false ascetic, abandoning his duties as a priest, such as the process by which religious ecstasy may be induced and the like, is continually watching a mango orchard. I will frighten him soundly." So when he was gone into the village for alms, Sakka by his supernatural power knocked down the mangoes, and made as if they had been plundered by thieves. At this moment four daughters of a merchant of Benares entered the orchard, and the false ascetic on seeing them stopped them and said, "You have eaten my mangoes."

They said, "Sir, we have but just come. We have not eaten them."

"Then take an oath," he said.

"But in that case may we go?" they asked. "Certainly, you may."

"Very well, Sir," they said, and the eldest of them sware an oath, uttering the first stanza:

She that did thy mangoes eat,
  As her lord shall own some churl,
That with dye grey hairs would cheat
  And his locks with tongs would curl.

The ascetic said, "Stand thou on one side," and he made the second daughter of the merchant take an oath, and she repeated the second stanza:

Let the maid that robbed thy tree
  Vainly for a husband sigh,
Past her teens though she may be
  And on thirty verging nigh.

And after she had taken an oath and stood on one side, the third maiden uttered the third stanza:

[139] She that thy ripe mangoes ate
  Weary path shall tread alone,
And at trysting place too late
  Grieve to find her lover gone.

When she had taken an oath and stood aside, the fourth maiden uttered the fourth stanza :

She that did thy tree despoil
  Gaily dressed, with wreath on head,
And bedewed with sandal oil
  Still shall seek a virgin bed.

The ascetic said, "This is a solemn oath you have taken; others must have eaten the mangoes. Do ye therefore now be gone." And so saying, he sent them away. Sakka then presented himself in a terrible form, and drove away the false ascetic from the place.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth : "At that time this false ascetic was the old man who watched mangoes. The four merchant's daughters played the same part then as now. But Sakka was myself."

No. 345.

GAJAKUMBHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Should a flame sweep*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master at Jetavana, concerning a slothful Brother. He was, it was said, of gentle birth and lived at Sāvatthi. And after giving a hearty assent to the doctrine and taking orders, he became slothful, and as regards rehearsal of the Law, catechizing, enlightened devotion and the round of priestly duties, he did not fully enter into them, being overcome by his besetting sins, and was always to be found at public lounging-places. The Brethren discussed his sloth in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Such an one, Sirs, after taking orders in so excellent a faith that leads to Salvation, is continually slothful and indolent, and overcome by his besetting sins." [140] When the Master came and inquired what the Brethren were assembled to discuss, on being told what it was, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly too was he slothful." And so saying he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his valued minister. The king of Benares was of a slothful disposition, and the Bodhisatta went about considering some means to rouse the king. Now one day the king went to his garden, accompanied by his minister, and while wandering about there he espied a slothful tortoise. Lazy creatures like these, they say, though they are in motion a whole day, move only just an inch or two.

The king on seeing it asked, saying, "Friend, what is its name?"

The Bodhisatta answered, "The creature is called a tortoise, great king; and is so lazy that though it is in motion all day, it only moves just an inch or two." And addressing it he said, "Ho! Sir Tortoise, yours is a slow motion. Supposing a conflagration arose in the forest, what would you do?" And herewith he spoke the first stanza:

Should a flame sweep through the grove,
  Leaving blackened path behind,
How, Sir Waddler, slow to move,
  Way of safety couldst thou find?

The tortoise on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

Holes on every side abound,
  Chinks there be in every tree,
Here a refuge will be found
  Or an end of us 'twill be.

[141] On hearing this the Bodhisatta gave utterance to two stanzas:

Whoso doth hurry when he ought to rest,
And tarries long when utmost speed is best,
Destroys the slender fabric of his weal,
As withered leaf is crushed beneath the heel.
But they who wait betimes nor haste too soon,
Fulfil their purpose, as her orb the moon.

The king, hearing the words of the Bodhisatta, thenceforth was no longer indolent.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time the slothful Brother was the tortoise, and I myself was the wise councillor."

No. 346.

KESAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*Thou that of late,*" *etc.*—This story the Master while at Jetavana told concerning the Feast of Friendship.

In the house of Anāthapiṇḍika, they say, five hundred Brethren were constantly fed. [142] The house was continually like a place of refreshment for the assembly of the Brethren, bright with the sheen of their yellow robes and blown upon with saintly odours. So one day the king in making a solemn procession

round the city caught sight of the assembly of the Brethren in the Treasurer's house, and thinking, "I too will grant a perpetual alms to the assembly of saints," he went to the monastery and after greeting the Master he instituted perpetual alms for five hundred Brethren. Thenceforth there is a perpetual giving of alms in the king's house, even choice food of rice with the perfume of the rain upon it, but there are none to give it with their own hands, with marks of affection and love, but the king's ministers dispense the food, and the Brethren do not care to sit down and eat it, but taking the various dainty foods, they go each to the house of his own retainers, and giving them the food, themselves eat whatever is set before them, whether coarse or dainty.

Now one day much wild fruit was brought to the king. The king said, "Give it to the Order of the Brethren."

They went to the refectory and came and told the king, "There is not a single Brother there."

"What, is it not time yet?" said the king.

"Yes it is time," they said, "but the Brethren take the food in your house, and then go to the abode of their trusty servitors, and give the food to them, and themselves eat whatsoever is served up to them, whether it be coarse or dainty."

The king said, "Our food is dainty. Why in the world do they abstain from ours and eat some other food?" And thinking, "I will inquire of the Master," he went to the monastery and asked him.

The Master said, "The best food is that which is given in love. Owing to the absence of those who by giving in love establish friendly feeling, the Brethren take the food and eat it in some friendly place of their own. There is no flavour, Sire, equal to that of love. That which is given without love, though it be composed of the four sweet things, is not worth so much as wild rice given with love. Wise men of old, when sickness arose amongst them, though the king with his five families of leeches provided remedies, if the sickness were not thus assuaged, repaired to their intimate friends and by eating broth of wild rice and millet, without salt, or even leaves without salt, sprinkled with water only, were healed of their sickness." And with these words at their request he told them a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family in the kingdom of Kāsi, [143] and they called him young Kappa. When he came of age, he acquired all the arts at Takkasilā and afterwards adopted the religious life. At this time an ascetic named Kesava attended by five hundred other ascetics became the teacher of a band of disciples and abode in the Himālayas. The Bodhisatta came to him and becoming the senior of the five hundred pupils, dwelt there and shewed a friendly feeling and affection for Kesava. And they became very intimate one with another.

By and bye Kesava accompanied by these ascetics went to Benares to procure salt and vinegar and lodged in the king's garden. Next day he went into the city and came to the palace door. When the king saw the band of holy men, he invited them in and fed them in his own house, and exacting the usual promise from them, he lodged them in his garden. So when the rainy season was over, Kesava took leave of the king. The king said, "Holy Sir, you are an old man. Do you now dwell near us, and send

the young ascetics to the Himālayas." He agreed and sent them with the head disciple to the Himālayas and himself was left quite alone. Kappa went to the Himālayas and dwelt there with the ascetics. Kesava was unhappy at being deprived of the society of Kappa, and in his desire to see him got no sleep, and in consequence of losing his sleep, his food was not properly digested. A bloody flux set in, followed by severe pains. The king with his five families of leeches watched over the ascetic, but his sickness abated not.

The ascetic asked the king, "Do you, Sire, wish for me to die or to recover?"

"To recover, Sir," he answered.

"Then send me to the Himālayas," he said.

"Agreed," said the king, and sent to a minister named Nārada, and bade him go with some foresters and take the holy man to the Himālayas. Nārada took him there and returned home. But by the mere sight of Kappa, Kesava's mental disorder ceased and his unhappiness subsided. [144] So Kappa gave him broth made of millet and wild rice together with leaves sprinkled with water, without salt and spices, and at that very instant the dysentery was assuaged. The king again sent Nārada saying, "Go and learn tidings of the ascetic Kesava." He came and finding him recovered said, "Reverend Sir, the king of Benares treating you with his five families of leeches could not heal your sickness. How did Kappa treat you?" And herewith he uttered the first stanza:

Thou that of late with lord of men didst dwell,
  A king prepared to grant thy heart's desire,
What is the charm of Kappa's hermit cell
  That blessed Kesava should here retire?

Kesava on hearing this repeated the second stanza:

All here is charming: e'en the very trees
  O Nārada, my fancy take,
And Kappa's words that never fail to please
  A grateful echo in my heart awake.

After these words he said: "Kappa by way of pleasing me gave me to drink broth made of millet and wild rice mixed with leaves sprinkled with water, and without salt and spices, and therewith was my bodily sickness stayed and I was healed."

Nārada, hearing this, repeated the third stanza:

Thou that but now the purest rice didst eat
Boiled with a dainty flavouring of meat,
How canst thou relish such insipid fare
And millet and wild rice with hermits share?

[145] On hearing this Kesava uttered the fourth stanza:

The food may coarse or dainty prove,
May scanty be or much abound,
Yet if the meal is blest with love,
Love the best sauce by far is found.

Nārada on hearing his words returned to the king and told him, "Kesava says thus and thus."

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, Nārada was Sāriputta, Kesava was Bakabrahmā[1], Kappa was myself."

No. 347.

AYAKŪṬA-JĀTAKA.[2]

"*Why in mid air,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the duty of doing good to men. The incident that led to the story will be set forth in the Mahākaṇha Birth[3].

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of his chief queen. And when he was of age, he was instructed in all the arts and on the death of his father was established in his kingdom and governed it righteously.

At that time men were devoted to the worship of the gods [146] and made religious offerings to them by the slaughter of many goats, rams and the like. The Bodhisatta proclaimed by beat of drum, "No living creature is to be put to death." The Yakkhas were enraged against the Bodhisatta at losing their offerings, and calling together an assembly of their kind in the Himalayās, they sent forth a certain savage Yakkha to slay the Bodhisatta. He took a huge blazing mass of iron as big as the dome of a

[1] See no. 405.
[2] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 336.
[3] No. 469, Vol. iv.

house, and thinking to strike a deadly blow, immediately after the mid watch, came and stood at the bed's head of the Bodhisatta. At that instant the throne of Sakka manifested signs of heat. After considering the matter the god discovered the cause, and grasping his thunderbolt in his hand he came and stood over the Yakkha. The Bodhisatta on seeing the Yakkha thought, "Why in the world is he standing here? Is it to protect me, or from a desire to slay me?" And as he talked with him he repeated the first stanza:

Why in mid air, O Yakkha, dost thou stand
With yon huge bolt of iron in thy hand?
Art thou to guard me from all harm intent,
Or here to-day for my destruction sent?

Now the Bodhisatta saw only the Yakkha. He did not see Sakka. The Yakkha through fear of Sakka durst not strike the Bodhisatta. On hearing the words of the Bodhisatta the Yakkha said, "Great king, I am not stationed here to guard you; I came minded to smite you with this blazing mass of iron, but through fear of Sakka I dare not strike you." And to explain his meaning he uttered the second stanza:

As messenger of Rakkhasas, lo! here
To compass thy destruction I appear,
But all in vain the fiery bolt I wield
Against the head that Indra's self would shield.

On hearing this the Bodhisatta repeated two more stanzas:

If Indra, Sujā's lord, in heaven that reigns,
Great king of gods, my cause to champion deigns,
[147] With hideous howl though goblins rend the sky,
No demon brood has power to terrify.
Let mud-sprite devils gibber as they may,
They are not equal to so stern a fray.

Thus did Sakka put the Yakkha to flight. And exhorting the Great Being, he said, "Great king, fear not. Henceforth we will protect you. Be not afraid." And so saying he returned straight to his own place of abode.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time Anuruddha was Sakka, and I myself was the king of Benares."

No. 348.

ARAÑÑA-JĀTAKA.

"*This doubt, my father,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told when dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the seduction of a youth by a certain coarse girl. The incident that led up to the story will be set forth in the Cullanāradakassapa Birth[1].

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin household. And when he grew up and was learned in all the arts at Takkasilā, his wife died and he adopted the religious life and went with his son to dwell in the Himālayas. There leaving his son in a hermitage, he went forth to gather all kinds of fruit. At that time as some brigands were harrying a border village, and were going off with their prisoners, a certain damsel fled for refuge to this hermitage [148] and by her seductions corrupted the virtue of the youth. She said to him, "Come, let us begone."

"Let my father first return," he said, "and after I have seen him, I will go with you."

"Well, when you have seen him, come to me," she said. And going out she sat herself down in the middle of the road. The young ascetic, when his father had come, spoke the first stanza:

This doubt, my father, solve for me, I pray;
If to some village from this wood I stray,
Men of what school of morals, or what sect
Shall I most wisely for my friends affect?

Then his father, by way of warning him, repeated three stanzas:

One that can gain thy confidence and love,
Can trust thy word, and with thee patient prove,
In thought and word and deed will ne'er offend—
Take to thy heart and cling to him as friend.
To men capricious as the monkey-kind
And found unstable, be not thou inclined,
Though to some desert lone thy lot should be confined.

[149] On hearing this the young ascetic said, "Dear father, how shall I find a man possessed of these virtues? I will not go. With you only will I live." And so saying he turned back. Then his father taught him the

[1] No. 477, Vol. iv.

preparatory rites to induce mystic meditation. And both father and son, without falling away from religious ecstasy, became destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "At that time the youth and the maiden were the same as in the later story. The ascetic was myself."

No. 349.

SANDHIBHEDA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Nought in common,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the moral precept on slander.

Once upon a time the Master hearing that the Six[2] Priests collect slanderous tales, called them to him and asked, "Is it true, Brothers, that you collect slanderous tales of such of your brethren as are inclined to quarrelling and strife and disputation, and that quarrels therefore, that would not otherwise arise, spring up and when they so arise have a tendency to grow?" "It is true," they said. Then he reproved those brethren and said, "Brothers, backbiting speech is like to a blow with a sharp sword. A firm friendship is quickly broken up by slander and people that listen thereto become liable to be estranged from their friends, as was the case with the lion and the bull." And so saying he told an old legend of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as his son, and after acquiring all the arts at Takkasilā, on his father's death, he ruled his kingdom righteously.

At that time a certain neatherd, who was tending cattle in their sheds in the forest, came home and inadvertently left behind him a cow that was in calf. Between this cow and a lioness sprang up a firm friendship. The

[1] See no. 361 *infra*, *Tibetan Tales*, XXXIII. p. 325, 'The Jackal as Calumniator,' and Benfey's *Introduction to the Panchatantra*.

[2] See Vol. i. no. 28, p. 71.

two animals became fast friends and went about together. So after a time the cow brought forth a calf and the lioness a cub. These two young creatures also by the force of family ties became fast friends and wandered about together. [150] Then a certain forester, after observing their affection, took such wares as are produced in the forest and went to Benares and presented them to the king. And when the king asked him, "Friend, have you seen any unusual marvel in the forest?" he made answer, "I saw nothing else that was wonderful, my lord, but I did see a lion and a bull wandering about together, very friendly one towards another."

"Should a third animal appear," said the king, "there will certainly be mischief. Come and tell me, if you see the pair joined by a third animal."

"Certainly, my lord," he answered.

Now when the forester had left for Benares, a jackal ministered to the lion and the bull. When he returned to the forest and saw this he said, "I will tell the king that a third animal has appeared," and departed for the city. Now the jackal thought, "There is no meat that I have not eaten except the flesh of lions and bulls. By setting these two at variance, I will get their flesh to eat." And he said, "This is the way he speaks of you," and thus dividing them one from another, he soon brought about a quarrel and reduced them to a dying condition.

But the forester came and told the king, "My lord, a third animal has turned up." "What is it?" said the king. "A jackal, my lord." Said the king, "He will cause them to quarrel, and will bring about their death. We shall find them dead when we arrive." And so saying, he mounted upon his chariot and travelling on the road pointed out by the forester, he arrived just as the two animals had by their quarrel destroyed one another. The jackal highly delighted was eating, now the flesh of the lion, and now that of the bull. The king when he saw that they were both dead, stood just as he was upon his chariot, and addressing his charioteer gave utterance to these verses:

[151] Nought in common had this pair,
Neither wives nor food did share;
Yet behold how slanderous word,
Keen as any two-edged sword,
Did devise with cunning art
Friends of old to keep apart.
Thus did bull and lion fall
Prey to meanest beast of all:
So will all bed-fellows be
With this pair in misery,
If they lend a willing ear
To the slanderer's whispered sneer.
But they thrive exceeding well,
E'en as those in heaven that dwell,
Who to slander ne'er attend—
Slander parting friend from friend.

[152] The king spoke these verses, and bidding them gather together the mane, skin, claws, and teeth of the lion, returned straight to his own city.

The Master, having ended his lesson, thus identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the king."

No. 350.

DEVATĀPAÑHA-JĀTAKA.

This Question will be found in the Ummagga Jātaka.

BOOK V. PAÑCANIPĀTA

No. 351.

MAṆIKUṆḌALA-JĀTAKA.

[153] "*Stript of all the joys of life*," *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a councillor who was guilty of misconduct in the harem of the king of Kosala. The incident that gave rise to the story has been given in full before[1].

Here too the Bodhisatta became king in Benares. The wicked councillor called in the king of Kosala and got him to seize upon the kingdom of Kāsi, and to throw the Bodhisatta into prison. The king of Benares developed ecstatic meditation and sat cross-legged in the air. A fierce heat sprang up in the body of the marauding king, and he drew nigh to the king of Benares and repeated the first stanza:

Stript of all the joys of life,
  Jewelled earrings, horse and car,
Robbed of child and loving wife,
  Nought thy pleasure seems to mar.

[154] On hearing him the Bodhisatta recited these verses:—

Pleasures soon make haste to leave us,
  Pleasures soon must all forego,
Sorrow has no power to grieve us,
  Joy itself soon turns to woe.
Moons with new-born orb appearing
  Wax awhile, to wane and die,
Suns with warmth all nature cheering,
  Haste to set in yonder sky.
Change is this world's law I see,
Sorrow has no pangs for me.

[1] See no. 282, Vol. ii. and no. 303 *supra*.

Thus now did the Great Being expound the Truth to the usurper king, and bringing his conduct to the test, repeated these stanzas[1]:—

The idle sensual layman I detest,
The false ascetic is a rogue confest.

A bad king will a case unheard decide;
Wrath in the sage can ne'er be justified.

The warrior prince a well-weighed verdict gives,
Of righteous judge the fame for ever lives.

[155] The king of Kosala having thus gained the forgiveness of the Bodhisatta and given him back his kingdom, departed to his own country.

The Master, having ended his discourse, thus identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king of Kosala, and I myself was the king of Benares."

No. 352.

SUJĀTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Why haste to bring,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a landowner who had lost his father. On the death of his father, they say, he went about lamenting, quite unable to shake off his grief. The Master perceived in the man a capacity to attain to the Fruit of Salvation, and when he went his rounds in Sāvatthi for alms, accompanied by an attendant priest, he came to his house and sitting down on the seat prepared for him he bowed to his host, who was also seated, and said, "Lay Brother, art thou grieving?" and on his replying, "Yes, Reverend Sir, I am," he said, "Friend, sages of old hearkened to the words of Wisdom, and when they lost a father, they did not grieve." And at the request of his host he told a story of the olden time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in the house of a landowner. And they called him young Sujāta. When he was grown up, his grandsire died. Then his father from the day of the old man's death was filled with sorrow, and taking his bones from the place of cremation he erected an earth-mound in his pleasure-garden, and depositing the remains there, whenever he visited

[1] These stanzas occur also in no. 332 *supra*.

the place, adorned the tope with flowers and studiously lamented, neither bathing nor anointing himself nor eating. Neither did he attend to his business. The Bodhisatta, on observing this, thought, "My father ever since the death of my grandfather goes about overwhelmed with grief. And no one, I am sure, except myself has power to console him. I will find a way to deliver him from his sorrow."

[156] So seeing a dead ox lying outside the city, he brought grass and water and placing them before it said, "Eat and drink, eat and drink." All that passed by on seeing this said, "Friend Sujāta, are you mad? Do you offer grass and water to a dead ox?" But he answered not a word.

So they went to his father and said, "Your son has become mad. He is giving grass and water to a dead ox." On hearing this the landowner ceased to grieve for his father, and began to grieve for his son. And he went in haste and cried, "My dear Sujāta, are you not in your sober senses? Why do you offer grass and water to the carcase of an ox?" And hereupon he spoke two stanzas:—

Why haste to bring thy new-mown grass so sweet,
And cry to lifeless beast, 'Arise and eat'?

No food may raise to life an ox that's dead,
Thy words are idle and of folly bred.

Then the Bodhisatta uttered two stanzas:—

Methinks this beast may come to life again,
Both head and tail and its four feet remain.

But of my grandsire head and limbs are gone:
No fool weeps o'er his grave, but thou alone.

[157] On hearing this the father of the Bodhisatta thought: "My son is wise. He knows the right thing to be done both for this world and for the next. He did this to console me." And he said, "My dear and wise son Sujāta, it is known to me that all existing things are impermanent. Henceforth I will not grieve. Such a son as this must be every one that would remove a father's grief." And singing the praises of his son he said:—

As ghee-fed flame that blazes out amain
Is quenched with water, so he quenched my pain.
With sorrow's shaft my heart was wounded sore,
He healed the wound and did my life restore.
The barb extracted, full of peace and joy,
I cease to grieve and hearken to my boy.
Thus kindly souls wean mortals from their grief,
As wise Sujāta brought his sire relief.

The Master having ended his discourse revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the landowner attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time I myself was Sujāta."

No. 353.

DHONASĀKHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Though thou art now*," *etc.*—This story the Master, while living in the Bhesakalā grove near Suṁsumāragiri (Mount Crocodile) in the country of the Bhaggas, told concerning young prince Bodhi. This prince was the son of Udena, and at this time dwelt in Suṁsumāragiri. Now he summoned a very skilful artisan, and got him to build him a palace called Kokanada, and to make it unlike that of any other king. [158] And afterwards he thought, "This artisan may build a similar palace for some other king." And from a feeling of envy he plucked out his eyes. This circumstance became known in the assembly of the Brethren. Then they raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, young prince Bodhi had the eyes of such and such an artisan put out. Surely he is a harsh, cruel, and violent man." The Master came and asked what was the topic the Brethren were debating as they sat together, and hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, but formerly too such was his nature, and of old in like manner he put out the eyes of a thousand warriors and, after slaying them, he offered up their flesh as a religious sacrifice." And so saying he told them a story of past times.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became a world-renowned teacher at Takkasilā, and youths of the warrior and brahmin castes came from all India, to be taught the arts by him. The son of the king of Benares too, prince Brahmadatta, was taught the three Vedas by him. Now he was by nature harsh, cruel, and violent. The Bodhisatta, by his power of divination knowing his character, said, "My friend, you are harsh, cruel, and violent, and verily power that is attained by a man of violence is shortlived: when his power is gone from him, he is like a ship that is wrecked at sea. He reaches no sure haven. Therefore be not of such a character." And by way of admonition he repeated two stanzas:—

Though thou art now with peace and plenty blest,
  Such happy fate may short-lived prove to be:
Should riches perish, be not sore distrest,
  Like storm-tost sailor wrecked far out at sea.

Each one shall fare according to his deed,
And reap the harvest as he sows the seed,
Whether of goodly herb, or maybe noxious weed.

[159] Then he bade his teacher farewell and returned to Benares, and after exhibiting his proficiency in the arts to his father, he was established in the viceroyalty and on his father's death he succeeded to the kingdom. His family priest, Piṅgiya by name, was a harsh and cruel man. Being greedy of fame, he thought, "What if I were to cause all the rulers of

India to be seized by this king, and if he should thus become sole monarch and I become sole priest?" And he got the king to hearken to his words.

And the king marched forth with a great army and invested the city of a certain king and took him prisoner. And by similar means he gained the sovereignty of all India, and with a thousand kings in his train, he went to seize upon the kingdom of Takkasilā. The Bodhisatta repaired the walls of the city and made it impregnable to its enemies. And the king of Benares had a canopy set up over him and a curtain thrown round about him, at the foot of a big banyan tree on the banks of the Ganges. And having a couch spread for him, he took up his quarters there. Fighting in the plains of India he had taken captive a thousand kings, but failing in his attack on Takkasilā, he asked his priest, "Master, though we have come hither with a host of captive kings, we cannot take Takkasilā. What now are we to do?"

"Great king," he answered, "put out the eyes of the thousand kings [160] and ripping open their bellies let us take their flesh and the five sweet substances and make an offering to the guardian deity of this banyan. And surrounding the tree with a rimmed circumference let us fill it with blood five inches deep. And so shall the victory soon be ours."

The king readily assented and concealing mighty wrestlers behind the curtain, he summoned each king separately, and when the wrestlers had squeezed them in their arms till they had reduced them to a state of insensibility, he had their eyes put out, and after they were dead, he took the flesh and caused the carcases to be carried away by the Ganges. Then he made the offering, as described above, and had the drum beaten and went forth to battle. Then came a certain Yakkha from his watch-tower and tore out the right eye of the king. Severe pain set in, and maddened by the agony he suffered, he went and lay down at full length upon the couch prepared for him at the foot of the banyan tree. At this moment a vulture took a sharp-pointed bone, and perched on the top of the tree, in eating the flesh it let drop the bone, and the sharp point falling as with iron spikes on the king's left eye, destroyed that eye too. At this moment he recalled the words of the Bodhisatta and said, "Our teacher when he said 'These mortals experience results corresponding to their deeds, even as fruit corresponds with the seed,' spoke, I suppose, with all this before his mind's eye." And in his lamentation he addressed Piṅgiya in two stanzas:—

Ah! now at last I recognize the truth
The Master taught me in my heedless youth:
'Sin not,' he cried, 'or else the evil deed
To thine own punishment may one day lead.'

Beneath this tree's trim boughs and quivering shade
Libation due of sandal oil was made.
'Twas here I slew a thousand kings, and lo!
The pangs they suffered then, I now must undergo.

[161] Thus lamenting, he called to mind his queen-consort, and repeated this stanza:—

O Ubbarī, my queen of swarthy hue,
  Lithe as a shoot of fair moringa tree,
That dost thy limbs with sandal oil bedew,
  How should I live, bereft of sight of thee?
  Yea death itself than this less grievous far would be!

While he was still murmuring these words, he died and was born again in hell. The priest so ambitious of power could not save him, nor could he save himself by his own power, and as soon as he died, his army broke up and fled.

The Master, having ended his lesson, thus identified the Birth: "At that time the young prince Bodhi was the marauding king, Devadatta was Piṅgiya, and I myself was the world-famed teacher."

No. 354.

URAGA-JĀTAKA.

[162] "*Man quits his mortal frame,*" *etc.* This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a landowner whose son had died. The introductory story is just the same as that of the man who lost both his wife and father. Here too the Master in the same way went to the man's house, and after saluting him as he was seated, asked him saying, "Pray, Sir, are you grieving?" And on his replying, "Yes, Reverend Sir, ever since my son's death I grieve," he said, "Sir, verily that which is subject to dissolution is dissolved, and that which is subject to destruction is destroyed[1], and this happens not to one man only, nor in one village merely, but in countless spheres, and in the three modes of existence, there is no creature that is not subject to death, nor is there any existing thing that is capable of abiding in the same condition. All beings are subject to

[1] Compare the story of Epictetus as given by Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, i. 8. The philosopher one day saw a woman weeping for a broken pitcher, and next day saw another woman weeping over her dead son. Whereupon he said, "*Heri vidi fragilem frangi, hodie vidi mortalem mori.*"

death, and all compounds are subject to dissolution. But sages of old, when they lost a son, said, 'That which is subject to destruction is destroyed,' and grieved not." And hereupon at the man's request he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin household, in a village outside the gates of Benares, and rearing a family he supported them by field labour. He had two children, a son and a daughter. When the son was grown up, the father brought a wife home for him from a family of equal rank with his own. Thus with a female slave they composed a household of six: the Bodhisatta and his wife, the son and daughter, the daughter-in-law and the female slave. They lived happily and affectionately together. The Bodhisatta thus admonished the other five; "According as ye have received, give alms, observe holy days, keep the moral law, dwell on the thought of death, be mindful of your mortal state. For in the case of beings like ourselves, death is certain, life uncertain: all existing things are transitory and subject to decay. Therefore take heed to your ways day and night." They readily accepted his teaching and dwelt earnestly on the thought of death.

Now one day the Bodhisatta went with his son to plough his field. [163] The son gathered together the rubbish and set fire to it. Not far from where he was, lived a snake in an anthill. The smoke hurt the snake's eyes. Coming out from his hole in a rage, it thought, "This is all due to that fellow," and fastening upon him with its four teeth it bit him. The youth fell down dead. The Bodhisatta on seeing him fall, left his oxen and came to him, and finding that he was dead, he took him up and laid him at the foot of a certain tree, and covering him up with a cloak, he neither wept nor lamented. He said, "That which is subject to dissolution is dissolved, and that which is subject to death is dead. All compound existences are transitory and liable to death." And recognizing the transitory nature of things he went on with his ploughing. Seeing a neighbour pass close by the field, he asked, "Friend, are you going home?" And on his answering "Yes," he said, "Please then to go to our house and say to the mistress, 'You are not to-day as formerly to bring food for two, but to bring it for one only. And hitherto the female slave alone has brought the food, but to-day all four of you are to put on clean garments, and to come with perfumes and flowers in your hands.'"

"All right," he said, and went and spoke these very words to the brahmin's wife.

She asked, "By whom, Sir, was this message given?"

"By the brahmin, lady," he replied.

Then she understood that her son was dead. But she did not so much as tremble. Thus showing perfect self-control, and wearing white garments and with perfumes and flowers in her hand, she bade them bring food, and accompanied the other members of the family to the field. But no one of them all either shed a tear or made lamentation. The Bodhisatta, still sitting in the shade where the youth lay, ate his food. And when his meal was finished, they all took up fire-wood and lifting the body on to the funeral pile, they made offerings of perfumes and flowers, and then set fire to it. But not a single tear was shed by any one. All were dwelling on the thought of death. Such was the efficacy of their virtue that the throne of Sakka manifested signs of heat. [164] Sakka said, "Who, I wonder, is anxious to bring me down from my throne?" And on reflection he discovered that the heat was due to the force of virtue existing in these people, and being highly pleased he said, "I must go to them and utter a loud cry of exultation like the roaring of a lion, and immediately afterwards fill their dwelling place with the seven treasures." And going there in haste he stood by the side of the funeral pyre and said, "What are you doing?"

"We are burning the body of a man, my lord."

"It is no man that you are burning," he said. "Methinks you are roasting the flesh of some beast that you have slain."

"Not so, my lord," they said. "It is merely the body of a man that we are burning."

Then he said, "It must have been some enemy."

The Bodhisatta said, "It is our own true son, and no enemy."

"Then he could not have been dear as a son to you."

"He was very dear, my lord."

"Then why do you not weep?"

Then the Bodhisatta, to explain the reason why he did not weep, uttered the first stanza:—

Man quits his mortal frame, when joy in life is past,
E'en as a snake is wont its worn out slough to cast.
No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

[165] Sakka on hearing the words of the Bodhisatta, asked the brahmin's wife, "How, lady, did the dead man stand to you?"

"I sheltered him ten months in my womb, and suckled him at my breast, and directed the movements of his hands and feet, and he was my grown up son, my lord."

"Granted, lady, that a father from the nature of a man may not weep, a mother's heart surely is tender. Why then do you not weep?"

And to explain why she did not weep, she uttered a couple of stanzas:—

Uncalled he hither came, unbidden soon to go;
E'en as he came, he went. What cause is here for woe?

No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

On hearing the words of the brahmin's wife, Sakka asked the sister: "Lady, what was the dead man to you?"

"He was my brother, my lord."

"Lady, sisters surely are loving towards their brothers. Why do you not weep?"

But she to explain the reason why she did not weep, repeated a couple of stanzas:—

Though I should fast and weep, how would it profit me?
My kith and kin alas! would more unhappy be.

[166] No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

Sakka on hearing the words of the sister, asked his wife: "Lady, what was he to you?"

"He was my husband, my lord."

"Women surely, when a husband dies, as widows are helpless. Why do you not weep?"

But she to explain the reason why she did not weep, uttered two stanzas:—

As children cry in vain to grasp the moon above,
So mortals idly mourn the loss of those they love.

No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

[167] Sakka on hearing the words of the wife, asked the handmaid, saying, "Woman, what was he to you?"

"He was my master, my lord."

"No doubt you must have been abused and beaten and oppressed by him and therefore, thinking he is happily dead, you weep not."

"Speak not so, my lord. This does not suit his case. My young master was full of long-suffering and love and pity for me, and was as a foster child to me."

"Then why do you not weep?"

And she to explain why she did not weep, uttered a couple of stanzas:—

A broken pot of earth, ah! who can piece again?
So too to mourn the dead is nought but labour vain.

No friend's lament can touch the ashes of the dead:
Why should I grieve? He fares the way he had to tread.

Sakka after hearing what they all had to say, was greatly pleased and said, "Ye have carefully dwelt on the thought of death. Henceforth ye are not to labour with your own hands. I am Sakka, king of heaven. I will create the seven treasures in countless abundance in your house. [168] Ye are to give alms, to keep the moral law, to observe holy days, and to take heed to your ways." And thus admonishing them, he filled their house with countless wealth, and so parted from them.

The Master having finished his exposition of the Law, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the landowner attained the fruit of the First Path:—"At that time Khujjuttarā was the female slave, Uppalavaṇṇā the daughter, Rāhula the son, Khemā the mother, and I myself was the brahmin."

No. 355.

GHATA-JĀTAKA.

"*While others weep,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a minister of the king of Kosala. The introductory story is identical with one already given. But in this case the king after bestowing great honour on a minister who served him well, gave ear to certain mischief-makers and had him seized and thrown into prison. While he was lying there, he entered upon the First Path. The king, becoming aware of his great merit, released him. He took a scented garland and coming into the presence of the Master, saluted him and sat down. Then the Master asked if some evil had not befallen him. "Yes, Reverend Sir," he answered, "but through evil good has come to me. I have entered on the First Path." "Verily," said the Master, "not you only, but sages of old got good out of evil." And herewith at his request he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born to him as the son of his queen-consort. And they called him prince Ghata. He afterwards acquired a knowledge of the arts at Takkasilā and ruled his kingdom righteously.

Now a certain minister misconducted himself in the royal harem. The king, after witnessing the offence with his own eyes, banished him from

his kingdom. At that time a king named Vaṅka ruled in Sāvatthi. The minister went to him and entering his service, just as in the former story[1], gained the king's ear and got him to seize on the kingdom of Benares. After gaining possession of the kingdom, he had the Bodhisatta bound in chains and threw him into prison. The Bodhisatta entered on an ecstatic meditation [169] and sat cross-legged in the air. A burning heat sprang up in the body of Vaṅka. He came and beheld the countenance of the Bodhisatta radiant with the beauty of a full-blown lotus, like to a golden mirror, and in the form of a question repeated the first stanza:—

While others weep and wail, their cheeks with tears bestained,
Why still with smiling face, has Ghata ne'er complained?

Then the Bodhisatta, to explain why he did not grieve, recited the remaining stanzas:—

To change the past all sorrow is but vain,
It has no blessing for a future state:
Why should I, Vaṅka, of my woes complain?
Grief is no helpmeet fit with us to mate.

One that is sick with sorrow pines away,
His food insipid and distasteful grows,
Pierced as with arrows, to his grief a prey,
He sinks a laughing-stock to all his foes.

Whether my home be on dry land or sea,
Be it in village, or some forest drear,
No sorrow ever shall come nigh to me,
A soul converted can have nought to fear.

But he that lacks completion in himself
And is with lust of things of sense a-fire,
Not the whole world, with all its sordid pelf,
Can e'er suffice for such a man's desire.

[170] Vaṅka therefore, after hearing these four stanzas, asked forgiveness of the Bodhisatta, and restored him to his kingdom and went his way. But the Bodhisatta handed over the kingdom to his ministers, and retreating to the Himālayas became an ascetic, and without any break in his ecstatic meditation was destined to birth in the world of Brahma.

The Master, having ended his lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Ananda was king Vaṅka, and I myself was king Ghata."

[1] Compare No. 303 *supra*.

No. 356.

KĀRAṆḌIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Why in forest,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the Captain of the Faith (Sāriputta). That elder, they say, when wicked folk came to him, such as hunters, fishermen and the like, laid down the moral law to them, and any others that he might see from time to time, saying, "Receive ye the law." Through respect for the elder, they could not disobey his words and accepted the law, but failed to keep it, and still followed each after his own business. The elder took counsel with his fellow-priests and said, "Sirs, these men receive the law from me, but keep it not." [171] They answered, "Holy Sir, you preach the law to them against their wishes, and as they dare not disobey what you tell them, they accept it. Henceforth lay not down the law to such as these." The elder was offended. On hearing of the incident they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, how that the elder Sāriputta preached the law to any that he happened to see. The Master came and inquired what was the topic that the Brethren were debating in their assembly, and on hearing what it was, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also he preached the law to any men he might chance to see, even though they did not ask for it." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born and grew up in a brahmin household, and became the chief pupil of a world-famed teacher at Takkasilā. At that time this teacher preached the moral law to any one that he might see, fishermen and the like, even if they did not want it, repeatedly bidding them receive the law. But though they received it, they kept it not. The teacher spoke of it to his disciples. His disciples said, "Holy Sir, you preach to them against their wishes, and therefore they break the law. Henceforth preach only to those who wish to hear you, and not to those who do not wish." The teacher was filled with regret, but even so he still laid down the law to all whom he happened to see.

Now one day some people came from a certain village and invited the teacher to partake of the cakes offered to brahmins. He summoned his disciple named Kāraṇḍiya and said, "My dear son, I am not going, but you are to go there with these five hundred disciples, and receive the cakes, and bring the portion that falls to my share." So he sent him. The disciple went, and as he was returning, he spied on the road a cave, and the thought struck him, "Our master lays down the law, without being asked, to all that he sees. Henceforth I will cause him to preach only to those that wish to hear him." [172] And while the other disciples were comfortably seated,

he arose and picking up a huge stone, flung it into the cave, and again and again repeated the action. Then the disciples stood up and said, "Sir, what are you doing?" Kāraṇḍiya said not a word. And they went in haste and told their master. The master came and in conversing with Kāraṇḍiya repeated the first stanza:—

Why in forest all alone
Seizing oft a mighty stone,
Didst thou hurl it with a will,
Mountain cave as 'twere to fill?

On hearing his words, Kāraṇḍiya to rouse his master uttered the second stanza:—

I would make this sea-girt land
Smooth as palm of human hand:
Thus I level knoll and hill
And with stones each hollow fill.

The brahmin, on hearing this, repeated the third stanza:—

Ne'er a one of mortal birth
Has the power to level earth.
Scarce Kāraṇḍiya can hope
With a single cave to cope.

[173] The disciple, on hearing this, spoke the fourth stanza:—

If a man of mortal birth
Has no power to level earth,
Heretics may well refuse,
Brahmin, to adopt thy views.

On hearing this the teacher made an appropriate reply. For he now recognized that other men might differ from him, and thinking, "I will no longer act thus," he uttered the fifth stanza:—

Friend Kāraṇḍiya, in short
For my good thou dost exhort:
Earth can never levelled be,
Neither can all men agree.

Thus did the teacher sing the praises of his disciple. And he, after he had thus admonished his teacher, conducted him home.

---

[174] The Master, having ended this lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time Sāriputta was the brahmin, and I myself was the disciple Kāraṇḍiya."

No. 357.

LAṬUKIKA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Elephant of sixty years,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, concerning Devadatta. One day they raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Devadatta is harsh, cruel, and violent. He has not an atom of pity for mortals." When the Master came, he inquired what was the topic the Brethren were assembled to discuss, and on hearing what it was, he said, "Brethren, not now only, but formerly also he was pitiless." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young elephant, and growing up a fine comely beast, he became the leader of the herd, with a following of eighty thousand elephants, and dwelt in the Himālayas. At that time a quail laid her eggs in the feeding-ground of the elephants. When the eggs were ready to be hatched, the young birds broke the shells and came out. Before their wings had grown, and when they were still unable to fly, the Great Being with his following of eighty thousand elephants, in ranging about for food, came to this spot. On seeing them the quail thought, "This royal elephant will trample on my young ones and kill them. Lo! I will implore his righteous protection for the defence of my brood." Then she raised her two wings and standing before him repeated the first stanza:—

Elephant of sixty years,
Forest lord amongst thy peers,
I am but a puny bird,
Thou a leader of the herd;
With my wings I homage pay,
Spare my little ones, I pray.

[175] The Great Being said, "O quail, be not troubled. I will protect thy offspring." And standing over the young birds, while the eighty thousand elephants passed by, he thus addressed the quail: "Behind us comes a solitary rogue elephant. He will not do our bidding. When he comes, do thou entreat him too, and so insure the safety of thy offspring." And with these words he made off. And the quail went forth to meet the other elephant, and with both wings uplifted, making respectful salutation, she spoke the second stanza:—

[1] For this story see Benfey's *Introduction to the Panchatantra*.

8—2

Roaming over hill and dale
  Cherishing thy lonely way,
Thee, O forest king, I hail,
  And with wings my homage pay.
I am but a wretched quail,
  Spare my tender brood to slay.

On hearing her words, the elephant spoke the third stanza:—

I will slay thy young ones, quail;
What can thy poor help avail?
My left foot can crush with ease
Many thousand birds like these.

[176] And so saying, with his foot he crushed the young birds to atoms, and staling over them washed them away in a flood of water, and went off loudly trumpeting. The quail sat down on the bough of a tree and said, "Then be off with you and trumpet away. You shall very soon see what I will do. You little know what a difference there is between strength of body and strength of mind. Well! I will teach you this lesson." And thus threatening him she repeated the fourth stanza:—

Power abused is not all gain,
Power is often folly's bane.
Beast that didst my young ones kill,
I will work thee mischief still.

And so saying, shortly afterwards she did a good turn to a crow, and when the crow, who was highly pleased, asked, "What can I do for you?" the quail said, "There is nothing else, Sir, to be done, but I shall expect you to strike with your beak and to peck out the eyes of this rogue elephant." The crow readily assented, and the quail then did a service to a blue fly, and when the fly asked, "What can I do for you?" she said, "When the eyes of this rogue elephant have been put out by the crow, then I want you to let fall a nit upon them." The fly agreed, and then the quail did a kindness to a frog, and when the frog asked what it was to do, she said, "When this rogue elephant becomes blind, and shall be searching for water to drink, then take your stand and utter a croak on the top of a mountain, and when he has climbed to the top, come down and croak again at the bottom of the precipice. This much I shall look for at your hands." After hearing what the quail said, the frog readily assented. [177] So one day the crow with its beak pecked out both the eyes of the elephant, and the fly dropped its eggs upon them, and the elephant being eaten up with maggots was maddened by the pain, and overcome with thirst wandered about seeking for water to drink. At this moment the frog standing on the top of a mountain uttered a croak. Thought the elephant, "There must be water there," and climbed up the mountain. Then the frog descended, and standing at the bottom croaked again. The elephant thought, "There will be water there," and

moved forward towards the precipice, and rolling over fell to the bottom of the mountain and was killed. When the quail knew that the elephant was dead, she said, "I have seen the back of mine enemy," and in a high state of delight strutted over his body, and passed away to fare according to her deeds.

The Master said, "Brethren, one ought not to incur the hostility of anyone. These four creatures, by combining together, brought about the destruction of this elephant, strong as he was.

A quail with crow, blue fly and frog allied
  Once proved the issue of a deadly feud.
Through them king elephant untimely died:
  Therefore all quarrelling should be eschewed."

Uttering this stanza inspired by Perfect Wisdom, he thus identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the rogue elephant, and I myself was the leader of the herd of elephants."

No. 358.

CULLADHAMMAPĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen*," *etc.*—This story the Master, when dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, told concerning the going about of Devadatta to slay the Bodhisatta. In all other Births Devadatta failed to excite so much as an atom of fear in the Bodhisatta, [178] but in the Culladhammapāla Birth, when the Bodhisatta was only seven months old, he had his hands and feet and head cut off and his body encircled with sword cuts, as it were with a garland. In the Daddara[1] Birth he killed him by twisting his neck, and roasted his flesh in an oven and ate it. In the Khantivādi[2] Birth he had him scourged with two thousand strokes of a whip, and ordered his hands and feet and ears and nose to be cut off, and then had him seized by the hair of his head and dragged along, and when he was stretched at full length on his back, he kicked him in the belly and made off, and that very day the Bodhisatta died. But both in the Cullanandaka and the Vevaṭiyakapi[3] Births he merely had him put to death. Thus did Devadatta for a long time go about to slay him, and continued to do so, even after he became a Buddha. So one day they raised a discussion in the Hall of

[1] This does not occur in either of the two Daddara-jātakas, no. 172, vol. ii. and no. 304 *supra*.

[2] No. 313 *supra*.

[3] These two *jātakas* do not seem to have been identified.

Truth, saying, "Sirs, Devadatta is continually forming plots to slay the Buddhas. Being minded to kill the Supreme Buddha, he suborned archers to shoot him, he threw down a rock upon him, and let loose the elephant Nālāgiri on him." When the Master came and inquired what subject the Brethren were assembled to discuss, on hearing what it was he said, "Brethren, not now only, but formerly too he went about to kill me, but now he fails to excite a particle of fear in me, though formerly when I was prince Dhammapāla he brought about my death, though I was his own son, by encircling my body with sword cuts, as it were with a garland." And so saying, he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Mahāpatāpa was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of his queen-consort Candā and they named him Dhammapāla. When he was seven months old, his mother had him bathed in scented water and richly dressed and sat playing with him. The king came to the place of her abode. And as she was playing with the boy, being filled with a mother's love for her child, she omitted to rise up on seeing the king. He thought, "Even now this woman is filled with pride on account of her boy, and does not value me a straw, but as the boy grows up, she will think, 'I have a man for my son,' and will take no notice of me. I will have him put to death at once." So he returned home, and sitting on his throne summoned the executioner into his presence, with all the instruments of his office. [179] The man put on his yellow robe and wearing a crimson wreath laid his axe upon his shoulder, and carrying a block and a bowl in his hands, came and stood before the king, and saluting him said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?"

"Go to the royal closet of the queen, and bring hither Dhammapāla," said the king.

But the queen knew that the king had left her in a rage, and laid the Bodhisatta on her bosom and sat weeping. The executioner came and giving her a blow in the back snatched the boy out of her arms and took him to the king and said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" The king had a board brought and put down before him, and said, "Lay him down on it." The man did so. But queen Candā came and stood just behind her son, weeping. Again the executioner said, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Cut off Dhammapāla's hands," said the king. Queen Candā said, "Great king, my boy is only a child, seven months old. He knows nothing. The fault is not his. If there be any fault, it is mine. Therefore bid my hands to be cut off." And to make her meaning clear, she uttered the first stanza:—

Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen,
'Tis I alone to blame have been.
Bid Dhammapāla, Sire, go free,
And off with hands of luckless me.

The king looked at the executioner. "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Without further delay, off with his hands," said the king. At this moment the executioner took a sharp axe, and lopped off the boy's two hands, as if they had been young bamboo shoots. [180] The boy, when his hands were cut off, neither wept nor lamented, but moved by patience and charity bore it with resignation. But the queen Candā put the tips of his fingers in her lap and stained with blood went about lamenting. Again the executioner asked, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Off with his feet," said the king. On hearing this, Candā uttered the second stanza:—

Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen,
'Tis I alone to blame have been.
Bid Dhammapāla, Sire, go free,
And off with feet of luckless me.

But the king gave a sign to the executioner, and he cut off both his feet. Queen Candā put his feet also in her lap, and stained with blood, lamented and said, "My lord Mahāpatāpa, his feet and hands are cut off. A mother is bound to support her children. I will work for wages and support my son. Give him to me." The executioner said, "Sire, is the king's pleasure fulfilled? Is my service finished?" "Not yet," said the king. "What then is your pleasure, Sire?" "Off with his head," said the king. Then Candā repeated the third stanza:—

Mahāpatāpa's wretched queen,
'Tis I alone to blame have been.
Bid Dhammapāla, Sire, go free,
And off with head of luckless me.

And with these words she offered her own head. Again the executioner asked, "What is your pleasure, Sire?" "Off with his head," said the king. So he cut off his head and asked, "Is the king's pleasure fulfilled?" "Not yet," said the king. "What further am I to do, Sire?" "Catching him with the edge of the sword," said the king, "encircle him with sword cuts as it were with a garland." Then he threw the body of the boy up into the air, and catching it with the edge of his sword, encircled him with sword cuts, as it were with a garland, and scattered the bits on the dais. Candā placed the flesh of the Bodhisatta in her lap, and as she sat on the dais lamenting, she repeated these stanzas:—

[181] No friendly councillors advise the king,
'Slay not the heir that from thy loins did spring':
No loving kinsmen urge the tender plea,
'Slay not the boy that owes his life to thee.'

Moreover after speaking these two stanzas queen Candā, pressing both her hands upon her heart, repeated the third stanza:—

Thou, Dhammapāla, wert by right of birth
The lord of earth:
Thy arms, once bathed in oil of sandal wood,
Lie steeped in blood.
My fitful breath alas! is choked with sighs
And broken cries.

While she was thus lamenting, her heart broke, as a bamboo snaps, when the grove is on fire, and she fell dead on the spot. The king too being unable to remain on his throne fell down on the dais. An abyss was cleft asunder in the ground, and straightway he fell into it. Then the solid earth, though many myriads more than two hundred thousand leagues in thickness, being unable to bear with his wickedness, clave asunder and opened a chasm. A flame arose out of the Avīci hell, and seizing upon him, wrapped him about, as with a royal woollen garment, [182] and plunged him into Avīci. His ministers performed the funeral rites of Candā and the Bodhisatta.

The Master, having brought this discourse to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the king, Mahāpajāpatī was Candā, and I myself was prince Dhammapāla."

No. 359.

SUVAṆṆAMIGA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*O Golden-foot,*" This was a story told by the Master while in residence at Jetavana, about a maiden of gentle birth in Sāvatthi. She was, they say, the daughter in the household of a servitor of the two chief disciples at Sāvatthi, and was a faithful believer, fondly attached to Buddha, the Law, and the Church, abounding in good works, wise unto salvation, and devoted to almsgiving and such like deeds of piety. Another family in Sāvatthi of equal rank but of heretical views chose her in marriage. Then her parents said, "Our daughter is a faithful believer, devoted to the Three Treasures, given to alms and other good works, but you hold heretical views. And as you will not allow her to give alms, or to hear the Truth, or to visit the monastery, or to keep the moral law, or to observe holy days, as she pleases, we will not give her to you in marriage. Choose ye a maiden from a family of heretical views like yourselves." When their offer was rejected, they said, "Let your daughter when she comes to our house do everything of this kind, as she pleases. We will not prevent her. Only grant us this boon." "Take her then," they answered. So they celebrated the marriage

[1] Compare *Tibetan Tales*, xli: *The Gazelle and the Hunter.*

festivity at an auspicious season and led her home. She proved faithful in the discharge of her duties, and a devoted wife, and rendered due service to her father-in-law and mother-in-law. One day she said to her husband, "I wish, my lord, to give alms to our family priests." "Very well, my dear, give them just what you please." So one day she invited these priests, and making a great entertainment, she fed them with choice food, and taking a seat apart from them she said, "Holy Sirs, this family is heretical and unbelieving. They are ignorant of the value of the Three Treasures. Well then, Sirs, until this family understands the value of the Three Treasures, do you continue to receive your food here." The priests assented and continually ate their meals there. Again she addressed her husband, [183] "Sir, the priests constantly come here. Why do you not see them?" On hearing this he said, "Very well, I will see them." On the morrow she told him when the priests had finished their meal. He came and sat respectfully on one side, conversing affably with the priests. Then the Captain of the Faith preached the Law to him. He was so charmed with the exposition of the faith, and the deportment of the priests, that from that day forward he prepared mats for the elders to sit on, and strained water for them, and during the meal listened to the exposition of the faith. By and bye his heretical views gave way. So one day the elder in expounding the faith declared the Truths to the man and his wife, and when the sermon was ended, they were both established in the fruition of the First Path. Thenceforth all of them, from his parents down to the hired servants, gave up their heretical views, and became devoted to the Buddha, his Law, and the Church. So one day this young girl said to her husband, "What, Sir, have I to do with the household life? I wish to adopt the religious life." "Very well, my dear," he said, "I too will become an ascetic." And he conducted her with great pomp to a sisterhood, and had her admitted as a novice, and himself too went to the Master and begged to be ordained. The Master admitted him first to deacon's and afterwards to priest's orders. They both received clear spiritual vision, and shortly attained to Sainthood. One day they raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, a certain woman by reason of her own faith and that of her husband became a novice. And both of them having adopted the religious life, and gained clear spiritual vision, attained to Sainthood." The Master, when he came, inquired what was the topic the Brethren were sitting in council to discuss, and on hearing what it was, he said, "Brethren, not now only, did she set her husband free from the bonds of passion. Formerly too she freed even sages of old from the bonds of death." And with these words he held his peace, but being pressed by them he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young stag, and grew up a beautiful and graceful creature, of the colour of gold. His fore and hind feet were covered, as it were, with a preparation of lac. [184] His horns were like a silver wreath, his eyes resembled round jewels, and his mouth was like a ball of crimson wool. The doe that was his mate was also a handsome creature, and they lived happily and harmoniously together. Eight myriads of dappled deer followed in the train of the Bodhisatta. While they were thus living there, a certain hunter set a snare in the deer drives. So one day the Bodhisatta, while leading his herd, entangled his foot in the snare, and thinking to break the noose he tugged at it and cut the skin of his foot. Again he tugged it, and hurt the flesh, and a third time and injured the tendon. And the noose penetrated to the very bone. Not

being able to break the snare, the stag was so alarmed with the fear of death that he uttered a succession of cries. On hearing it the herd of deer fled in a panic. But the doe, as she fled, looking amongst the deer, missed the Bodhisatta, and thought, "This panic must certainly have something to do with my lord," and flying in haste to him, with many tears and lamentations she said, "My lord, you are very strong. Why can you not get the better of the snare? Put forth your strength and break it." And thus stirring him up to make an effort, she uttered the first stanza:—

O Golden-foot, no effort spare
To loose thyself from thongèd snare.
How could I joy, bereft of thee,
To range amidst the woodland free?

[185] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, responded in a second stanza:—

I spare no effort, but in vain,
My liberty I cannot gain.
The more I struggle to get loose,
The sharper bites the thongèd noose.

Then the doe said: "My lord, fear not. By my own power will I entreat the hunter, and by giving up my own life I will gain yours in exchange." And thus comforting the Great Being, she continued to embrace the blood-stained Bodhisatta. But the hunter approached, with sword and spear in hand, like to the destroying flame at the beginning of a cycle. On seeing him, the doe said, "My lord, the hunter is coming. By my own power I will rescue you. Be not afraid." And thus comforting the stag, she went to meet the hunter, and standing at a respectful distance, she saluted him and said, "My lord, my husband is of the colour of gold, and endued with all the virtues, the king of eight myriads of deer." And thus singing the praises of the Bodhisatta, she begged for her own death, if only the king of the herd might remain intact, and she repeated the third stanza:—

Let on the earth a leafy bed,
Hunter, where we may fall, be spread:
And drawing from its sheath thy sword,
Slay me and afterwards my lord.

The hunter, on hearing this, was struck with amazement and said, "Even human beings give not up their lives for their king; much less the beasts. What can this mean? This creature speaks with a sweet voice in the language of men. [186] This day will I grant life to her and to her mate." And greatly charmed with her, the hunter uttered the fourth stanza:—

A beast that speaks with voice of men,
Ne'er came before within my ken.
Rest thou in peace, my gentle deer,
And cease, O Golden-foot, to fear.

The doe seeing the Bodhisatta set at his ease, was highly delighted and returning thanks to the hunter, repeated the fifth stanza:—

As I to-day rejoice to see
This mighty beast at liberty,
So, hunter, that didst loose the gin,
Rejoice with all thy kith and kin.

And the Bodhisatta thought, "This hunter has granted life to me and this doe, and to eight myriads of deer. He has been my refuge, and I ought to be a refuge to him." [187] And in his character of one supremely virtuous he thought, "One ought to make a proper return to one's benefactor," and he gave the hunter a magic jewel which he had found in their feeding ground and said: "Friend, henceforth take not the life of any creature, but with this jewel set up a household and maintain a wife and children, and give alms and do other good works." And thus admonishing him, the stag disappeared in the forest.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time Channa[1] was the hunter, this female novice was the doe, and I myself was the royal stag."

No. 360.

SUSSONDI-JĀTAKA[2].

"*I scent the fragrance,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while living at Jetavana, told concerning a backsliding Brother. The Master asked if it were true that he longed for the world, and what he had seen to make him regret having taken orders. The Brother answered, "It was all owing to the charms of a woman." The Master said, "Verily, Brother, there is no possibility of being on one's guard against womenfolk. Sages of old, though they took the precaution to dwell in the abode of the Garuḍas, failed to be on their guard against them." And being urged by him, the Master related a story of the past.

---

[1] A Brother who was suspended for siding with heretics.

[2] Compare No. 327 *supra*.

Once upon a time king Tamba reigned in Benares, and his queen-consort named Sussondī was a woman of surpassing beauty. At that time the Bodhisatta came to life as a young Garuḍa. Now the Nāga island was then known as Seruma island, and the Bodhisatta lived on this island in the abode of the Garuḍas. And he went to Benares, disguised as a youth, and played at dice with king Tamba. Remarking his beauty they said to Sussondī, "Such and such a youth plays at dice with our king." She longed to see him, and one day she adorned herself and repaired to the dice-chamber. [188] There taking her stand amongst the attendants, she fixed her gaze on the youth. He too gazed on the queen, and the pair fell in love with one another. The Garuḍa king by an act of supernatural power stirred up a storm in the city. The people, through fear of the house falling, fled out of the palace. By his power he caused it to be dark, and carrying off the queen with him in the air, he made his way to his own abode in Nāga island. But no one knew of the coming or going of Sussondī. The Garuḍa took his pleasure with her, and still came to play at dice with the king. Now the king had a minstrel named Sagga, and not knowing where the queen had gone, the king addressed the minstrel and said, "Go now and explore every land and sea, and discover what has become of the queen." And so saying he bade him begone.

He took what was necessary for his journey, and beginning the search from the city gate, at last came to Bhārukaccha. At that time certain merchants of Bhārukaccha were setting sail for the Golden Land. He approached them and said, "I am a minstrel. If you remit my passage money, I will act as your minstrel. Take me with you." They agreed to do so, and putting him on board weighed anchor. When the ship was fairly off, they called him and bade him make music for them. He said, "I would make music, but if I do, the fish will be so excited that your vessel will be wrecked." "If a mere mortal," they said, "make music, there will be no excitement on the part of the fish. Play to us." "Then do not be angry with me," he said, and tuning his lute and keeping perfect harmony between the words of his song and the accompaniment of the lute string, he made music for them. The fish were maddened at the sound and splashed about. And a certain sea monster leaping up fell upon the ship and broke it in two. Sagga lying on a plank was carried along by the wind till he reached a banyan tree in the Nāga island, where the Garuḍa king lived. Now queen Sussondī, whenever the Garuḍa king went to play at dice, came down from her place of abode, [189] and as she was wandering on the edge of the shore, she saw and recognized the minstrel Sagga, and asked him how he got there. He told her the whole story. And she comforted him and said, "Do not be afraid," and embracing him in her arms, she carried him to her abode and laid him on a couch. And when he was greatly revived, she fed him with heavenly

food, bathed him in heavenly scented-water, arrayed him in heavenly raiment, and adorned him with flowers of heavenly perfume, and made him recline upon a heavenly couch. Thus did she watch over him, and whenever the Garuḍa king returned, she hid her lover, and so soon as the king was gone, under the influence of passion she took her pleasure with him. At the end of a month and a half from that time some merchants, who dwelt at Benares, landed at the foot of the banyan tree in this island, to get fire-wood and water. The minstrel went on board ship with them, and on reaching Benares, as soon as he saw the king, while he was playing at dice, Sagga took his lute, and making music recited the first stanza:—

I scent the fragrance of the timira grove,
  I hear the moaning of the weary sea:
Tamba, I am tormented with my love,
  For fair Sussondī dwells afar from me.

On hearing this the Garuḍa king uttered the second stanza:—

How didst thou cross the stormy main,
And Seruma in safety gain?
How didst thou, Sagga, tell me, pray,
To fair Sussondī win thy way?

[190] Then Sagga repeated three stanzas:—

With trading-folk from Bhārukaccha land
  My ship was wrecked by monsters of the sea;
I on a plank did safely gain the strand,
When an anointed queen with gentle hand
  Upbore me tenderly upon her knee,
  As though to her a true son I might be.
She food and raiment brought, and as I lay
With love-lorn eyes hung o'er my couch all day.
Know, Tamba, well; this word is sooth I say.

The Garuḍa, while the minstrel thus spake, was filled with regrets and said: "Though I dwelt in the abode of the Garuḍas, I failed to guard her safely. What is this wicked woman to me?" So he brought her back and presented her to the king and departed. And thenceforth he came not there any more.

The Master, his lesson ended, declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Ānanda was the king of Benares, and I myself was the Garuḍa king."

No. 361.

VAṆṆĀROHA-JĀTAKA[1].

[191] *"Is it thus, Sudātha," etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the two chief disciples. On a certain occasion the two chief elders resolved during the rainy season to devote themselves to solitude. So they bade the Master farewell and leaving the company of the Brethren they went forth from Jetavana, carrying their bowl and robes with their own hands, and lived in a forest near a border village. And a certain man, who waited on the elders and lived upon their broken victuals, dwelt apart in the same place. On seeing how happily these elders lived together, he thought: "I wonder if it is possible to set them at variance." So he drew nigh to Sāriputta and said, "Can it be, Reverend Sir, that there is some quarrel between you and the venerable chief elder Moggallāna?" "Why so, Sir?" he asked. "He ever, Holy Sir, speaks in your dispraise and says, 'When I am gone, what is Sāriputta worth compared with me in caste, lineage, family and country, or in the power of attainments in the sacred volumes?'" The elder smiled and said, "Be off, sirrah!" Another day he drew nigh to the chief elder Moggallāna, and said the same thing. He too smiled and said, "Be off, sirrah!" Moggallāna went to Sāriputta and asked, "Has this fellow, who lives on our leavings, said aught to you?" "Yes, friend, he has." "And he said exactly the same thing to me. We must drive him away." "Very well, friend, drive him away." The elder said, "You are not to come here," and snapping his fingers at him, he drove him away. The two elders lived happily together, and returning to the Master, made obeisance to him and sat down. The Master spoke kindly to them and asked if they had kept their Retreat pleasantly. They said, "A certain beggar wished to set us at variance, but failing in the attempt he ran away." The Master said, "Verily, Sāriputta, not now only, but formerly also, he thought to set you at variance, but failing in the attempt he ran away." And hereupon at his request he related a story of bygone days.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-god in a forest. [192] At that time a lion and a tiger lived in a mountain-cave in that forest. A jackal was in attendance on them, and living on their broken meats began to wax gross of body. And one day he was struck with the thought, "I have never yet eaten the flesh of a lion or a tiger. I must set these two animals by the ears, and when in consequence of their quarrel they have come by their death, I will eat their flesh." So he drew nigh to the lion and said, "Is there any quarrel, Sir, between you and the tiger?" "Why so, Sir?" "Your Reverence," he said, "he ever speaks in your dispraise and says, 'When I

[1] Compare no. 349 *supra*, *Tibetan Tales*, xxxiii: *The Jackal as Calumniator*, and Benfey's *Introduction to the Panchatantra*.

am gone, this lion will never attain to the sixteenth part of my personal beauty, nor of my stature and girth, nor of my natural strength and power.'" Then the lion said to him, "Off with you. He will never speak thus of me." Then the jackal drew nigh to the tiger also, and spoke after the same manner. On hearing him, the tiger hastened to the lion, and asked, "Friend, is it true, that you said so and so of me?" And he spoke the first stanza:—

Is it thus [1]Sudāṭha speaks of me?
"In grace of form and pedigree,
In might and prowess in the field,
[1]Subāhu still to me must yield."

On hearing this Sudāṭha repeated the four remaining stanzas:—

Is it thus Subāhu speaks of me?
"In grace of form and pedigree,
In might and prowess in the field,
Sudāṭha still to me must yield."
If such injurious words are thine,
No more shalt thou be friend of mine.
The man that lends a ready ear
To any gossip he may hear,
Soon picks a quarrel with a friend,
And love in bitter hate will end.
No friend suspects without a cause,
Or carefully looks out for flaws;
[193] But on his friend in trust will rest
As child upon its mother's breast,
And ne'er will by a stranger's word
Be parted from his bosom's lord.

When the qualities of a friend had been thus set forth in these four stanzas, the tiger said, "The fault is mine," and begged pardon of the lion. And they continued to live happily together in the same place. But the jackal departed and fled elsewhere.

The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, identified the Birth: "At that time the jackal was the beggar who lived on broken meats, the lion was Sāriputta, the tiger Moggallāna, and the deity that dwelt in that forest and saw the whole thing with his own eyes was I myself."

[1] Sudāṭha (strong-tooth) is the lion, Subāhu (strong-arm) the tiger.

No. 362.

SĪLAVĪMAṀSA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Virtue and learning,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told concerning a brahmin who would test the power of virtue. The king, they say, owing to his reputation for virtue, regarded him with special honour, beyond what was paid to other brahmins. He thought, "Can it be that the king regards me with special honour, because I am endowed with virtue, or as one devoted to the acquisition of learning? I will just test the comparative importance of virtue and learning."

So one day he abstracted a coin from the royal treasury board. The treasurer, such was his respect for him, did not say a word. It occurred a second time, and the treasurer said nothing. But on the third occasion he had him arrested as one who lived by robbery, and brought him before the king. And when the king asked what his offence was, he charged him with stealing the king's property.

[194] "Is this true, brahmin?" said the king.

"I am not in the habit of stealing your property, Sire," he said, "but I had my doubts as to the relative importance of virtue and learning, and in testing which was the greater of the two, I thrice abstracted a coin, and then I was given into custody and brought before you. Now that I know the greater efficacy of virtue compared with learning, I no longer wish to live a layman's life. I will become an ascetic."

On obtaining leave to do so, without so much as looking back on his house door, he went straight to Jetavana and begged the Master to ordain him. The Master granted him both deacon's and priest's orders. And he had been no long time in orders, before he attained to spiritual insight and reached the highest fruition. The incident was discussed in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain brahmin, after proving the power of virtue, took orders and obtaining spiritual insight reached Sainthood. When the Master came and inquired of the Brethren what was the nature of the topic they were sitting to discuss, on hearing what it was, he said, "Not this man now only, but sages of old also put virtue to the proof, and by becoming ascetics worked out their own salvation." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. And when he came of age, he acquired every liberal art at Takkasilā, and on his return to Benares he went to see the king. The king offered him the post of family priest, and as he kept the five moral precepts, the king looked upon him with respect as a virtuous man. "Can it be," he thought, "that the king regards me with respect as a virtuous man, or as one devoted to the acquisition of learning?" And the whole story corresponds exactly with the modern instance, but in this case the brahmin said, "Now I know the great im-

[1] Compare nos. 86, vol. i., 290, vol. ii., 305, 330, vol. iii., and L. Feer, *Journal Asiat.*, 1875.

portance of virtue compared with learning." And hereupon he spoke these five stanzas:

Virtue and learning I was fain to test;
Henceforth I doubt not virtue is the best.
Virtue excels vain gifts of form and birth,
Apart from virtue learning has no worth.
A prince or peasant, if to sin enslaved,
In neither world from misery is saved.
Men of high caste with those of base degree,
If virtuous here, in heaven will equal be.
[195] Not birth, nor lore, nor friendship aught avails,
Pure virtue only future bliss entails.

Thus did the Great Being sing the praises of virtue, and having gained the consent of the king, that very day he betook himself to the Himālaya region, and adopting the religious life of an ascetic he developed the Faculties and Attainments, and became destined to birth in the Brahma-world.

The Master here ended this lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time it was I myself that put virtue to the test and adopted the religious life of an ascetic."

No. 363.

HIRI-JĀTAKA.

[196] "*Who spite of honour*," *etc.*—This story the Master, when dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a rich merchant, a friend of Anāthapiṇḍika, who lived in a border province. Both the introductory story and the story of the past are related in full in the concluding Birth of the ninth division of the first book[1], but in this version when the merchant of Benares was told that the followers of the foreign merchant were mulcted of all their property and, after losing everything they possessed, had to take to flight, he said, "Because they failed to do what they ought for the strangers who came to them, they find no one ready to do them a good turn." And so saying he repeated these verses:

Who spite of honour, while he plays the part
Of humble servant, loathes thee in his heart,
Poor in good works and rich in words alone—
Ah! such a friend thou surely wouldst not own.

[1] No. 90, vol. i.

Be thou in deed to every promise true,
Refuse to promise what thou canst not do;
Wise men on empty braggarts look askew.
No friend suspects a quarrel without cause,
For ever watching to discover flaws:
But he that trustful on a friend can rest,
As little child upon its mother's breast,
Will ne'er by any stranger's deed or word,
Be separated from his bosom's lord.
Who draws the yoke of human friendship well,
Of bliss increased and honoured life can tell:
But one that tastes the joys of calm repose,
Drinking sweet draughts of Truth—he only knows
Escape from bonds of sin and all his woes.

[197] Thus did the Great Being, disgusted by coming into contact with evil associates, through the power of solitude, bring his teaching to a climax and lead men to the eternal Nirvana.

The Master, his lesson ended, thus identified the Birth: "At that time I myself was the merchant of Benares."

No. 364.

KHAJJOPANAKA-JĀTAKA.

This Question about a fire-fly will be set forth in full in the Mahāummagga.

No. 365.

AHIGUṆḌIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Lo! here we lie,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst living at Jetavana, told concerning an aged priest. The story has been already related in full in the Sālaka Birth[1]. In this version also the old man after ordaining a village lad abuses and strikes him. The lad escaped and returned to the world. [198] The old man once more admitted him to orders, and acted just as before. The youth, after he had for the third time returned to the world, on being again solicited to come back, would not so much as look the old man in the face. The matter was talked over in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain elder could live neither with his novice nor without him, while the boy after seeing the old man's fault of temper, being a sensitive youth, would not even look at him. The Master came

[1] See No. 249, vol. ii.

and asked what was the subject of discussion. When they told him, he said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also this same youth was a sensitive novice, who after observing the elder's faults would not so much as look at him." And so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a corn-factor's family. And when he was grown up, he got his living by selling corn.

Now a certain snake-charmer caught a monkey and trained him to play with a snake. And when a festival was proclaimed at Benares, he left the monkey with the corn-merchant and roamed about for seven days, making sport with the snake. The merchant meanwhile fed the monkey with food both hard and soft. On the seventh day the snake-charmer got drunk at the festival merry-making, and came back and struck the monkey three times with a piece of bamboo, and then taking him with him to a garden, he tied him up and fell asleep. The monkey got loose from his chain, and climbing up a mango tree, sat there eating the fruit. The snake-charmer on waking up saw the monkey perched on the tree and thought, "I must catch him by wheedling him." And in talking with him he repeated the first stanza:

Lo! here we lie, my pretty one,
Like gambler by the dice undone.
Let fall some mangoes: well we know,
Our living to thy tricks we owe.

The monkey, on hearing this, uttered the remaining verses:

Thy praises, friend, unmeaning sound;
A pretty monkey ne'er was found.
[199] Who in the stores, when drunk, I pray,
Did starve and beat me sore to-day?
When I, snake-charmer, call to mind
The bed of pain where I reclined,
Though I should some day be a king,
No prayer from me this boon should wring,
Thy cruelty remembering.
But if a man is known to live
Content at home, is apt to give,
And springs of gentle race, the wise
With such should form the closest ties.

With these words the monkey was lost in a crowd of fellow-monkeys[1].

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the old man was the snake-charmer, the novice was the monkey, and I myself was the corn-merchant."

[1] Another reading gives, "was lost in a thicket of trees".

No. 366.

GUMBIYA-JĀTAKA[1].

[200] "*Poison like honey*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master while dwelling at Jetavana, about a Brother who regretted taking orders. The Master asked him if it were true that he regretted it. "It is true, Holy Sir," he said. "What have you seen to cause this feeling?" asked the Master. When the Brother replied, "It was owing to the charms of a woman," the Master said, "These five qualities of desire are like the honey sprinkled over with deadly poison, and left in the road by one Gumbika." And hereupon at the request of the Brother he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life in a merchant's household. And when he was grown up, he set out from Benares with merchandise on five hundred carts for trading purposes. On reaching the high road, at the entrance of a forest, he called together all the members of his caravan and said, "Lo! on this road are leaves, flowers, fruit and the like, that are poisonous. In eating see that you take no strange food, without first asking me about it: for demons set in the road baskets of fresh rice and various sweet wild fruits, and sprinkle poison over them. Be sure not to eat of them without my consent." And after uttering this warning, he proceeded on his journey.

Then a certain Yakkha, named Gumbiya, strewed leaves on a spot in the middle of the forest, and dropping some pieces of honey, covered them with deadly poison, and himself wandered all about the road, pretending to tap the trees, as if he were looking for honey. In their ignorance men thought, "This honey must have been left here as a meritorious act," and then through eating it, they met their death. And the demons came and devoured their flesh. The men also belonging to the Bodhisatta's caravan, some of them being naturally greedy, at the sight of these dainties, could not restrain themselves, and partook of them. But those that were wise said, "We will consult the Bodhisatta before we eat," and stood holding it in their hands. And when he saw what they had in their hands, he made them throw it away. And those that had already eaten the whole of it died. But to those who had eaten only half of it, he administered an emetic, and after they had vomited, [201] he gave them the four sweet things, and so by his supernatural power they recovered. The Bodhisatta

[1] Compare No. 85, vol. i.

arrived in safety at the place he wished to reach, and after disposing of his wares, he returned to his own house.

Poison like honey in look, taste, and smell,
Was laid by Gumbiya with purpose fell:
All who as honey ate the noxious food,
Through their own greed did perish in the wood.
But they who wisely from the bait abstained,
Were free from torture and at peace remained.
So lust, like poison-bait, for man is laid;
His heart's desire has oft to death betrayed.
But who, though frail, besetting sins forego,
Escape from bonds of suffering and woe.

The Master, after delivering these verses inspired by Perfect Wisdom, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—[202] At the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother attained the fruit of the First Path:—"At that time I myself was that merchant."

No. 367.

SĀLIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who got his friend,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master, whilst living in the Bamboo Grove, in reference to a saying that Devadatta could not even inspire alarm.

When Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a village householder, and when he was young he played with other boys at the foot of a banyan tree, at the entrance of the village. A poor old doctor at that time who had no practice strayed out of the village to this spot, and saw a snake asleep in the fork of a tree, with its head tucked in. He thought, "There is nothing to be got in the village. I will cajole these boys and make the snake bite them, and then I shall get somewhat for curing them." So he said to the Bodhisatta, "If you were to see a young hedgehog, would you seize it?" "Yes, I would," said he.

[203] "See, here is one lying in the fork of this tree," said the old man.

The Bodhisatta, not knowing it was a snake, climbed up the tree and seized it by the neck, but when he found it was a snake, he did not allow

it to turn upon him, but getting a good grip of it, he hastily flung it from him. It fell on the neck of the old doctor, and coiling round him, it bit him so severely[1] that its teeth met in his flesh and the old man fell down dead on the spot, and the snake made its escape. People gathered together about him, and the Great Being, in expounding the Law to the assembled multitude, repeated these verses:

Who got his friend to seize
A deadly snake, as hedgehog, if you please,
By the snake's bite was killed
As one that evil to his neighbour willed.
He that to strike is fain
The man that never striketh back again,
Is struck and lieth low,
E'en as this knave sore hurt by deadly blow.
So dust that should be thrown
Against the wind, back in one's face is blown;
And ill designed to one
That holy is, and has no evil done,
On the fool's pate at last
Recoils, like dust when thrown against the blast.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the poor old doctor was Devadatta, the wise youth was myself."

No. 368.

TACASĀRA-JĀTAKA.

[204] "*Fallen into hand of foes,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. It was then the Master said, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also the Tathāgata proved himself wise and full of resources." And herewith he related an old legend of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the household of a village proprietor. The whole story runs on exactly like that of the previous birth. But in this version when the doctor was dead, his village neighbours said, "These youths have

[1] Reading *karakarā nikhāditvā*, cf. the Sanskrit *kaṭakaṭā*.

caused the man's death. We will bring them before the king." And they bound them in fetters and led them to Benares. The Bodhisatta in the course of his journey admonished the other lads and said to them: "Do not be afraid. Even when you are brought into the presence of the king, show yourselves fearless and happy in your mind. The king will first of all talk with us, and afterwards I shall know what to do." They readily acquiesced in what he said, and acted accordingly. When the king found them calm and happy, he said, "These poor wretches have been bound in chains and brought here as murderers, and although they have come to such misery, they are without fear and even happy. I will ask them the reason why they are not troubled."

And he repeated the first stanza:

Fallen into hand of foes
And with bamboo fetters bound,
How can ye conceal your woes,
And with smiling face be found?

On hearing this the Bodhisatta uttered the remaining verses:

There is no good however slight,
That man from groans and mourning e'er will gain;
His adversaries feel delight,
When they behold a foe o'ercome with pain.
[205] But enemies with grief are filled
When with bold front he goes to meet his fate,
And blenches not, as one well-skilled
All things with judgment to discriminate.
Be it by muttered spell or charm,
By lavish gifts, or help of powerful kin,
That he may best escape from harm,
A man should strive some vantage ground to win.
But should he fail to reach success,
With others' aid or by himself alone,
He should not grieve but acquiesce;
Fate is too strong, his utmost he has done.

[206] The king on hearing the Bodhisatta's exposition of the law, investigated the matter, and discovering the innocence of the boys, he had their fetters removed, and bestowed much honour on the Great Being, and made him his temporal and spiritual adviser and his valued minister. He also conferred honour on the other youths and appointed them to various offices.

When the Master had brought this lesson to an end, he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was the king of Benares, the inferior clergy were the other youths, and I myself was the wise youth."

No. 369.

MITTAVINDA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*What was the evil,*" *etc.*—This story the Master whilst living at Jetavana told concerning an unruly Brother. The incident that led to the story will be found in the Mahāmittavinda Birth.

Now this Mittavindaka, when cast into the sea, showed himself very covetous, and going on to still greater excess came to the place of torment inhabited by beings doomed to hell. And he made his way into the Ussada hell, taking it to be a city, and there he got a wheel as sharp as a razor fixed upon his head. Then the Bodhisatta in the shape of a god went on a mission to Ussada. On seeing him, Mittavindaka repeated the first stanza in the form of a question:—

What was the evil wrought by me,
  Thus to provoke the curse of heaven,
That my poor head should ever be
  With circling wheel of torture riven?

[207] The Bodhisatta, on hearing this, uttered the second stanza:

Forsaking homes of joy and bliss,
That decked with pearls, with crystal *this*,
And halls of gold and silver sheen,
What brought thee to this gloomy scene?

Then Mittavindaka replied in a third stanza:

"Far fuller joys I there shall gain
  Than any these poor worlds can show."
This was the thought that proved my bane
  And brought me to this scene of woe.

The Bodhisatta then repeated the remaining stanzas:

From four to eight, to sixteen thence, and so
To thirty-two insatiate greed doth grow.
Thus on and on thou, greedy soul, wert led
Till doomed to wear this wheel upon thy head.
So all, pursuing covetous desire,
Insatiate still, yet more and more require:
The broadening path of appetite they tread,
And, like thee, bear this wheel upon their head.

[1] See Nos. 41, 82, 104, vol. i., and *Divyāvadāna*, p. 603.

But while Mittavindaka was still speaking, the wheel fell upon him and crushed him, so that he could say no more. But the divine being returned straight to his celestial abode.

---

[208] The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "At that time the unruly Brother was Mittavindaka, and I myself was the divine being."

No. 370.

PALĀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*The goose said to the Judas tree,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master, whilst residing at Jetavana, concerning the rebuke of sin. The incident that led to the story will be set forth in the Paññā Birth. But on this occasion the Master addressing the Brethren said, "Brothers, sin ought to be regarded with suspicion. Though it be as small as a banyan shoot, it may prove fatal. Sages of old too suspected whatever was open to suspicion." And with this he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a golden gosling, and when he came to be a full-grown goose, he lived in a golden cave, in the Cittakūṭa mountain in the Himālaya region, and used to go constantly and eat the wild paddy that grew on a natural lake. On the way by which he went to and fro was a big Judas tree. Both in going and returning, he would always stop and rest there. So a friendship sprang up between him and the divinity that dwelt in that tree. By and bye a certain fowl, after eating the ripe fruit of a banyan, came and perched on the Judas tree, and dropped its excrement into the fork of it. Thence there sprang up a young banyan, which grew to the height of four inches and was bright with red shoots and greenery. The royal goose, on seeing this, addressed the guardian deity of the tree and said, "My good friend, every tree on which a banyan shoot springs up is destroyed by its growth. Do not suffer this to grow, or it will destroy your place of abode. Go back at once, and root it up and throw it away. One ought to suspect that which justifies suspicion." And thus conversing with the tree-sprite the goose uttered the first stanza:

[209] The goose said to the Judas tree,
'A banyan shoot is threatening thee:
What thou dost in thy bosom rear
Will rend thee limb from limb, I fear.'

On hearing this the tree-god, not heeding his words, repeated the second stanza:

Well! let it grow, and should I be
A refuge to the banyan tree,
And tend it with a parent's love,
It will to me a blessing prove.

Then the goose uttered the third stanza:

It is a cursed shoot, I fear,
Thou dost within thy bosom rear.
I say goodbye and off I flee,
This growth alas! misliketh me.

With these words the royal goose spread out his wings and made straight for mount Cittakūṭa. Thenceforth he came not back any more. By and bye the banyan shoot grew up. This tree also had its guardian deity. And in its growth, it broke down the Judas tree, and with a branch the abode of the tree-god also fell. At this moment reflecting on the words of the royal goose, the tree-god thought, [210] "The king of the geese foresaw this danger in the future and warned me of it, but I did not hearken unto his words." And thus lamenting, he uttered the fourth stanza:

A spectre grim like Meru's height
Has brought me to a fearful plight;
Scorning the words friend goosey said,
I now am overwhelmed with dread.

Thus did the banyan, as it grew up, break down all the Judas tree and reduce it to a mere stump, and the dwelling place of the tree-god wholly disappeared.

Wise men abhor the parasitic thing
That chokes the form to which it loves to cling.
The wise, suspecting danger from the weed,
Destroy the root before it comes to seed.

This was the fifth stanza, inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

The Master here, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths five hundred Brethren attained Sainthood:— "At that time I myself was the golden goose."

No. 371.

DĪGHITIKOSALA-JĀTAKA[1].

[211] "*Thou art within my power,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning some quarrelsome folk from Kosambī. When they came to Jetavana, the Master addressed them at the time of their reconciliation and said, "Brethren, ye are my lawful sons in the faith, begotten by the words of my mouth. Children ought not to trample under foot the counsel given them by their father, but ye follow not my admonition. Sages of old, when the men who had slain their parents and seized upon their kingdom fell into their hands in the forest, did not put them to death, though they were confirmed rebels, but they said, 'We will not trample on the counsel given us by our parents'." And hereupon he related a story of the past. In this Birth both the incident that led up to the story and the story itself will be fully set forth in the Saṅghabhedaka Birth.

Now prince Dīghāvu, having found the king of Benares lying on his side in the forest, seized him by his top-knot and said, "Now will I cut into fourteen pieces the marauder who slew my father and mother." And at the very moment when he was brandishing his sword, he recalled the advice given him by his parents and he thought, "Though I should sacrifice my own life, I will not trample under foot their counsel. I will content myself with frightening him." And he uttered the first stanza:

Thou art within my power, O king,
  As prone thou liest here:
What stratagem hast thou to bring
  Deliverance from thy fear?

Then the king uttered the second stanza:

Within thy power, my friend, I lie
  All helpless on the ground,
Nor know I any means whereby
  Deliverance may be found.

[212] Then the Bodhisatta repeated the remaining verses:

Good deeds and words alone, not wealth, O king,
In hour of death can any comfort bring.
[2]"*This* man abused me, *that* struck me a blow,
A third o'ercame and robbed me long ago."
All such as harbour feelings of this kind,
To mitigate their wrath are ne'er inclined.
"*He* did abuse and buffet me of yore,
He overcame me and oppressed me sore."

[1] Compare No. 428 *infra*, *Dhammapada*, Comment., p. 104, and *Mahāvagga*, x. 2.

[2] *Dhammapada* v. 3—5.

They who such thoughts refuse to entertain,
Appease their wrath and live at one again.
Not hate, but love alone makes hate to cease:
This is the everlasting law of peace.

After these words the Bodhisatta said, "I will not do thee a wrong, Sire. But do thou slay me." And he placed his sword in the king's hand. The king too said, "Neither will I wrong thee." And he sware an oath, and went with him to the city, and presented him to his councillors and said, "This, Sirs, is prince Dīghāvu, the son of the king of Kosala. He has spared my life. [213] I may not do him any harm." And so saying he gave him his daughter in marriage, and established him in the kingdom that had belonged to his father. Thenceforth the two kings reigned happily and harmoniously together.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "The father and mother of those days are now members of the royal household, and prince Dīghāvu was myself."

No. 372.

MIGAPOTAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*To sorrow for the dead,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told about a certain elder. It is said that he admitted a youth to orders, and that this novice, after ministering to him zealously, by and bye fell sick and died. The old man overcome with grief at the youth's death went about loudly lamenting. The Brethren, failing to console him, raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "A certain old man on the death of his novice goes about lamenting. By dwelling on the thought of death, he will surely become a castaway." When the Master came, he inquired of the Brethren what was the subject they had met to discuss, and on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, but formerly also, the old man went about lamenting, when this youth died." And with this he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the form of Sakka. At that time a man, who lived in the kingdom of Kāsi, came into the Himālaya region, and

adopting the life of an ascetic lived on wild fruits. One day he found in the forest a young deer that had lost its dam. He took it home to his hermitage, and fed and cherished it. The young deer grew up a handsome and comely beast, and the ascetic took care of it and treated it as his own child. One day the young deer died of indigestion from a surfeit of grass. The ascetic went about lamenting and said, "My child is dead." Then Sakka, king of heaven, exploring the world, saw that ascetic, [214] and thinking to alarm him, he came and took his stand in the air and uttered the first stanza:

To sorrow for the dead doth ill become
The lone ascetic, free from ties of home.

The ascetic no sooner heard this than he uttered the second stanza:

Should man with beast consort, O Sakka, grief
For a lost playmate finds in tears relief.

Then Sakka repeated two stanzas:

Such as to weep are fain may still lament the dead,
Weep not, O sage, 'tis vain to weep the wise have said.

If by our tears we might prevail against the grave,
Thus would we all unite our dearest ones to save.

While Sakka was thus speaking, the ascetic recognising that it was useless to weep, and singing the praises of Sakka, repeated three stanzas[1]:

[215] As ghee-fed flame that blazes out amain
Is quenched with water, so he quenched my pain.

With sorrow's shaft my heart was wounded sore:
He healed my wound and did my life restore.

The barb extracted, full of joy and peace,
At Sakka's words I from my sorrow cease.

After thus admonishing the ascetic, Sakka departed to his own place of abode.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth:—"At that time the old man was the ascetic, the novice was the deer, and I myself was Sakka."

[1] These stanzas are to be found in No. 352 *supra*, and in No. 410 *infra*.

No. 373.

MŪSIKA-JĀTAKA.

"*People cry 'Where is she gone,'*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst residing in the Bamboo Grove, told about Ajātasattu. The incident that led to the story has been already fully told in the Thusa Birth[1]. Here too the Master observed the king at the same moment playing with his boy and also listening to the Law. And knowing as he did that danger to the king will arise through his son, he said, "Sire, kings of old suspected what was open to suspicion, and kept their heirs in confinement, saying, 'Let them bear rule, after our bodies have been burned on the funeral pyre.'" And with this he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, and became a world-famed teacher. The son of the king of Benares, prince Yava by name, after applying himself diligently to acquire all the liberal arts from him, being now anxious to depart, bade him good-bye. The teacher, knowing by his power of divination that danger would befall the prince through his son, considered how he might remove this danger from him, and began to look about him for an apt illustration.

[216] Now he had at this time a horse, and a sore place appeared on its foot. And in order to give proper attention to the sore the horse was kept to the stable. Now close by was a well. And a mouse used to venture out of its hole and nibble the sore place on the horse's foot. The horse could not stop it, and one day being unable to bear the pain, when the mouse came to bite him, he struck it dead with his hoof and kicked it into the well. The grooms not seeing the mouse said, "On other days the mouse came and bit the sore place, but now it is not to be seen. What has become of it?" The Bodhisatta witnessed the whole thing and said, "Others from not knowing ask, 'Where is the mouse?' But I alone know that the mouse has been killed by the horse, and dropped into the well." And making this very fact an illustration, he composed the first stanza and gave it to the young prince.

Looking about for another illustration, he saw that same horse, when the boil was healed, go out and make his way to a barley field to get some barley to eat, and thrust his head through a hole in the fence, and taking this as an illustration he composed a second stanza and gave it to the

[1] No. 338 *supra*.

prince. But the third stanza he composed by his own mother-wit and gave this also to him. And he said, "My friend, when you are established in the kingdom, as you go in the evening to the bathing tank, walk as far as the front of the staircase, repeating the first stanza, and as you enter the palace in which you dwell, walk to the foot of the stairs, repeating the second stanza, and as you go thence to the top of the stairs, repeat the third stanza." And with these words he dismissed him.

The young prince returned home and acted as viceroy, and on his father's death he became king. An only son was born to him, and when he was sixteen years old he was eager to be king. And being minded to kill his father, he said to his retainers, "My father is still young. When I come to look upon his funeral pyre I shall be a worn-out old man. What good will it be for me to come to the throne then?" "My lord," they said, "it is out of the question for you to go to the frontier and play the rebel. You must find some way or other to slay your father, and to seize upon his kingdom." [217] He readily agreed, and went in the evening, and took his sword and stood in the king's palace near the bathing tank, prepared to kill his father. The king in the evening sent a female slave called Mūsikā, saying, "Go and cleanse the surface of the tank. I shall take a bath." She went there and while she was cleaning the bath she caught sight of the prince. Fearing that what he was about might be revealed, he cut her in two with his sword and threw the body into the tank. The king came to bathe. Everybody said, "To-day the slave Mūsikā does not return. Where and whither is she gone?" The king went to the edge of the tank, repeating the first stanza:

People cry, 'Where is she gone?
  Mūsikā, where hast thou fled?'
This is known to me alone:
  In the well she lieth dead.

Thought the prince, "My father has found out what I have done." And being panic-stricken he fled and told everything to his attendants. After the lapse of seven or eight days, they again addressed him and said, "My lord, if the king knew he would not be silent. What he said must have been a mere guess. Put him to death." So one day he stood sword in hand at the foot of the stairs, and when the king came he was looking about for an opportunity to strike him. The king came repeating the second stanza:

Like a beast of burden still
  Thou dost turn and turn about,
Thou that Mūsikā[1] didst kill,
  Fain wouldst Yava[1] eat, I doubt.

[1] Mūsikā means *mouse*, Yava *barley*.

[218] Thought the prince, "My father has seen me," and fled in terror. But at the end of a fortnight he thought, "I will kill the king by a blow from a shovel." So he took a spoon-shaped instrument with a long handle and stood poising it. The king climbed to the top of the stair, repeating the third stanza:

Thou art but a weakling fool,
Like a baby with its toy,
Grasping this long spoon-like tool,
I will slay thee, wretched boy.

That day being unable to escape, he grovelled at the king's feet and said, "Sire, spare my life." The king after rating him had him bound in chains and cast into prison. And sitting on a magnificent royal seat shaded by a white parasol, he said, "Our teacher, a far-famed brahmin foresaw this danger to us, and gave us these three stanzas." And being highly delighted, in the intensity of his joy he gave forth the rest of the verses:

I am not free by dwelling in the sky,
Nor by some act of filial piety.
Nay when my life was sought by this my son,
Escape from death through power of verse was won.
Knowledge of every kind be apt to learn,
And what it all may signify discern:
Though thou shouldst use it not, the time will be
When what thou hearest may advantage thee.

[219] By and bye on the death of the king the young prince was established on the throne.

The Master here brought his lesson to a close, and identified the Birth: "At that time the far-famed teacher was myself."

No. 374.

CULLADHANUGGAHA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Since thou hast gained*," *etc.*—This story was told by the Master whilst living at Jetavana, about the temptation of a Brother by the wife of his unregenerate days. When the Brother confessed that it was owing to the wife

[1] See Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, ii. 371, and *Tibetan Tales*, xii., *Susroṇi*. Compare also No. 425 *infra*.

that he had left, that he regretted having taken orders, the Master said, "Not now only, Brother, did this woman do you a mischief. Formerly too it was owing to her that your head was cut off." And at the request of the Brethren he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was reborn as Sakka. At that time a certain young brahmin of Benares acquired all the liberal arts at Takkasilā, and having attained to proficiency in archery, he was known as the clever Little Archer. Then his master thought, "This youth has acquired skill equal to my own," and he gave him his daughter to wife. He took her and wishing to return to Benares he set out on the road. Half way on his journey, an elephant laid waste a certain place, and no man dared to ascend to that spot. The clever Little Archer, though the people tried to stop him, [220] took his wife and climbed up to the entrance of the forest. Then when he was in the midst of the wood, the elephant rose up to attack him. The Archer wounded him in the forehead with an arrow, which piercing him through and through came out at the back of his head, and the elephant fell down dead on the spot. The clever Archer after making this place secure, went on further to another wood. And there fifty robbers were infesting the road. Up to this spot too, though men tried to stop him, he climbed till he found the regular place, where the robbers killed the deer and roasted and ate the venison, close to the road. The robbers, seeing him approach with his gaily attired wife, made a great effort to capture him. The robber chief, being skilled in reading a man's character, just gave one look at him, and recognizing him as a distinguished hero, did not suffer them to rise up against him, though he was single-handed. The clever Archer sent his wife to these robbers, saying, "Go and bid them give us a spit of meat, and bring it to me." So she went and said, "Give me a spit of meat." The robber chief said, "He is a noble fellow," and bade them give it her. The robbers said, "What! is he to eat our roast meat?" And they gave her a piece of raw meat. The Archer, having a good opinion of himself, was wroth with the robbers for offering him raw meat. The robbers said, "What! is he the only man, and are we merely women?" And thus threatening him, they rose up against him. The Archer wounded and struck to the ground fifty robbers save one with the same number of arrows. He had no arrow left to wound the robber chief. There had been full fifty arrows in his quiver. With one of them he had wounded the elephant, and with the rest the fifty robbers save one. So he knocked down the robber chief, and sitting on his chest bade his wife bring him his sword in her hand to cut off his head. At that very moment she conceived a passion for the robber chief [221] and placed the hilt of the

sword in his hand and the sheath in that of her husband. The robber grasping the hilt drew out the sword, and cut off the head of the Archer. After slaying her husband he took the woman with him, and as they journeyed together he inquired of her origin. "I am the daughter," she said, "of a world-famed professor at Takkasilā."

"How did he get you for his wife?" he said.

"My father," she said, "was so pleased at his having acquired from him an art equal to his own, that he gave me to him to wife. And because I fell in love with you, I let you kill my lawful husband."

Thought the robber chief, "This woman now has killed her lawful husband. As soon as she sees some other man, she will treat me too after the same sort. I must get rid of her."

And as he went on his way, he saw their path cut off by what was usually a poor little shallow stream, but which was now flooded, and he said, "My dear, there is a savage crocodile in this river. What are we to do?"

"My lord," she said, "take all the ornaments I wear, and make them into a bundle in your upper robe, and carry them to the further side of the river, and then come back and take me across."

"Very well," he said, and took all her adornments, and going down to the stream, like one in great haste, he gained the other bank, and left her and fled.

On seeing this she cried, "My lord, you go as if you were leaving me. Why do you do this? Come back and take me with you." And addressing him she uttered the first stanza:

Since thou hast gained the other side,
With all my goods in bundle tied,
Return as quickly as may be
And carry me across with thee.

The robber, on hearing her, as he stood on the further bank, repeated the second stanza[1]:

Thy fancy, lady, ever roves
From well-tried faith to lighter loves,
[222] Me too thou wouldst ere long betray,
Should I not hence flee far away.

But when the robber said, "I will go further hence: you stop where you are," she screamed aloud, and he fled with all her adornments. Such was the fate that overtook the poor fool through excess of passion. And being quite helpless she drew nigh to a clump of cassia plants and sat there weeping. At that moment Sakka, looking down upon the world, saw her smitten with desire and weeping for the loss of both husband and lover.

[1] This stanza occurs in No. 318 *supra*, with which this story may be compared.

And thinking he would go and rebuke her and put her to shame, he took with him Mātali and Pañcasikha[1], and went and stood on the bank of the river and said, "Mātali, do you become a fish, Pañcasikha, you change into a bird, and I will become a jackal. And taking a piece of meat in my mouth, I will go and place myself in front of this woman, and when you see me there, you, Mātali, are to leap up out of the water, and fall before me, and when I shall drop the piece of meat I have taken in my mouth, and shall spring up to seize the fish, at that moment, you, Pañcasikha, are to pounce upon the piece of meat, and to fly up into the air, and you, Mātali, are to fall into the water."

Thus did Sakka instruct them. And they said, "Good, my lord." Mātali was changed into a fish, Pañcasikha into a bird, and Sakka became a jackal. And taking a piece of meat in his mouth, he went and placed himself in front of the woman. The fish leaping up out of the water fell before the jackal. The jackal dropping the piece of meat he held in his mouth, sprang up to catch the fish. The fish jumped up and fell into the water, and the bird seized the piece of meat and flew up into the air. The jackal thus lost both fish and meat and sat sulkily looking towards the clump of cassia. The woman seeing this said, "Through being too covetous, he got neither flesh nor fish," [223] and, as if she saw the point of the trick, she laughed heartily.

The jackal, on hearing this, uttered the third stanza:

Who makes the cassia thicket ring
With laughter, though none dance or sing,
Or clap their hands, good time to keep?
Fair one, laugh not, when thou shouldst weep.

On hearing this, she repeated the fourth stanza:

O silly jackal, thou must wish
Thou hadst not lost both flesh and fish.
Poor fool! well mayst thou grieve to see
What comes of thy stupidity.

Then the jackal repeated the fifth stanza:

Another's faults are plainly seen,
'Tis hard to see one's own, I ween.
Methinks thou too must count the cost,
When spouse and lover both are lost.

[224] On hearing his words she spoke this stanza:

King jackal, 'tis just as you say,
So I will hie me far away,
And seek another wedded love
And strive a faithful wife to prove.

[1] His charioteer and a gandharva.

Then Sakka, king of heaven, hearing the words of this vicious and unchaste woman, repeated the final stanza:

He that would steal a pot of clay
Would steal a brass one any day:
So she who was her husband's bane
Will be as bad or worse again.

Thus did Sakka put her to shame and brought her to repent, and then returned to his own abode.

The Master here ended his lesson and revealed the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the backsliding Brother attained the fruit of the First Path:—"At that time the backsliding Brother was the Archer, the wife he had left was that woman, and I myself was Sakka, king of heaven."

No. 375.

KAPOTA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*I feel quite well,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, whilst dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning a greedy Brother. This story of the greedy Brother has already been fully told in divers ways. In this case the Master asked him if he were greedy and on his confessing that it was so, said, "Not now only, but formerly also, Brother, you were greedy, and through greed came by your death." And herewith he told a story of the past.

---

[225] Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young pigeon and lived in a wicker cage, in the kitchen of a rich merchant of Benares. Now a crow hankering after fish and flesh made friends with this pigeon, and lived in the same place. One day he caught sight of a lot of fish and meat and thought, "I'll have this to eat," and lay loudly groaning in the cage. And when the pigeon said, "Come, my friend, let us sally out for our food," he refused to go, saying, "I am laid up with a fit of indigestion. Do you go." And when the pigeon was gone, he said, "My troublesome enemy is off.

[1] Compare No. 42, vol. i., No. 274, vol. ii.

I will now eat fish and meat to my heart's content." And so thinking, he repeated the first stanza:

I feel quite well and at my ease,
  Since Mr Pigeon off is gone.
My cravings I will now appease:
  Potherbs and meat should strengthen one.

So when the cook who was roasting the fish and meat came out of the kitchen, wiping away streams of sweat from his person, the crow hopped out of his basket and hid himself in a basin of spices. The basin gave forth a 'click' sound, and the cook came in haste, and seizing the crow pulled out his feathers. And grinding some moist ginger and white mustard he pounded it with a rotten date, and smeared him all over with it, and rubbing it on with a potsherd [226] he wounded the bird. Then he fastened the potsherd on his neck with a string, and threw him back into the basket, and went off.

When the pigeon came back and saw him he said, "Who is this crane lying in my friend's basket? He is a hot-tempered fellow and will come and kill this stranger." And thus jesting, he spoke the second stanza:

'Child of the Clouds,'[1] with tufted crest,
Why didst thou steal my poor friend's nest?
Come here, Sir Crane. My friend the crow
Has a hot temper, you must know.

The crow, on hearing this, uttered the third stanza:

Well mayst thou laugh at such a sight,
For I am in a sorry plight.
The cook has plucked and basted me
With rotten dates and spicery.

The pigeon, still making sport of him, repeated the fourth stanza:

Bathed and anointed well, I think,
Thou hast thy fill of food and drink.
Thy neck so bright with jewel sheen,
Hast thou, friend, to Benares been?

Then the crow repeated the fifth stanza:

Let not my friend or bitterest foe
On visit to Benares go.
They plucked me bare and as a jest
Have tied a potsherd on my breast.

[227] The pigeon hearing this repeated the final stanza:

These evil habits to outgrow
Is hard with such a nature, crow.
Birds should be careful to avoid
The food they see by man enjoyed.

[1] Cranes are conceived at the sound of thunder-clouds. Cf. *Meghadūta* 9.

After thus reproving him, the pigeon no longer dwelt there, but spread his wings and flew elsewhere. But the crow died then and there.

The Master here ended his lesson and revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the greedy Brother attained fruition of the Second Path:—"At that time the crow was the greedy Brother, the pigeon was myself."

BOOK VI.—CHANIPĀTA.

No. 376.

AVĀRIYA-JĀTAKA.

[228] "*Ne'er be angry, etc.*" The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, about a ferryman. This man, they say, was foolish and ignorant: he knew not the qualities of the Three Jewels and of all excellent beings: he was hasty, rough and violent. A certain country Brother, wishing to wait on the Buddha, came one evening to the ferry on the Aciravatī and said to the ferryman: "Lay-brother, I wish to cross, let me have your boat." "Sir, it is too late, stay here." "Lay-brother, I cannot stay here, take me across." The ferryman said angrily, "Come then, Sir Priest," and took him into the boat: but he steered badly and made the boat ship water, so that the Brother's robe was wet, and it was dark before he put him on the farther bank. When the Brother reached the monastery, he could not wait on the Buddha that day. Next day he went to the Master, saluted and sat on one side. The Master gave greeting and asked when he had come. "Yesterday." "Then why do you not wait on me till to-day?" When he heard his reason, the Master said, "Not now only, but of old also that man was rough: and he annoyed wise men of old, as he did you." And when asked he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. When he grew up, he was educated in all the arts at Takkasilā [229], and became an ascetic. After living long on wild fruits in the Himālaya, he came to Benares for salt and vinegar: he stayed in the royal garden and next day went into the city to beg. The king saw him in the palace-yard and being pleased with his deportment caused him to be brought in and fed: then he took a promise and made him dwell in the garden: and he came daily to pay respect. The Bodhisatta said to him, "O great king, a king should rule his kingdom with righteousness, eschewing the four evil courses, being zealous and full

of patience and kindness and compassion," and with such daily exhortation he spoke two stanzas:

Ne'er be angry, prince of warriors; ne'er be angry, lord of earth:
Anger ne'er requite with anger: thus a king is worship-worth.

In the village, in the forest, on the sea or on the shore,
Ne'er be angry, prince of warriors: 'tis my counsel evermore.

So the Bodhisatta spoke these stanzas to the king every day. The king was pleased with him and offered him a village whose revenue was a hundred thousand pieces: but he refused. In this way the Bodhisatta lived for twelve years. Then he thought, "I have stayed too long, I will take a journey through the country and return here": so without telling the king and only saying to the gardener, "Friend, I weary, I will journey in the country and return, pray do you tell the king," [230] he went away and came to a ferry on the Ganges. There a foolish ferryman named Avāriyapitā lived: he understood neither the merits of good men nor his own gain and loss: when folk would cross the Ganges, he first took them across and then asked for his fare; when they gave him none, he quarrelled with them, getting much abuse and blows but little gain, so blind a fool was he.

Concerning him, the Master in his Perfect Wisdom spoke the third stanza:

The father of Avāriya,
His boat's on Ganges wave:
He ferries first the folk across,
And then his fare he'll crave:
And that is why he earns but strife,
A thriftless, luckless, knave!

The Bodhisatta came to this ferryman and said, "Friend, take me to the other bank." He said, "Priest, what fare will you pay me?" "Friend, I will tell you how to increase your wealth, your welfare, and your virtue." The ferryman thought, "He will certainly give me something," so he took him across and then said, "Pay me the fare." The Bodhisatta said, "Very well, friend," and so telling him first how to increase his wealth, he spoke this stanza:

Ask your fare before the crossing, never on the further shore:
Different minds have folk you ferry, different after and before.

[231] The ferryman thought, "This will be only his admonition to me, now he will give me something else": but the Bodhisatta said, "Friend, you have there the way to increase wealth, now hear the way to increase welfare and virtue," so he spoke a stanza of admonition:

In the village, in the forest, on the sea, and on the shore,
Ne'er be angry, my good boatman; 'tis my counsel evermore.

So having told him the way to increase welfare and virtue, he said, "There you have the way to increase welfare, and the way to increase virtue." Then that stupid one, not reckoning his admonition as anything, said, "Priest, is that what you give me as my fare?" "Yes, friend." "I have no use for it, give me something else." "Friend, except that I have nothing else." "Then why did you go on my boat?" he said, and threw the ascetic down on the bank, sitting on his chest and striking his mouth.

The Master said: "So you see that when the ascetic gave this admonition to the king he got the boon of a village, and when he gave the same admonition to a stupid ferryman he got a blow in the mouth: therefore when one gives this admonition it must be given to suitable people, not to unsuitable," and so in his Perfect Wisdom he then spoke a stanza:

For counsel good the king bestowed the revenue of a town:
The boatman for the same advice has knocked the giver down.

As the man was striking the priest, his wife came with his rice, and seeing the ascetic, she said, "Husband, this is an ascetic of the king's court, do not strike him." He was angry, and saying, "You forbid me to strike this false priest!" he sprang up and struck her down. The plate of rice fell and broke, and the fruit of her womb miscarried. The people gathered round him and [232] crying, "Murdering rascal!" they bound him and brought him to the king. The king tried him and caused him to be punished.

The Master in his Perfect Wisdom explaining the matter spoke the last stanza:

The rice was spilt, his wife was struck, child killed before its birth,
To him, like fine gold to a beast, counsel was nothing worth.

When the Master had ended his lesson, he declared the Truths:—after the Truths the brother was established in the fruit of the first path: and identified the Birth: "At that time the ferryman was the ferryman of to-day, the king was Ānanda, the ascetic was myself."

No. 377.

SETAKETU-JĀTAKA.

"*Friend, be not angry,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale at Jetavana, of a deceitful Brother. The occasion of the story will appear in the Uddāla[1] Birth.

---

[1] No. 487, vol. iv.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a far-famed teacher and taught the sacred texts to five hundred pupils. The senior of them, Setaketu by name, was born of a brahmin family from the north, and was very proud on account of his caste. One day he went out of the town with other pupils, and when coming in again he saw a [233] caṇḍāla. "Who are you?" he said. "I am a caṇḍāla." He feared the wind after striking the caṇḍāla's body might touch his own body, so he cried, "Curse you, you ill-omened caṇḍāla, get to leeward," and went quickly to windward, but the caṇḍāla was too quick for him and stood to windward of him. Then he abused and reviled him the more, "Curse you, ill-omened one." The caṇḍāla asked, "Who are you?" "I am a brahmin student." "Very well, if you are, you will be able to answer me a question." "Yes." "If you can't, I will put you between my feet." The brahmin, feeling confident, said, "Proceed." The caṇḍāla, making the company understand the case, asked the question, "Young brahmin, what are the quarters?" "The quarters are four, the East and the rest." The caṇḍāla said, "I am not asking about that kind of quarter: and you, ignorant even of this, loathe the wind that has struck my body," so he took him by the shoulder and forcing him down put him between his feet. The other pupils told their teacher of the affair. He asked, "Young Setaketu, have you been put between a caṇḍāla's feet?" "Yes, teacher: the son of a slave put me between his feet, saying, 'He doesn't know even the quarters'; but now I shall know what to do to him," and so he reviled the caṇḍāla angrily. The teacher admonished him: "Young Setaketu, be not angry with him, he is wise; he was asking about another kind of quarter, not this: what you have not seen, or heard, or understood is far more than what you have": and he spoke two stanzas by way of admonition:

Friend, be not angry, anger is not good:
  Wisdom is more than you have seen or heard:
[234] By 'quarter' *parents* may be understood,
  And *teacher* is denoted by the word.

The *householder* who gives food, clothes and drink,
  Whose doors are open, he a 'quarter' is:
And 'quarter' in the highest sense, we think,
  Is that last state where misery shall be bliss[1].

[235] So the Bodhisatta explained the quarters to the young brahmin: but he thinking, "I was put between a caṇḍāla's feet," left that place and going to Takkasilā learned all the arts from a far-famed teacher. With that teacher's permission he left Takkasilā, and wandered learning all practical arts. Coming to a frontier village he found five hundred ascetics

[1] This rests on fanciful puns on the names of the four quarters.

dwelling near it and was ordained by them. All their arts, texts and practices he learnt, and they accompanied him to Benares. Next day he went to the palace-yard begging. The king, pleased with the ascetics' deportment, gave them food in the palace and lodging in his garden. One day he said, sending them food, "I will salute your reverences this evening in the garden." Setaketu went to the garden and collecting the ascetics, said, "Sirs, the king is coming to-day; now by once conciliating kings a man may live happily all the years of his life, so now some of you do the swinging penance, some lie on thorn-beds, some endure the five fires, some practise the mortification by squatting, some the act of diving, some repeat texts," and after these orders he set himself at the door of the hut on a chair with a head-rest, put a book with a brilliant-coloured wrapping on a painted stand, and explained texts as they were inquired about by four or five intelligent pupils. At that moment the king arrived [236] and seeing them doing these false penances he was delighted: he came up to Setaketu, saluted him and sat on one side: then talking to his family priest he spoke the third stanza:

With uncleansed teeth, and goatskin garb and hair
  All matted, muttering holy words in peace:
Surely no human means to good they spare,
  They know the Truth, and they have won Release.

The priest heard this and spoke the fourth stanza:

A learned sage may do ill deeds, O king:
  A learned sage may fail to follow right:
A thousand Vedas will not safety bring,
  Failing just works, or save from evil plight.

When the king heard this, he took away his favour from the ascetics. Setaketu thought: "This king took a liking to the ascetics, but this priest has destroyed it as if he had cut it with an axe: I must talk to him": so talking to him he spoke the fifth stanza:

[237] "A learned sage may do ill deeds, O king:
  A learned sage may fail to follow right"
You say: then Vedas are a useless thing:
  Just works with self-restraint are requisite.

The priest hearing this, spoke the sixth stanza:

Nay, Vedas are not useless utterly:
  Though works with self-restraint true doctrine is:
Study of Vedas lifts man's name on high,
  But 'tis by conduct that he reaches Bliss.

So the priest refuted Setaketu's doctrine. He made them all laymen, gave them shields and weapons, and appointed them to be attendants on the

king as Superior Officers: and hence they say comes the race of Superior[1] Officers.

After the lesson the Master identified the Birth: "At that time Setaketu was the cheating priest, the caṇḍāla was Sāriputta, and the King's priest was myself."

No. 378.

DARĪMUKHA-JĀTAKA.

[238] "*Pleasures of sense,*" *etc.*—This tale was told by the Master while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the Great Renunciation. The incident that led to the story has been told before.

Once upon a time the Magadha king reigned in Rājagaha. The Bodhisatta was born of his chief queen, and they called him prince Brahmadatta. On the day of his birth, the family priest also had a son: his face was very beautiful, so they called him Darīmukha[2]. Both grew up in the king's court dear friends together, and in the sixteenth year they went to Takkasilā and learned all the arts. Then, meaning to acquire all practical usages and understand country observances, they wandered through towns, villages and all the land. So they reached Benares, and staying in a temple they went into the city next day to beg. In one of the houses in the city the people of the house had cooked rice-porridge and prepared seats to feed brahmins and give them portions. These people seeing the two youths begging, thought, "The brahmins have come," and making them come in laid a white cloth on the Bodhisatta's seat and a red rug on Darīmukha's. Darīmukha observed the omen and understood that his friend should be king in Benares and himself commander of the army. They ate and took their portions, and then with a blessing left and went to the king's garden. The Bodhisatta lay on the royal stone-seat. Darīmukha sat stroking his feet. The king of Benares had been dead seven days. The family priest had performed funeral rites and sent out the

[1] Cf. Hiouen-Thsang's Life, p. 257.

[2] "Cave-mouth": perhaps 'very beautiful' should be 'very wide.'

festal car for seven days as there was no heir to the throne. This ceremony of the car will be explained in the Mahājanaka Birth. This car left the city and reached the gate of the garden, [239] accompanied by an army of the four divisions and by the music of hundreds of instruments. Darīmukha, hearing the music, thought, "This car is coming for my friend, he will be king to-day and give me the commander's place, but why should I be a layman? I will go away and become an ascetic"; so without a word to the Bodhisatta he went on one side and stood concealed. The priest stayed the car at the gate of the garden, and entering saw the Bodhisatta lying on the royal seat: observing the auspicious marks on his feet, he thought, "He has merit and is worthy to be king even of the four continents with two thousand islands around them, but what is his courage?" So he made all the instruments sound their loudest. The Bodhisatta woke and taking the cloth from his face he saw the multitude: then covering his face again he lay down for a little, and rising when the car stopped sat cross-legged on the seat. The priest resting on his knee said, "Lord, the kingdom falls to you." "Why, is there no heir?" "No, lord." "Then it is well," and so he accepted, and they anointed him there in the garden. In his great glory he forgot Darīmukha. He mounted the car and drove amid the multitude in solemn form round the city: then stopping at the palace-gate he arranged the places of the courtiers and went up to the terrace. At that instant Darīmukha seeing the garden now empty came and sat on the royal seat in the garden. A withered leaf fell before him. In it he came to see the principles of decay and death, grasped the three marks of things, and making the earth re-echo with joy he entered on *paccekabodhi*. At that instant the characters of a householder vanished from him, a miraculous bowl and frock fell from the sky and clave to his body, at once he had the eight requisites and the perfect deportment of a centenarian monk, [240] and by miracle he flew into the air and went to the cave Nandamūla[1] in the Himālaya.

The Bodhisatta ruled his kingdom with righteousness, but the greatness of his glory infatuated him and for forty years he forgot Darīmukha. In the fortieth year he remembered him, and saying, "I have a friend named Darīmukha; where is he now?" he longed to see him. Thenceforth even in the seraglio and in the assembly he would say, "Where is my friend Darīmukha? I will give great honour to the man who tells me of his abode." Another ten years passed while he remembered Darīmukha from time to time. Darīmukha, though now a paccekabuddha, after fifty years reflected and knew that his friend remembered him: and thinking, "He is now old and increased with sons and daughters, I will go and preach the law to him and ordain him," he went by miracle through

[1] This is specially the abode of paccekabuddhas.

the air, and lighting in the garden he sat like a golden image on the stone seat. The gardener seeing him came up and asked, "Sir, whence come you?" "From the cave Nandamūlaka." "Who are you?" "Friend, I am Darīmukha the pacceka." "Sir, do you know our king?" "Yes, he was my friend in my layman days." "Sir, the king longs to see you, I will tell him of your coming." "Go and do so." He went and told the king that Darīmukha was come and sitting on the stone-seat. The king said, "So my friend is come, I shall see him": so he mounted his car and with a great retinue went to the garden and saluting the paccekabuddha with kindly greeting he sat on one side. The paccekabuddha said, "Brahmadatta, do you rule your kingdom with righteousness, never follow evil courses or oppress the people for money, and do good deeds with charity?" [241] and after kindly greeting, "Brahmadatta, you are old, it is time for you to renounce pleasures, and be ordained," so he preached the law and spoke the first stanza:

Pleasures of sense are but morass and mire:
The 'triply-rooted terror' them I call.
Vapour and dust I have proclaimed them, Sire:
Become a Brother and forsake them all.

[242] Hearing this, the king explaining that he was bound by desires spoke the second stanza:

Infatuate, bound and deeply stained am I,
Brahmin, with pleasures: fearful they may be,
But I love life, and cannot them deny:
Good works I undertake continually.

[243] Then Darīmukha though the Bodhisatta said, "I cannot be ordained," did not reject him and exhorted him yet again:

He who rejects the counsel of his friend,
Who pities him, and would avert his doom,
Thinking "this world is better," finds no end,
Foolish, of long rebirths within the womb.

That fearful place of punishment is his,
Full of all filth, held evil by the good:
The greedy their desires can ne'er dismiss,
The flesh imprisons all the carnal brood.

[244] So Darīmukha the paccekabuddha showing the misery rising from conception and quickening, to show next the misery of birth spoke a stanza and a half:

Covered with blood and with gross foulness stained,
All mortal beings issue from the birth:
Whate'er they touch thereafter is ordained
To bring them pain and sorrow on the earth.

I speak what I have seen, not what I hear
From others: I remember times of old.

[245] Now the Master in his Perfect Wisdom said, "So the paccekabuddha helped the king with good words," and at the end spoke the remaining half-stanza:

Darīmukha did to Sumedha's[1] ear
Wisdom in many a stanza sweet unfold.

The paccekabuddha, showing the misery of desires, making his words understood, said, "O king, be ordained or not, but anyhow I have told the wretchedness of desires and the blessings of ordination, be thou zealous," and so like a golden royal goose he rose in the air, and treading on clouds he reached the Nandamūlaka cave. The Great Being made on his head the salutations resplendent with the ten finger-nails put together and bowing down stood till [246] Darīmukha passed out of sight: then he sent for his eldest son and gave him the kingdom: and leaving desires, while a great multitude was weeping and lamenting, he went to the Himālaya and building a hut of leaves he was ordained as an ascetic: then in no long time he gained the Faculties and Attainments and at his life's end he went to Brahma's heaven.

The lesson ended, the Master declared the truths: then many attained the First Path and the rest:—and he identified the Birth: "At that time the king was myself."

No. 379.

NERU-JĀTAKA.

"*Ravens and crows,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana concerning a certain Brother. The story is that he got the forms of meditation from the Master and then went to a frontier village. There the people, pleased with his deportment, fed him, built him a hut in the wood, and exacting a promise, made him live there, and gave him great honour. But they forsook him for the teachers of the permanence of matter, afterwards forsaking those for the sect who deny immortality, and those again for the sect of naked ascetics: for teachers of all these sects came among them in turn. So he was unhappy

[1] If Sumedha is a proper name, this must be taken from another story: but it may mean merely 'wise.'

among those people who knew not good and evil, and after the rains and the pavāraṇā[1] he went back to the Master, and at his request told him where he had stayed during the rains and that he had been unhappy among people who knew not good and evil. The Master said, "Sages of old, even when born as beasts, stayed not a day among those who knew not good and evil, why have you done so?" and so he told the tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a golden goose. Along with his younger brother [247] he lived on the hill Cittakūṭa and fed on wild paddy in the Himālaya. One day in their flight back to Cittakūṭa they saw the golden mountain Neru and settled on its summit. Around the mountain dwell birds and beasts of various kinds for feeding ground: from the time of their coming to the mountain onwards they became golden of hue from its lustre. The Bodhisatta's brother saw this, but being ignorant of the cause said, "Now what is the cause here?" and so talking to his brother he spoke two stanzas:

> Ravens and crows, and we the best of birds,
> When on this mountain, all appear the same.
>
> Mean jackals rival tigers and their lords,
> The lions: what can be the mountain's name?

The Bodhisatta hearing this spoke the third stanza:

> Noblest of Mountains, Neru is it hight,
> All animals are here made fair to sight.

The younger one hearing this spoke the remaining three stanzas:

> Where'er the good find honour small or none,
> Or less than others, live not, but begone.
>
> Dull and clever, brave and coward, all are honoured equally:
> Undiscriminating Mountain, good men will not stay on thee!
>
> [248] Best, indifferent and meanest Neru does not separate,
> Undiscriminating Neru, we alas! must leave thee straight.

With this they both flew up and went to Cittakūṭa.

After the lesson, the Master proclaimed the Truths and identified the Birth: at the close of the Truths, that Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path: "At that time the younger goose was Ānanda, the elder was myself."

[1] The festival at the end of the rains.

No. 380.

ĀSAṄKA-JĀTAKA.

"*In heavenly garden*," *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the temptation of a Brother by his former wife. The occasion will appear in the Indriya[1] Birth. The Master found that the brother was backsliding owing to thoughts of his wife, so he said, "Sir, this woman does you harm: formerly also for her sake you sacrificed an army of the four divisions and dwelt in the Himālaya three years in much misery": so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family at a village of that country. When he grew up, he learned the arts [249] at Takkasilā, became an ascetic and reaching the Faculties and Attainments lived on roots and fruits in the Himālaya. At that time a being of perfect merit fell from the Heaven of the Thirty-three and was conceived as a girl inside a lotus in a pool: and when the other lotuses grew old and fell, that one grew great and stood. The ascetic coming to bathe saw it and thought, "The other lotuses fall, but this one is grown great and stands; why is this?" So he put on his bathing-dress and crossed to it, then opening the lotus he saw the girl. Feeling towards her as to a daughter he took her to his hut and tended her. When she came to sixteen years, she was beautiful, and in her beauty excelled the hue of man, but attained not the hue of gods. Sakka came to wait on the Bodhisatta. He saw the maiden, asked and was told the way in which she was found, and then asked, "What ought she to receive?" "A dwelling-place and supply of raiment, ornament and food, O sir." He answered, "Very well, lord," and created a crystal palace for her dwelling, made for her a bed, raiment and ornament, food and drink divine. The palace descended and rested on the ground when she was going up; when she had gone up it ascended and stayed in the air. She did various services to the Bodhisatta as she lived in the palace. A forester saw this and asked, "What is this person to you, lord?" "My daughter." So he went to Benares and told the king, "O king, I have seen in the Himālaya a certain ascetic's daughter of such beauty." The king was caught by hearing this, and making the forester his guide he went with an army of the four divisions to that place, and pitching a camp he took the forester and his retinue of ministers and entered the hermitage. [250] He saluted the Bodhisatta and said, "Lord, women are a stain to the religious life; I will tend your daughter."

[1] No. 423, *infra*.

Now the Bodhisatta had given the maiden the name Āsaṅkā because she was brought to him by his crossing the water owing to his doubt (āsaṅkā), "What is in this lotus?" He did not say to the king directly, "Take her and go," but said, "If you know this maiden's name, O great king, take her and go." "Lord, if you tell it, I shall know." "I shall not tell it, but when you know it take her and depart." The king agreed, and thenceforth considered along with his ministers, "What may be her name?" He put forward all names hard to guess and talked with the Bodhisatta, saying, "Such and such will be her name": but the Bodhisatta said nay and refused him. So a year passed while the king was considering. Lions and other beasts seized his elephants and horses and men, there was danger from snakes, danger from flies, and many died worn out with cold. The king said to the Bodhisatta, "What need have I of her?" and took his way. The maiden Asaṅkā stood at an open crystal window. The king seeing her said, "We cannot find your name, live here in the Himālaya, we will depart." "Great king, if you go you will never find a wife like me. In the Heaven of the Thirty-three, in the Cittalatā garden, there is a creeper named Āsāvatī: in its fruit a divine drink is born, and they who drink of it once are intoxicated for four months and lie on a divine couch: it bears fruit once in a thousand years and the sons of the gods, though given to strong drink, [251] bear with their thirst for that divine drink saying, "We shall reap fruit from this," and come constantly throughout the thousand years to watch the plant saying, "Is it well?" But you grow discontented in one year: he who wins the fruit of his hope is happy, be not discontented yet," and so she spoke three stanzas:

In heavenly garden grows Āsāvatī;
Once in a thousand years, no more, the tree
Bears fruit: for it the gods wait patiently.
Hope on, O king, the fruit of hope is sweet:
A bird hoped on and never own'd defeat.
His wish, though far away, he won complete:
Hope on, O king: the fruit of hope is sweet.

The king was caught by her words: he gathered his ministers again and guessed at the name, making ten guesses each time till another year was past. But her name was not among the ten, and so the Bodhisatta refused him. Again the king said, "What need have I of her?" and took his way. She showed herself at the window: and the king said, "You stay, we will depart." [252] "Why depart, great king?" "I cannot find your name." "Great king, why can you not find it? Hope is not without success; a crane staying on a hill-top won his wish: why can you not win it? Endure, great king. A crane had its feeding-ground in a lotus-pool, but flying up lit on a hill-top: he stayed there that day and next day thought, 'I am happily settled on this hill-top: if without going down I stay here finding food and drinking water and so dwell this day, Oh it

would be delightful.' That very day Sakka, King of heaven, had crushed the Asuras and being now lord in the heaven of the Thirty-three was thinking, 'My wishes have come to the pitch of fulfilment, is there any one in the forest whose wishes are unfulfilled?' So considering, he saw that crane and thought, 'I will bring this bird's wishes to the pitch of fulfilment': not far from the crane's place of perch there is a stream, and Sakka sent the stream in full flood to the hill-top: so the crane without moving ate fish and drank water and dwelt there that day: then the water fell and went away: so, great king, the crane won fruition of that hope of his, and why will you not win it? Hope on," she said, with the rest of the verse. The king, hearing her tale, was caught by her beauty and attracted by her words: he could not go away, but gathering his ministers, and getting a hundred names [253] spent another year in guessing with these hundred names. At the end of three years he came to the Bodhisatta and asked, "Will that name be among the hundred, lord?" "You do not know it, great king." He saluted the Bodhisatta, and saying, "We will go now," he took his way. The maiden Āsaṅkā again stood by a crystal window. The king saw her and said, "You stay, we will depart." "Why, great king?" "You satisfy me with words, but not with love: caught by your sweet words I have spent here three years, now I will depart," and he uttered these stanzas:

You please me but with words and not in deed:
The scentless flower, though fair, is but a weed.
Promise fair without performance on his friends one throws away,
Never giving, ever hoarding: such is friendship's sure decay.
Men should speak when they will act, not promise what they cannot do:
If they talk without performing, wise men see them through and through.
My troops are wasted, all my stores are spent,
I doubt my life is spoilt: 'tis time I went.

[254] The maiden Asaṅkā hearing the king's words said, "Great king, you know my name, you have just said it; tell my father my name, take me and go," so talking with the king, she said:

Prince, you have said the word that is my name:
Come, king: my father will allow the claim.

The king went to the Bodhisatta, saluted and said, "Lord, your daughter is named Āsaṅkā." "From the time you know her name, take her and go, great king." He saluted the Bodhisatta, and coming to the crystal palace he said, "Lady, your father has given you to me, come now." "Come, great king, I will get my father's leave," she said, and coming down from the palace she saluted the Bodhisatta, got his consent and came to the king. The king took her to Benares and lived happily with her, increased with sons and daughters. The Bodhisatta continued in unbroken meditation and was born in the Brahma world.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the Brother was established in the Fruition of the First Path:—"Āsaṅkā was the former wife, the king was the discontented Brother, the ascetic was myself."

No. 381.

MIGĀLOPA-JĀTAKA[1].

[255] "*Your ways, my son,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana, of an unruly Brother. The Master asked the Brother, "Are you really unruly?" He said, "Yes, lord": and the Master saying, "You are not unruly for the first time; formerly too through unruliness you did not the bidding of the wise and met your death by the Verambha[2] winds," told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a vulture by name Aparaṇṇagijjha, and dwelt among a retinue of vultures in Gijjhapabbata (Vulture Mountain). His son, Migālopa by name, was exceedingly strong and mighty; he flew high above the reach of the other vultures. They told their king that his son flew very far. He called Migālopa, and saying, "Son, they say you fly too high: if you do, you will bring death on yourself," spoke three stanzas:

Your ways, my son, to me unsafe appear,
You soar too high, above our proper sphere.

When earth is but a square field to your sight,
Turn back, my son, and dare no higher flight.

Other birds on soaring pinions lofty flight e'er now have tried,
Struck by furious wind and tempest they have perished in their pride.

[256] Migālopa through disobedience did not do his father's bidding, but rising and rising he passed the limit his father told him, clove even the Black Winds when he met them, and flew upwards till he met the Verambha winds in the face. They struck him, and at their mere stroke he fell into pieces and disappeared in the air.

[1] Cf. no. 427 *infra*.
[2] A wind so called from a sea of the same name, see *Divyāvadāna*, p. 105.

His aged father's wise commands disdained,
Beyond the Black, Verambha Winds he gained.

His wife, his children, all his household herd,
All came to ruin through that froward bird.

So they who heed not what their elders say,
Like this proud vulture beyond bounds astray,
Meet ruin, when right rules they disobey.

After the lesson the Master identified the Birth: "At that time Migālopa was the unruly Brother, Aparaṇṇa was myself."

No. 382.

SIRIKĀLAKAṆṆI-JĀTAKA.

[257] "*Who is this,*" *etc.*— The Master told this tale in Jetavana concerning Anāthapiṇḍika. From the time when he was established in the fruition of the First Path he kept all the five first commandments unbroken; so also did his wife, his sons and daughters, his hired servants and his workpeople. One day in the Hall of Truth they began to discuss whether Anāthapiṇḍika was pure in his walk and his household also. The Master came and was told their subject: so he said, "Brethren, the wise men of old had pure households," and told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a merchant, giving gifts, keeping the commands, and performing the fast day duties: and so his wife kept the five commands, and so also did his sons, his daughters and his servants and workpeople. So he was called the merchant Suciparivāra (pure household). He thought, "If one of purer morals than I should come, it would not be proper to give him my couch to sit on or my bed to lie on, but to give him one pure and unused": so he had an unused couch and bed prepared on one side in his presence-chamber. At that time in the Heaven of the Four Kings[1] Kālakaṇṇī, daughter of Virūpakkha, and Sirī, daughter of Dhataraṭṭha, both together took many perfumes and garlands and went on the lake Anotatta to play there. Now on that lake there are many bathing-

[1] These are Dhataraṭṭha, King of the North, Virūḷha of the South, Virūpakkha of the West, and Vessavaṇa of the East.

places: the Buddhas bathe at their own place, the paccekabuddhas at theirs, [258] the Brethren at theirs, the ascetics at theirs, the gods of the six Kāma-heavens[1] at theirs, and the goddesses at theirs. These two came thither and began to quarrel as to which of them should bathe first. Kālakaṇṇī said, "I rule the world: it is proper that I bathe first." Sirī said, "I preside over the course of conduct that gives lordship to mankind: it is proper that I bathe first." Then both said, "The Four Kings will know which of us ought to bathe first": so they went to them and asked which of the two was worthy to bathe first in Anotatta. Dhataraṭṭha and Virūpakkha said, "We cannot decide," and laid the duty on Virūḷha and Vessavaṇa. They too said, "We cannot decide, we will send it to our Lord's feet": so they sent it to Sakka. He heard their tale and thought, "Those two are the daughters of my vassals; I cannot decide this case": so he said to them, "There is in Benares a merchant called Sucíparivāra; in his house are prepared an unused couch and bed: she who can first sit or lie there is the proper one to bathe first." Kālakaṇṇī hearing this on the instant put on blue[2] raiment and used blue ointment and decked herself with blue jewels: she descended from the heaven as on a stone from a catapult, and just after the mid-watch of night she stood in the air, diffusing a blue light, not far from the merchant who was lying on a couch in the presence-chamber of his mansion. The merchant [259] looked and saw her: but to his eyes she was ungracious and unlovely. Talking to her he spoke the first stanza:

Who is this so dark of hue,
So unlovely to the view?
Who are you, whose daughter, say,
How are we to know you, pray?

Hearing him, Kālakaṇṇī spoke the second stanza:

The great king Virūpakkha is my sire:
I am Misfortune, Kālakaṇṇī dire:
Give me the house-room near you I desire.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke the third stanza:

What the conduct, what the ways,
 Of the men with whom you dwell?
This is what my question prays:
 We will mark the answer well.

Then she, explaining her own qualities, spoke the fourth stanza:

The hypocrite, the wanton, the morose,
 The man of envy, greed and treachery:
Such are the friends I love: and I dispose
 Their gains that they may perish utterly.

[1] Of which the Heaven of the Four Kings is the first.

[2] Blue is the unlucky colour.

[260] She spoke also the fifth, sixth, and seventh stanzas:

And dearer still are ire and hate to me,
Slander and strife, libel and cruelty.

The shiftless wight who knows not his own good,
Resenting counsel, to his betters rude:

The man whom folly drives, whom friends despise,
He is my friend, in him my pleasure lies.

[261] Then the Great Being, blaming her, spoke the eighth stanza:

Kāli, depart: there's naught to please you here:
To other lands and cities disappear.

Kālakaṇṇī, hearing him, was sorrowful and spoke another stanza:

I know you well: there's naught to please me here.
Others are luckless, who amass much gear;
My brother-god and I will make it disappear.

When she had gone, Sirī the goddess, coming with raiment and ointment of golden hue and ornament of golden brightness to the door of the presence-chamber, diffusing yellow light, rested with even feet on level ground and stood respectful. The Bodhisatta seeing her repeated the first stanza:

Who is this, divine of hue,
On the ground so firm and true?
Who are you, whose daughter, say,
How are we to know you, pray?

[262] Sirī, hearing him, spoke the second stanza:

The great king Dhataraṭṭha is my sire:
Fortune and Luck am I, and Wisdom men admire:
Grant me the house-room with you I desire.

Then

What the conduct, what the ways
  Of the men with whom you dwell?
This is what my question prays;
  We will mark your answer well.

He who in cold and heat, in wind and sun,
  Mid thirst and hunger, snake and poison-fly,
His present duty night and day hath done;
  With him I dwell and love him faithfully.

Gentle and friendly, righteous, liberal,
  Guileless and honest, upright, winning, bland,
Meek in high place: I tinge his fortunes all,
  Like waves their hue through ocean that expand[1].

[1] Perhaps vaṇṇam is really for the Sanskrit vṛṃhan *increasing*.

To friend or unfriend, better, like or worse,
Helper or foe, by dark or open day,
Whoso is kind, [263] without harsh word or curse,
I am his friend, living or dead, alway.

But if a fool have won some love from me,
And waxes proud and vain,
His froward path of wantonness I flee,
Like filthy stain.

Each man's fortune and misfortune are his own work, not another's:
Neither fortune nor misfortune can a man make for his brothers.

Such was Sirī's answer when questioned by the merchant.

[264] The Bodhisatta rejoiced at Sirī's words, and said, "Here is the pure seat and bed, proper for you; sit and lie down there." She stayed there and in the morning departed to the Heaven of the Four Great Kings and bathed first in lake Anotatta. The bed used by Sirī was called Sirisaya: hence is the origin of Sirisayana, and for this reason it is so called to this day.

After the lesson the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the goddess Sirī was Uppalavaṇṇā, the merchant Suciparivāra was myself."

No. 383[1].

KUKKUṬA-JĀTAKA.

[265] "*Bird with wings*," *etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana, concerning a Brother who longed for the world. The Master asked him, "Why do you long for the world?" "Lord, through passion, for I saw a woman adorned." "Brother, women are like cats, deceiving and cajoling to bring to ruin one who has come into their power," so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a cock and lived in the forest with a retinue of many hundred cocks. Not far away lived a she-cat: and she deceived

[1] See Morris in *Folk-lore Journal*, ii. p. 332: and the illustration facing the title-page.

by devices the other cocks except the Bodhisatta and ate them: but the Bodhisatta did not fall into her power. She thought, "This cock is very crafty, but he knows not that I am crafty and skilful in device: it is good that I cajole him, saying, 'I will be your wife,' and so eat him when he comes into my power." She went to the root of the tree where he perched, and praying him in a speech preceded by praise of his beauty, she spoke the first stanza:

Bird with wings that flash so gaily, crest that droops so gracefully,
I will be your wife for nothing, leave the bough and come to me.

The Bodhisatta hearing her thought, "She has eaten all my relatives; now she wishes to cajole me and eat me: I will get rid of her." So he spoke the second stanza:

Lady fair and winning, you have four feet, I have only two:
Beasts and birds should never marry: for some other husband sue.

[266] Then she thought, "He is exceedingly crafty; by some device or other I will deceive him and eat him"; so she spoke the third stanza:

I will bring thee youth and beauty, pleasant speech and courtesy:
Honoured wife or simple slave-girl, at thy pleasure deal with me.

Then the Bodhisatta thought, "It is best to revile her and drive her away," so he spoke the fourth stanza:

Thou hast drunk my kindred's blood, and robbed and slain them cruelly:
"Honoured wife"! there is no honour in your heart when wooing me.

She was driven away and did not endure to look at him again.

So when they see a hero, women sly,
(Compare the cat and cock,) to tempt him try.

He that to great occasion fails to rise
'Neath foeman's feet in sorrow prostrate lies.

[267] One prompt a crisis in his fate to see,
As cock from cat, escapes his enemy.

These are stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

His lesson ended, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—after the Truths, the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the cock was myself."

No. 384[1].

DHAMMADDHAJA-JĀTAKA.

"*Practise virtue,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, of a deceitful Brother. He said, "Brethren, this man is not deceitful now for the first time": so he told an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a bird: when he grew up he lived amidst a retinue of birds on an island in the middle of the sea. Certain merchants of Kāsi got a travelled crow and started on a voyage by sea. In the midst of the sea the ship was wrecked. The crow reached that island and thought, "Here is a great flock of birds, it is good that I use deceit on them and eat their eggs and young": so he descended in their midst and opening his mouth stood with one foot on the ground. "Who are you, master?" they asked. "I am a holy person." "Why do you stand on one foot?" "If I put down the other one, [268] the earth could not bear me." "Then why do you stand with your mouth open?" "We eat no other food, we only drink the wind;" and with this he called these birds and saying, "I will give you a sermon, you listen," he spoke the first stanza by way of a sermon:

Practise virtue, brethren, bless you! practise virtue, I repeat:
Here and after virtuous people have their happiness complete.

The birds, not knowing that he said this with deceit to eat their eggs, praised him and spoke the second stanza:

Surely a righteous fowl, a blessed bird,
He preaches on one leg the holy word.

The birds, believing that wicked one, said, "Sir, you take no other food but feed on wind only: so pray watch our eggs and young," so they went to their feeding-ground. That sinner when they went away ate his bellyful of their eggs and young, and when they came again he stood calmly on one foot with his mouth open. The birds not seeing their children when they came made a great outcry, "Who can be eating them?" but saying, "This crow is a holy person," they do not even suspect him. Then one day the Bodhisatta thought, "There was nothing

[1] See Morris in *Folk-lore Journal*, ii. p. 304.

wrong here formerly, it only began since this one came, it is good to try him": so making as if he were going to feed with the other birds he turned back and stood in a secret place. [269] The crow, confident because the birds were gone, rose and went and ate the eggs and young, then coming back stood on one foot with his mouth open. When the birds came, their king assembled them all and said, "I examined to-day the danger to our children, and I saw this wicked crow eating them, we will seize him": so getting the birds together and surrounding the crow he said, "If he flees, let us seize him," and spoke the remaining stanzas:

You know not his ways, when this bird you praise:
    You spoke with foolish tongue:
"Virtue," he'll say, and "Virtue" aye,
    But he eats our eggs and young.

The things he preaches with his voice
    His members never do:
His Virtue is an empty noise,
    His righteousness untrue.

At heart a hypocrite, his language charms,
    A black snake slinking to his hole is he:
He cozens by his outward coat of arms
    The country-folk in their simplicity.

Strike him down with beak and pinion,
    Tear him with your claws:
Death to such a dastard minion,
    Traitor to our cause.

[270] With these words the leader of the birds himself sprang up and struck the crow in the head with his beak, and the rest struck him with beaks and feet and wings: so he died.

At the end of the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the crow was the deceitful Brother, the king of the birds was myself."

No. 385.

NANDIYAMIGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Will you go to the King's Park,*" *etc.*—The Master told this in Jetavana, of a Brother who supported his mother. He asked the Brother, "Is it true that you support lay folk?" "Yes, lord." "What are they?" "My father and mother,

lord." "Well done, well done, Brother: you keep up the rule of the wise men of old, for they too even when born as beasts gave their life for their parents," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when the Kosala king was reigning over the Kosalas in Sāketa (Oudh), the Bodhisatta was born as a deer; when he grew up he was named Nandiyamiga, and being excellent in character and conduct he supported his father and mother. The Kosala king was intent on the chase, and went every day to hunt with a great retinue, so that his people could not follow farming and their trades. The people gathered together and consulted, saying, "Sirs, this king of ours is destroying our trades, our home-life is perishing; what if we were to enclose the Añjanavana park, providing a gate, digging a tank and sowing grass there, then go into the forest with sticks and clubs in our hands, beat the thickets, and so expelling the deer and driving them along force them into the park like cows into a pen? then we would close the gate, send word to the king and go about our trades." "That is the way," they said, and so with one will they made the park ready, and then entering the wood enclosed a space [271] of a league each way. At the time Nandiya had taken his father and mother into a little thicket and was lying on the ground. The people with various shields and weapons in their hands encircled the thicket arm to arm; and some entered it looking for deer. Nandiya saw them and thought, "It is good that I should abandon life to-day and give it for my parents," so rising and saluting his parents he said, "Father and mother, these men will see us three if they enter this thicket; you can survive only in one way, and your life is best: I will give you the gift of your life, standing by the skirts of the thicket and going out as soon as they beat it: then they will think there can be only one deer in this little thicket and so will not enter: be heedful": so he got their permission and stood ready to run. As soon as the thicket was beaten by the people standing at its skirts and shouting he came out, and they thinking there would be only one deer there did not enter. Nandiya went among the other deer, and the people drove them along into the park; then closing the gate they told the king and went to their own homes. From that time the king always went himself and shot a deer; then he either took it and went away, or sent for it and had it fetched. The deer arranged their turns, and he to whom the turn came stood on one side: and they take him when shot. Nandiya drank water from the tank, and ate the grass, but his turn did not come yet. Then after many days his parents longing to see him thought, "Our son Nandiya, king of deer, was strong as an elephant and of perfect health: if he is alive he will certainly leap the fence and come to see us; we will send him [272] word": so they stood near the road and

seeing a brahmin they asked in human voice, "Sir, where are you going?" "To Sāketa," he said; so sending a message to their son they spoke the first stanza:

Will you go to the King's Park, brahmin, when Oudh you're travelling through?
Find out our dear son Nandiya and tell him our message true,
"Your father and mother are stricken in years and their hearts are fain for you."

The brahmin, saying, "It is well," accepted, and going to Sāketa next day entered the park, and asked "Which is Nandiya?" The deer came near him and said, "I." The brahmin told his message. Nandiya, hearing it, said, "I might go, brahmin; I might certainly leap the fence and go: but I have enjoyed regular food and drink from the king, and this stands to me as a debt: besides I have lived long among these deer, and it is improper for me to go away without doing good to this king and to them, or without showing my strength: but when my turn comes I will do good to them and come gladly": and so explaining this, he spoke two stanzas:

I owe the King my daily drink and food:
I cannot go till I have made it good.

To the King's arrows I'll expose my side:
Then see my mother and be justified.

[273] The brahmin hearing this went away. Afterwards on the day when his turn came, the king with a great retinue came into the park. The Bodhisatta stood on one side: and the king saying, "I will shoot the deer," fitted a sharp arrow to the string. The Bodhisatta did not run away as other animals do when scared by the fear of death, but fearless and making his charity his guide he stood firm, exposing his side with mighty ribs. The king owing to the efficacy of his love could not discharge the arrow. The Bodhisatta said, "Great king, why do you not shoot the arrow? shoot!" "King of deer, I cannot." "Then see the merit of the virtuous[1], O great king." Then the king, pleased with the Bodhisatta, dropped his bow and said, "This senseless length of wood knows your merit: shall I who have sense and am a man not know it? forgive me; I give you security." "Great king, you give me security, but what will this herd of deer in the park do?" "I give it to them too." So the Bodhisatta, having gained security for all deer in the park, for birds in the air and fishes in the water, in the way described in the Nigrodha Birth, established the king in the five commands and said, "Great king, it is good for a king to rule a kingdom by forsaking the ways of wrongdoing, not offending against the ten kingly virtues and acting with just righteousness.

[1] There is a pun here on *guṇam* which means *merit* or *string*.

[274] Alms, morals, charity, justice and penitence,
Peace, mildness, mercy, meekness, patience:

These virtues planted in my soul I feel,
Thence springs up Love and perfect inward weal."

With these words he showed forth the kingly virtues in the form of a stanza, and after staying some days with the king he sent a golden drum round the town, proclaiming the gift of security to all beings: and then saying, "O king, be watchful," he went to see his parents.

Of old in Oudh a king of deer I hight,
By name and nature, Nandiya, Delight.

To kill me in his deer-park came the King,
His bow was bent, his arrow on the string.

To the King's arrow I exposed my side;
Then saw my mother and was justified.

These were the stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

At the end, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths, the Brother who supported his mother was established in the First Path:—"At that time the father and mother were members of the royal family, the brahmin was Sāriputta, the king Ānanda, the deer myself."

No. 386.

KHARAPUTTA-JĀTAKA[1].

[275] "*Goats are stupid*," *etc.*—The Master told this tale in Jetavana, concerning temptation of a Brother by his former wife. When the Brother confessed that he was longing for the world, the Master said, "Brother, this woman does you harm: formerly also you came into the fire through her and were saved from death by sages," so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when a king named Senaka was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. The king Senaka was friendly with a certain nāga-king. This nāga-king, they say, left the nāga-world and ranged the

[1] For variants on this story see Benfey in *Orient and Occident*, vol. ii. pp. 133 ff., and the second story in the Arabian Nights.

earth seeking food. The village boys seeing him said, "This is a snake," and struck him with clods and other things. The king, going to amuse himself in his garden, saw them, and being told they were beating a snake, said, "Don't let them beat him, drive them away"; and this was done. So the nāga-king got his life, and when he went back to the nāga-world, he took many jewels, and coming at midnight to the king's bed-chamber he gave them to him, saying, "I got my life through you": so he made friendship with the king and came again and again to see him. He appointed one of his nāga girls, insatiate in pleasures, to be near the king and protect him: and he gave the king a charm, saying, "If ever you do not see her, repeat this charm." One day the king went to the garden with the nāga girl and was amusing himself in the lotus-tank. The nāga girl seeing a water-snake quitted her human shape and made love with him. The king not seeing the girl said, [276] "Where is she gone?" and repeated the spell: then he saw her in her misconduct and struck her with a piece of bamboo. She went in anger to the nāga-world, and when she was asked, "Why are you come?" she said, "Your friend struck me on the back because I did not do his bidding," shewing the mark of the blow. The nāga-king, not knowing the truth, called four nāga youths and sent them with orders to enter Senaka's bed-chamber and destroy him like chaff by the breath of their nostrils. They entered the chamber at the royal bed-time. As they came in, the king was saying to the queen: "Lady, do you know where the nāga-girl has gone?" "King, I do not." "To-day when we were bathing in the tank, she quitted her shape and misconducted herself with a water-snake: I said, 'Don't do that,' and struck her with a piece of bamboo to give her a lesson: and now I fear she may have gone to the nāga-world and told some lie to my friend, destroying his good-will to me." The young nāgas hearing this turned back at once to the nāga-world and told their king. He being moved went instantly to the king's chamber, told him all and was forgiven: then he said, "In this way I make amends," and gave the king a charm giving knowledge of all sounds: "This, O king, is a priceless spell: if you give anyone this spell you will at once enter the fire and die." The king said, "It is well," and accepted it. From that time he understood the voice even of ants. One day he was sitting on the dais eating solid food with honey and molasses: and a drop of honey, a drop of molasses, and a morsel of cake fell on the ground. An ant seeing this comes crying, "The king's honey-jar is broken on the dais, his molasses-cart [277] and cake-cart are upset; come and eat honey and molasses and cake." The king hearing the cry laughed. The queen being near him thought, "What has the king seen that he laughs?" When the king had eaten his solid food and bathed and sat down cross-legged, a fly said to his wife, "Come, lady, let us enjoy love." She said, "Excuse me for a little, husband: they

will soon be bringing perfumes to the king; as he perfumes himself some powder will fall at his feet: I will stay there and become fragrant, then we will enjoy ourselves lying on the king's back." The king hearing the voice laughed again. The queen thought again, "What has he seen that he laughs?" Again when the king was eating his supper, a lump of rice fell on the ground. The ants cried, "A wagon of rice has broken in the king's palace, and there is none to eat it." The king hearing this laughed again. The queen took a golden spoon and helping him reflected, "Is it at the sight of me that the king laughs?" She went to the bed-chamber with the king and at bed-time she asked, "Why did you laugh, O king?" He said, "What have you to do with why I laugh?" but being asked again and again he told her. Then she said, "Give me your spell of knowledge." He said, "It cannot be given": but though repulsed she pressed him again.

The king said, "If I give you this spell, I shall die." "Even though you die, give it me." The king, being in the power of womankind, saying, "It is well," consented and went to the park in a chariot, saying, "I shall enter the fire after giving away this spell." At that moment, Sakka, king of gods, looked down on the earth and seeing this case said, "This foolish king, knowing that he will enter the fire through womankind, is on his way; I will give him his life": so he took Sujā, daughter of the Asuras, and went to Benares. [278] He became a he-goat and made her a she-goat, and resolving that the people should not see them, he stood before the king's chariot. The king and the Sindh asses yoked in the chariot saw him, but none else saw him. For the sake of starting talk he was as if making love with the she-goat. One of the Sindh asses yoked in the chariot seeing him said, "Friend goat, we have heard before, but not seen, that goats are stupid and shameless: but you are doing, with all of us looking on, this thing that should be done in secret and in a private place, and are not ashamed: what we have heard before agrees with this that we see:" and so he spoke the first stanza:

'Goats are stupid,' says the wise man, and the words are surely true:
This one knows not he's parading what in secret he should do.

The goat hearing him spoke two stanzas:

O, sir donkey, think and realise your own stupidity,
You're tied with ropes, your jaw is wrenched, and very downcast is
your eye.

When you're loosed, you don't escape, Sir, that's a stupid habit too:
And that Senaka you carry, he's more stupid still than you.

[279] The king understood the talk of both animals, and hearing it he quickly sent away the chariot. The ass hearing the goat's talk spoke the fourth stanza:

Well, Sir king of goats, you fully know my great stupidity:
But how Senaka is stupid, prithee do explain to me.

The goat explaining this spoke the fifth stanza :—

He who his own special treasure on his wife will throw away,
Cannot keep her faithful ever and his life he must betray.

The king hearing his words said, "King of goats, *you* will surely act for my advantage : tell me now what is right for me to do." Then the goat said, "King, to all animals no one is dearer than self: it is not good [280] to destroy oneself and abandon the honour one has gained for the sake of anything that is dear": so he spoke the sixth stanza :—

A king, like thee, may have conceived desire
And yet renounced it if his life's the cost :
Life is the chief thing: what can man seek higher?
If life's secured, desires need ne'er be crossed.

So the Bodhisatta exhorted the king. The king, delighted, asked, "King of goats, whence come you?" "I am Sakka, O king, come to save you from death out of pity for you." "King of gods, I promised to give her the charm : what am I to do now?" "There is no need for the ruin of both of you : you say, 'It is the way of the craft,' and have her beaten with some blows : by this means she will not get it." The king said, "It is well," and agreed. The Bodhisatta after exhortation to the king went to Sakka's heaven. The king went to the garden, had the queen summoned and then said, "Lady, will you have the charm?" "Yes, lord." "Then go through the usual custom." "What custom?" "A hundred stripes [281] on the back, but you must not make a sound." She consented through greed for the charm. The king made his slaves take whips and beat her on both sides. She endured two or three stripes and then cried, "I don't want the charm." The king said, "You would have killed me to get the charm," and so flogging the skin off her back he sent her away. After that she could not bear to talk of it again.

At the end of the lesson the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth :—at the end of the Truths, the Brother was established in the First Path :—"At that time the king was the discontented brother, the queen his former wife, the steed Sāriputta, and Sakka was myself."

No. 387.

SŪCI-JĀTAKA.

"*Quickly threaded,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the perfection of wisdom. The occasion of the tale will be given in the Mahāummagga[1]. The Master addressed the brethren, "This is not the first time the Tathāgata is wise and skilled in devices," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the kingdom of Kāsi in a smith's family, and when he grew up he became excellent in the craft. His parents were poor. Not far from their village was another smith's village of a thousand houses. The principal smith of the thousand was a favourite of the king, rich and of great substance. His daughter was exceedingly beautiful, like to a nymph of heaven, with all the auspicious marks of a lady of the land. People came from the villages round to have razors, axes, ploughshares and goads made, and generally saw that maiden. When they went back to their own villages, they praised her beauty [282] in the places where men sit and elsewhere. The Bodhisatta, being attracted by merely hearing of her, thought, "I will make her my wife": so he took iron of the best kind, and made one delicate strong needle which pierced dice and floated on water: then he made a sheath for it of the same kind and pierced dice with it: and in the same way he made seven sheaths: how he made them is not to be told, for such work prospers through the greatness of Bodhisattas' knowledge. Then he put the needle in a tube and placing it in a case he went to that village and asked for the street where the head-smith's house was: then standing at the door he said, "Who will buy for money from my hand a needle of this kind?" describing the needle, and so standing by the head-smith's house he spoke the first stanza:—

Quickly threaded, smooth and straight,
Polished with emery,
Sharp of point and delicate,
Needles! who will buy?

After this he praised it again and spoke the second stanza:—

Quickly threaded, strong and straight,
Rounded properly,
Iron they will penetrate,
Needles! who will buy?

[1] No. 546, vol. VI.

[283] At that moment the maiden was fanning her father with a palm-leaf as he lay on a little bed to allay discomfort after his early meal, and hearing the Bodhisatta's sweet voice, as if she had been sickened by a fresh lump of meat, and had the discomfort extinguished by a thousand pots of water, she said, "Who is this hawking needles with sweet voice in a village of smiths? For what business has he come? I will find out": so laying down the palm-fan she went out and spoke with him outside, standing in the verandah. The purpose of Bodhisattas prospers: it was for her sake he had come to that village. She speaking with him said, "Young man, dwellers in all the kingdom come to this village for needles and the like: it is in folly you wish to sell needles in a village of smiths; though you declare the praise of your needle all day no one will take it from your hand; if you wish to get a price, go to another village": so she spoke two stanzas:—

Our hooks are sold, both up and down,
Men know our needles well:
We all are smiths in this good town:
Needles! who can sell?

In iron-work we have renown,
In weapons we excel:
We all are smiths in this good town:
Needles! who can sell?

The Bodhisatta hearing her words said, "Lady, you say this not knowing and in ignorance": and so he spoke two stanzas:—

[284] Though all are smiths in this good town,
Yet skill can needles sell;
For masters in the craft will own
A first-rate article.

Lady, if once your father know
This needle made by me;
On me your hand he would bestow
And all his property.

The head-smith hearing all their talk called his daughter and asked, "Who is that you are talking to?" "Father, a man selling needles." "Then call him here." She went and called him. The Bodhisatta saluted the head-smith and stood by. The head-smith asked, "Of what village are you?" "I am of such a village and son of such a smith." "Why are you come here?" "To sell needles." "Come, let us see your needle." [285] The Bodhisatta, wishing to declare his qualities among them all, said, "Is not a thing seen in the midst of all better than one seen by each singly?" "Quite right, friend." So he gathered all the smiths together and in their midst said, "Sir, take the needle." "Master, have an anvil brought and a bronze dish full of water." This was done. The Bodhisatta took the needle-tube from the wrapper and gave it to

them. The head-smith taking it asked, "Is this the needle?" "No, it is not the needle, it is the sheath." He examining could not see end nor tip. The Bodhisatta, taking it from them, drew off the sheath with his nail and showing it to the people with "This is the needle, this is the sheath," he put the needle in the master's hand and the sheath at his feet. Again when the master said, "This is the needle, I suppose," he answered, "This too is a needle-sheath": then he struck it off with his nail, and so he laid six sheaths in succession at the head-smith's feet and saying, "Here is the needle," laid it on his hand. The thousand smiths snapped their fingers in delight, and the waving of cloths began; then the head-smith asked, "Friend, what is the strength of this needle?" "Master, have this anvil raised up by a strong man and a water-vessel set under the anvil: then strike the needle straight into the anvil." He had this done and struck the needle by the point into the anvil. The needle[1] piercing the anvil lay across on the surface of the water not moving a hair's breadth up or down. All the smiths said, "We have never heard all this time even by rumour that there are such smiths as this:" so they snapped their fingers and waved a thousand cloths. [286] The head-smith called his daughter and in the midst of the assembly saying, "This maiden is a suitable match for you," he poured water on[2] them and gave her away. And afterwards when the head-smith died the Bodhisatta became head-smith in the village.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "The smith's daughter was Rāhula's mother, the clever young smith was myself."

No. 388.

TUṆḌILA-JĀTAKA.

"*Something strange to-day,*" *etc.* The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a brother who feared death. He was born in Sāvatthi of good family and was ordained in the Faith: but he feared death and when he heard even a little moving of a bough, or falling of a stick or voice of bird or

[1] Reading *adhikaraṇim*: but we are not certain of the meaning.

[2] See Colebrooke's *Essays*, vol. I. p. 232.

beast or any such thing, he was frightened by the fear of death, and went away shaking like a hare wounded in the belly. The Brethren in the Hall of Truth began to discuss, saying, "Sirs, they say a certain Brother, fearing death, runs away shaking when he hears even a little sound: now to beings in this world death is certain, life uncertain, and should not this be wisely borne in mind?" The Master found that this was their subject and that the Brother allowed he was afraid of death: so he said, "Brethren, he is not afraid of death for the first time," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by a wild sow: in due time she brought forth two male young. One day she took them and lay down in a pit. An old woman of a village at the gate of Benares was coming home with a basket-full of cotton from the cotton field [287] and tapping the ground with her stick. The sow heard the sound, and in fear of death left her young and ran away. The old woman saw the young pigs, and feeling towards them as to children of her own she put them in the basket and took them home: then she called the elder Mahātuṇḍila (Big-snout), the younger Cullatuṇḍila (Little-snout), and reared them like children. In time they grew up and became fat. When the old woman was asked to sell them for money, she answered, "They are my children," and would not sell them. On a certain feast-day some lewd fellows were drinking strong drink, and when their meat was done they considered where they could get meat: finding out that there were pigs in the old woman's house, they took money and going there, said, "Mother, take this money and give us one of those pigs." She said, "Enough, young men: are there people who would give their children to buyers to eat their flesh?" and so refused them. The fellows said, "Mother, pigs cannot be children of men, give them to us": but they could not get this though they asked again and again. Then they made the old woman drink strong drink, and when she was drunk, saying, "Mother, what will you do with the pigs? take the money and spend it," they put pieces of money in her hand. She took the pieces saying, "I cannot give you Mahātuṇḍila, take Cullatuṇḍila." "Where is he?" "There he is in that bush." "Call him." "I don't see any food for him." The fellows sent for a vessel of rice at a price. The old woman took it, and filling the pig's trough which stood at the door she waited by it. Thirty fellows stood by with nooses in their hands. The old woman called him, "Come, little Cullatuṇḍila, come." [288] Mahātuṇḍila, hearing this, thought, "All this time mother has never given the call to Cullatuṇḍila, she always calls me first; certainly some danger must have arisen for us to-day." He told his younger brother, saying, "Brother, mother is calling you, go and find out." He went out, and seeing them standing by the food-trough he thought, "Death is come upon me to-day,"

and so in fear of death he turned back shaking to his brother; and when he came back he could not contain himself but reeled about shaking. Mahātuṇḍila seeing him said, "Brother, you are shaking to-day and reeling and watching the entrance: why are you doing so?" He, explaining the thing that he had seen, spoke the first stanza:—

Something strange to-day I fear:
  The trough is full, and mistress by;
Men, noose in hand, are standing near:
  To eat appears a jeopardy.

Then the Bodhisatta hearing him said, "Brother Cullatuṇḍila, the purpose for which my mother rears pigs all this time [289] has to-day come to its fulfilment: do not grieve," and so with sweet voice and the ease of a Buddha he expounded the law and spoke two stanzas:—

You fear, and look for aid, and quake,
  But, helpless, whither can you flee?
We're fattened for our flesh's sake:
  Eat, Tuṇḍila, and cheerfully.

Plunge bold into the crystal pool,
  Wash all the stains of sweat away:
You'll find our ointment wonderful,
  Whose fragrance never can decay.

As he considered the Ten Perfections, setting the Perfection of Love before him as his guide, and uttered the first line, his voice reached and extended to Benares over the whole twelve leagues. At the instant of hearing it, the people of Benares from kings and viceroys downwards came, and those who did not come stood listening in their houses. The king's men breaking down the bush levelled the ground and scattered sand. The drunkenness left the lewd fellows, and throwing away the nooses they stood listening to the law: and the old woman's drunkenness left her also. The Bodhisatta began to preach the law to Cullatuṇḍila among the multitude.

[290] Cullatuṇḍila hearing him, thought, "My brother says so to me: but it is never our custom to plunge into the pool, and by bathing to wash away sweat from our bodies and after taking away old stain to get new ointment: why does my brother say so to me?" So he spoke the fourth stanza:—

But what is that fair crystal pool,
  And what the stains of sweat, I pray?
And what the ointment wonderful,
  Whose fragrance never can decay?

The Bodhisatta hearing this said, "Then listen with attentive ear," and so expounding the law with the ease of a Buddha he spoke these stanzas:—

The law is the fair crystal pool,
Sin is the stain of sweat, they say:
Virtue's the ointment wonderful,
Whose fragrance never will decay.

Men that lose their life are glad,
Men that keep it feel annoy:
Men should die and not be sad,
As at mid-month's festal joy.

[292] So the Great Being expounded the law in a sweet voice with a Buddha's charm. The multitude by thousands snapped their fingers and waved their cloths, and the air was full of the cry, "Good, good." The king of Benares honoured the Bodhisatta with royal place, and giving glory to the old woman he caused both pigs to be bathed in perfumed water, and clothed with robes, and ornamented with jewels on the neck, and put them in the position of his sons in the city: so he guarded them with a great retinue. The Bodhisatta gave the five commands to the king, and all the inhabitants of Benares and Käsi kept the commands. The Bodhisatta preached the law to them on the holy days (new and full moon), and sitting in judgment decided cases: while he lived there were no bringers of unjust suits. Afterwards the king died. The Bodhisatta did the last honours to his body: then he caused a book of judgments to be written and said, "By observing this book ye should settle suits": so having expounded the Law to the people and preached to them with zeal, he went to the forest with Cullatuṇḍila while they all wept and lamented. Then the Bodhisatta's preaching went on for sixty thousand years.

---

[293] After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—at the end of the Truths the Brother who feared death was established in the fruition of the first Path:—"In those days the king was Ānanda, Cullatuṇḍila was the Brother who fears death, the multitude was the Congregation, Mahātuṇḍila myself."

No. 389.

SUVAṆṆAKAKKAṬA-JĀTAKA.

"*Gold-clawed creature,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale when dwelling in the Bamboo-grove, of Ānanda's dying for his sake. The occasion is told in the Khaṇḍahāla[1] Birth about the hiring of bowmen, and in the Cullahaṃsa[2] Birth

[1] No. 542, vol. VI. [2] No. 533, vol. V.

about the roar of the elephant Dhanapāla[1]. Then they began a discussion in the Hall of Truth: "Sirs, has the Elder Ānanda, Treasurer of the Law, who attained all the wisdom possible to one still under discipline, given up his life for the Perfect Buddha when Dhanapāla came?" The Master came and was told the subject of their discussion: he said, "Brother, in former times also Ānanda gave up his life for me:" and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time there was a brahmin village called Sālindiya on the east side of Rājagaha. The Bodhisatta was born there in that village in a brahmin farmer's family. When he grew up he settled down and worked a farm of a thousand karīsas[2] in a district of Magadha to the north-east of the village. One day he had gone to the field with his men, and giving them orders to plough he went to a great pool at the end of the field to wash his face. In that pool there lives a crab of golden hue, beautiful and charming. The Bodhisatta having chewed his toothpick went down into the pool. When he was washing his mouth [294], the crab came near. Then he lifted up the crab and taking it laid it in his outer garment: and after doing his work in the field he put the crab again in the pool and went home. From that time when going to the field he always went first to that pool, laid the crab in his outer garment and then went about his work. So a strong feeling of confidence arose between them. The Bodhisatta came to the field constantly. Now in his eyes were seen the five graces and the three circles very pure. A she-crow in a nest on a palm in that corner of the field saw his eyes, and wishing to eat them said to the he-crow, "Husband, I have a longing." "Longing for what?" "I wish to eat the eyes of a certain brahmin." "Your longing is a bad one: who will be able to get them for you?" "I know that you can't: but in the ant-hill near our tree there lives a black snake: wait on him: he will bite the brahmin and kill him, then you will tear out his eyes and bring them to me." He agreed and afterwards waited on the black snake. The crab was grown great at the time when the seed sown by the Bodhisatta was sprouting. One day the snake said to the crow, "Friend, you are always waiting on me: what can I do for you?" "Sir, your female slave has taken a longing for the eyes of the master of this field: I wait on you in hopes of getting his eyes through your favour." The snake said, "Well, that is not difficult, you shall get them," and so encouraged him. Next day the snake lay waiting for the brahmin's coming, hidden [295] in the grass, by the boundary of the field where he came The Bodhisatta

[1] See introductory story to No. 21, Vol. i.; *Milindapañho*, p. 207.

[2] According to Childers, *Pali Dictionary* s.v. ammaṇam, this would be about eight thousand acres.

entering the pool and washing his mouth felt a return of affection for the crab, and embracing it laid it in his outer garment and went to the field. The snake saw him come, and rushing swiftly forward bit him in the flesh of the calf and having made him fall on the spot fled to his ant-hill. The fall of the Bodhisatta, the spring of the golden crab from the garment, and the perching of the crow on the Bodhisatta's breast followed close on each other. The crow perching put his beak into the Bodhisatta's eyes. The crab thought, "It was through this crow that the danger came on my friend: if I seize him the snake will come," so seizing the crow by the neck with its claw firmly as if in a vice, he got weary and then loosed him a little. The crow called on the snake, "Friend, why do you forsake me and run away? this crab troubles me, come ere I die," and so spoke the first stanza:—

Gold-clawed creature with projecting eyes,
Tarn-bred, hairless, clad in bony shell,
He has caught me: hear my woeful cries!
Why do you leave a mate that loves you well?

The snake hearing him, made its hood large and came consoling the crow.

The Master explaining the case in his Perfect Wisdom spoke the second stanza:—

[296] The snake fell on the crab amain, his friend he'd not forsake:
Puffing his mighty hood he came: but the crab turned on the snake.

The crab being weary then loosed him a little. The snake thinking, "Crabs do not eat the flesh of crows nor of snakes, then for what reason does this one seize us?" in enquiry spoke the third stanza:—

'Tis not for the sake of food
Crabs would seize a snake or crow:
Tell me, you whose eyes protrude,
Why you take and grip us so?

Hearing him, the crab explaining the reason spoke two stanzas:—

This man took me from the pool,
Great the kindness he has done;
If he dies, my grief is full:
Serpent, he and I are one.

Seeing I am grown so great
All would kill me willingly:
Fat and sweet and delicate,
Crows at sight would injure me!

[297] Hearing him, the snake thought: "By some means I must deceive him and free myself and the crow." So to deceive him he spoke the sixth stanza:—

If you have seized us only for his sake,
I'll take the poison from him: let him rise:
Quick! from the crow and me your pincers take;
Till then the poison's sinking deep, he dies.

Hearing him the crab thought, "This one wishes to make me let these two go by some means and then run away, he knows not my skill in device; now I will loosen my claw so that the snake can move, but I will not free the crow," so he spoke the seventh stanza:—

[298] I'll free the snake, but not the crow;
The crow shall be a hostage bound:
Never shall I let him go
Till my friend be safe and sound.

So saying he loosened his claw to let the snake go at his ease. The snake took away the poison and left the Bodhisatta's body free from it. He rose up well and stood in his natural hue. The crab thinking, "If these two be well there will be no prosperity for my friend, I will kill them," crushed both their heads like lotus-buds with his claws and took the life from them. The she-crow fled away from the place. The Bodhisatta spiked the snake's body with a stick and threw it on a bush, let the golden crab go free in the pool, bathed and then went to Sālindiya. From that time there was still greater friendship between him and the crab.

The lesson ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identifying the Birth spoke the last stanza:—

"Māra was the dusky serpent, Devadatta was the crow,
Good Ānanda was the crab, and I the brahmin long ago."

At the end of the Truths many reached the First Path and the other Paths. The female crow was Ciñcamānavikā, though this is not mentioned in the last stanza.

No. 390.

MAYHAKA-JĀTAKA.

[299] "*Did we joy,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, of a stranger merchant. There was in Sāvatthi a stranger merchant, rich and of great substance: he did not enjoy his wealth himself nor give it to others: if choice food of fine flavours was served he would not eat it, eating only broth of

rice-dust with sour gruel; if silken clothes perfumed with incense were brought him he had them removed, and wore clothes of coarse hair-cloth for sugar; if a chariot adorned with jewels and gold and drawn by high-bred horses were brought him, he had it taken away and went in a broken-down old chariot with a parasol of leaves overhead. All his life he did nothing with gifts or the other merits, and when he died he was born in the hell Roruva. His substance was heirless: and the king's men carried it into the palace in seven days and nights. When it was carried in, the king went after breakfast to Jetavana, and saluted the Master. When he was asked why he did not wait regularly on Buddha, he answered, "Lord, a stranger merchant has died at Sāvatthi: seven days have been spent in carrying his wealth, to which he left no heir, into my house: but though he had all that wealth he neither enjoyed it himself nor gave it to others: his wealth was like lotus-tanks guarded by demons. One day he fell into the jaws of death after refusing to enjoy the flavour of choice meats and the like. Now why did that selfish and undeserving man gain all that wealth, and for what reason did he not incline his thoughts to the enjoyment of it?" This was the question he put to the Master. "Great king, the reason why he gained his wealth and yet did not enjoy it, was this," and so at his request the Master told a tale of old times.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, there was an unbelieving selfish merchant in Benares: he gave nothing to any one, he provided for no one. One day going to wait on the king he saw a paccekabuddha, named Tagarasikhi, begging, and saluting him he asked, "Sir, have you got alms?" The paccekabuddha said, "Am I not begging, merchant?" [300] The merchant gave orders to his man, "Go, take him to my house, set him on my seat and give him his bowl-full of the food prepared for me." The man took him to the house, set him down, and told the merchant's wife: she gave him his bowl full of food of excellent flavours. He taking the food and leaving the house went along the street. The merchant, returning from court, saw him and saluting asked him if he had got food. "I have, merchant." The merchant, looking at his bowl, could not reconcile his will to it, but thinking, "Had my slaves or work-people eaten this food of mine they would have done me hard service: alas, it is a loss for me!" and he could not make the after-thought perfect. Now giving is rich in fruit only to one who can make the three thoughts perfect:—

Did we joy to feel the wish to give,
  Give the gift, and give it cheerfully,
Ne'er regret the giving while we live,
  Children born of us would never die.
Joy before the bounty's given, giving cheerfully,
Pleasure at the thought thereafter, that is perfect charity.

So the stranger merchant gained much wealth, by reason of his giving alms to Tagarasikhi, but he could not enjoy his wealth because he could not make his after-thought pure. "Lord, why did he have no son?" The Master said, "O king, this was the cause of his having no son": and so at his request he told a tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a merchant's family worth eighty crores. When he grew up, at his parents' death he provided for his younger brother and carried on the house: he made an alms-chamber at the house-door and lived as a householder giving much in alms. One son was born to him; and when the son could walk on his feet, he saw the misery of desires and the blessing of renunciation, so handing over all his substance [301] together with his wife and child to his younger brother, he exhorted him

to continue almsgiving with diligence; then he became an ascetic, and gaining the Faculties and Attainments he dwelt in the Himālaya. The younger brother took that one son: but seeing him grow up he thought, "If my brother's son lives, the estate will be divided into two parts, I will kill my brother's son." So one day, sinking him in a river, he killed him. After he had bathed and come home, his brother's wife asked him, "Where is my boy?" "He was disporting himself in the river: I looked for him but could not see him." She wept and said nothing. The Bodhisatta, knowing of this matter, thought, "I will make this business public"; and so going through the air and lighting at Benares in fair raiment under and upper, he stood at the door: not seeing the alms-chamber, he thought, "That wicked man has destroyed the chamber." The younger brother, hearing of his coming, came and saluted the Bodhisatta and taking him up to the roof gave him good food to eat. And when the meal was over, seated for friendly talk he said, "My son does not appear: where is he?" "Dead, my lord." "In what way?" "At a bathing place: but I do not know the exact way." "Not know, thou wicked man! your deed was known to me: did you not kill him in that way? will you be able to keep that wealth when destroyed by kings and others? What difference is there between you and the Mayha bird?" So the Bodhisatta expounding the law with the ease of a Buddha spoke these stanzas:—

There is a bird called Mayhaka, in mountain cave it lives:
On pipal trees with ripening fruit, 'mine,' 'mine' the cry it gives.

[302] The other birds, while thus he plains, in flocks about him fly:
They eat the fruit, but still goes on the Mayha's plaintive cry.

And even so a single man enormous wealth may win,
And yet may not divide it fair between himself and kin.

Not once enjoyment does he reap, of raiment or of food,
Of perfumes or of garlands gay; nor does his kinsfolk good.

'Mine, mine,' he whimpers as he guards his treasures greedily:
But kings, or robbers, or his heirs that wish to see him die
Pillage his wealth: yet still goes on the miser's plaintive cry.

A wise man, gaining riches great, is helpful to his kin:
'Tis thus he'll win repute on earth and heaven hereafter win.

[303] So the Great Being expounding to him the law made him renew the alms-giving, and going to the Himālaya pursued meditation without interruption and so went to the Brahmaloka heaven.

After the lesson, the Master said, "So, great king, the stranger merchant had neither son nor daughter for all that time because he killed his brother's son," and then he identified the Birth: "The younger brother was the stranger merchant, the elder was myself."

No. 391.

DHAJAVIHEṬHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Noble of face,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning his going about for the whole world's good. The occasion will appear in the Mahākaṇha Birth[1]. Then the Master said, "Brethren, this is not the first time the Tathāgata has gone about for the world's good," and so told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. At that time a wizard, using his magic, came at midnight and corrupted the chief queen of Benares. Her handmaids knew of this. She herself went to the king and said, "Your majesty, some man enters the royal chamber at midnight and corrupts me." "Could you make any mark on him?" "I can." So she got a bowl of real vermilion, and when the man came at night and was going away after enjoyment, she set the mark of her five fingers on his back and in the morning told the king. The king gave orders to his men to go and looking everywhere bring a man with a vermilion mark on his back.

Now the wizard after his misconduct at night stands by day in a cemetery on one foot worshipping the sun. The king's men saw him and surrounded him: but he, thinking that his action had become known to them, [304] used his magic and flew away in the air. The king asked his men when they came back from seeing this, "Did you see him?" "Yes, we saw him." "Who is he?" "A Brother, your majesty." For after his misconduct at night he lived by day in disguise of a Brother. The king thought, "These men go about by day in ascetic's garb and misconduct themselves at night;" so being angry with the Brethren, he adopted heretical views, and sent round a proclamation by drum that all the Brethren must depart from his kingdom and that his men would punish them wherever found. All the ascetics fled from the kingdom of Kāsi, which was three hundred leagues in extent, to other royal cities, and there was no one, righteous Buddhist or Brahmin, to preach to the men of all Kāsi; so that the men without preaching became savage, and being averse to charity and the commandments were born in a state of punishment for the most part as they died, and never got birth in heaven. Sakka, not

[1] No. 469, vol. iv.

seeing any new gods, reflected on what the reason might be, and saw that it was the expulsion of the Brethren from the kingdom by the king of Benares owing to his adopting heretical views in anger about the wizard: then he thought, "Except myself there is no one who can destroy this king's heresy; I will be the helper of the king and his subjects," so he went to the paccekabuddhas in the Nandamūla cave and said, "Sirs, give me an old paccekabuddha, I wish to convert the kingdom of Kāsi." He got the senior among them. When he took his bowl and robes Sakka set him before and came himself after, making respectful salutation and venerating the paccekabuddha: himself becoming a beautiful young Brother he went thrice round the whole city from end to end, and then coming to the king's gate he stood in the air. They told the king, "Your majesty, there is a beautiful young Brother with a priest standing in the air [305] at the king's gate." The king rose from his seat and standing at the lattice said, "Young Brother, why do you, who are beautiful, stand venerating that ugly priest and holding his bowl and robes?" and so talking with him he spoke the first stanza:—

Noble of face, you make obeisance low;
Behind one mean and poor to sight you go:
Is he your better or your equal, say,
Declare to us your name and his, we pray.

The Sakka answered, "Great king, priests are in the place of teacher[1]; therefore it is not right that I should utter his name: but I will tell you my own name," so he spoke the second stanza:—

Gods do not tell the lineage and the name
  Of saints devout and perfect in the way:
As for myself, my title I proclaim,
  Sakka, the lord whom thirty gods obey.

The king hearing this asked in the third stanza what was the blessing of venerating the Brother:—

He who beholds the saint of perfect merits,
  And walks behind him with obeisance low:
[306] I ask, O king of gods, what he inherits,
  What blessings will another life bestow?

Sakka replied in the fourth stanza:—

He who beholds the saint of perfect merits,
  Who walks behind him with obeisance low:
Great praise from men in this world he inherits,
  And death to him the path of heaven will show.

The king hearing Sakka's words gave up his own heretical views, and in delight spoke the fifth stanza:—

[1] It is wrong to tell the name of a saintly teacher, cf. Mahāvagga i. 74. 1.

Oh, fortune's sun on me to-day doth rise,
Our eyes have seen thy majesty divine:
Thy saint appears, O Sakka, to our eyes,
And many a virtuous deed will now be mine.

Sakka, hearing him praising his master, spoke the sixth stanza:—

Surely 'tis good to venerate the wise,
To knowledge who their learned thoughts incline:
Now that the saint and I have met thine eyes,
O king, let many a virtuous deed be thine.

[307] Hearing this the king spoke the last stanza:—

From anger free, with grace in every thought,
I'll lend an ear whenever strangers sue:
I take thy counsel good, I bring to nought
My pride and serve thee, Lord, with homage due.

Having said so he came down from the terrace, saluted the paccekabuddha and stood on one side. The paccekabuddha sat cross-legged in the air and said, "Great king, that wizard was no Brother: henceforward recognise that the world is not vanity, that there are good Buddhists and Brahmins, and so give gifts, practise morality, keep the holy-days," preaching to the king. Sakka also by his power stood in the air, and preaching to the townsfolk, "Henceforward be zealous," he sent round proclamation by drum that the Buddhists and Brahmins who had fled should return. Then both went back to their own place. The king stood firm in the admonition and did good works.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—"At that time the paccekabuddha reached Nirvāna, the king was Ānanda, Sakka was myself."

No. 392.

BHISAPUPPHA-JĀTAKA.

"*You were never,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a certain Brother. The story is that the Brother had left Jetavana and dwelt in the Kosala kingdom near a certain wood: one day he went down into a lotus-pool [308], and seeing a lotus in flower he stood to leeward and smelt

it. Then the goddess who dwelt in that part of the forest frightened him saying, "Sir, you are a thief of odours, this is a kind of theft." He went back in a fright to Jetavana, and saluted the Master and sat down. "Where have you been staying, Brother?" "In such and such a wood, and the goddess frightened me in such and such a way." The Master said, "You are not the first who have been frightened by a goddess when smelling a flower; sages of old have been frightened in like manner," and at the Brother's request he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family of a village in Kāsi: when he grew up he learned the arts at Takkasilā, and afterwards became an ascetic and lived near a lotus-pool. One day he went down into the pool and stood smelling a lotus in full flower. A goddess who was in a hollow in a trunk of a tree alarming him spoke the first stanza:—

You were never given that flower you smell, though it's only a single bloom;
'Tis a species of larceny, reverend sir, you are stealing its perfume.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke the second stanza:—

I neither take nor break the flower: from afar I smell the bloom.
I cannot tell on what pretence you say I steal perfume.

At the same moment a man was digging in the pool for lotus-fibres and breaking the lotus-plants. The Bodhisatta seeing him said, "You call a man thief if he smells the flower from afar: [309] why do you not speak to that other man?" So in talk with her he spoke the third stanza:—

A man who digs the lotus-roots and breaks the stalks I see:
Why don't you call the conduct of that man disorderly?

The goddess, explaining why she did not speak to him, spoke the fourth and fifth stanzas:—

Disgusting like a nurse's dress are men disorderly:
I have no speech with men like him, but I deign to speak to thee.

When a man is free from evil stains and seeks for purity,
A sin like a hair-tip shows on him like a dark cloud in the sky.

So alarmed by her the Bodhisatta in emotion spoke the sixth stanza:—

Surely, fairy, you know me well, to pity me you deign:
If you see me do the like offence, pray speak to me again.

Then the goddess spoke to him the seventh stanza:—

I am not here to serve you, no hireling folk are we:
Find, Brother, for yourself the path to reach felicity.

[310] So exhorting him she entered her own abode. The Bodhisatta entered on high meditation and was born in the Brahmaloka world.

The lesson ended, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth.—at the end of the Truths, the Brother was established in the fruit of the First Path:—"At that time the goddess was Uppalavaṇṇā, the ascetic myself."

No. 393.

VIGHĀSA-JĀTAKA.

"*Happy life is theirs,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in the East Garden, concerning some Brethren who were given to amusement. The great Moggallāna had shaken their dwelling and alarmed them. The Brethren sat discussing their fault in the Hall of Truth. The Master being told this said to them, "They are not given to amusement for the first time," and so told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. Seven brothers in a certain village of Kāsi seeing the evil of desires had renounced them and become ascetics: they dwelt in Mejjhārañña but lived in various kinds of amusement, not practising devotion diligently and being of full habit of body. Sakka, king of gods, said, "I will alarm them;" and so he became a parrot, came to their dwelling-place and perching on a tree spoke the first stanza to alarm them:—

[311] Happy life is theirs who live on remnants left from charity:
Praise in this world is their lot, and in the next felicity.

Then one of them hearing the parrot's words called to the rest, and spoke the second stanza:—

Should not wise men listen when a parrot speaks in human tongue:
Hearken, brethren: 'tis our praises clearly that this bird has sung.

Then the parrot denying this spoke the third stanza:—

Not your praises I am singing, carrion-eaters: list to me,
Refuse is the food you eat, not remnants left from charity.

When they heard him, they all together spoke the fourth stanza :—

Seven years ordained, with duly tonsured hair,
In Mejjhārañña here we spend our days,
Living on remnants: if you blame our fare,
Who is it then you praise?

The Great Being spoke the fifth stanza, putting them to shame :—

Leavings of the lion, tiger, ravening beast, are your supply:
Refuse truly, though ye call it remnants left from charity.

[312] Hearing him the ascetics said, "If we are not eaters of remnants, then who pray are?" Then he telling them the true meaning spoke the sixth stanza :—

They who giving alms to priests and brahmins, wants to satisfy
Eat the rest, 'tis they who live on remnants left from charity.

So the Bodhisatta put them to shame and went to his own place.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "At that time the seven brothers were the sportive Brethren, Sakka was myself."

No. 394.

VAṬṬAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Oil and butter,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a greedy Brother. Finding that he was greedy the Master said to him, "This is not the first time you are greedy: once before through greed in Benares you were not satisfied with carcases of elephants, oxen, horses and men; and in hopes of getting better food you went to the forest;" and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a quail and lived in the forest on rude grass and seeds. At the time there was in Benares a greedy crow who, not content with carcases of elephants and other animals, went to the forest in hopes of better food: eating wild fruits there he saw the Bodhisatta and thinking "This quail is very fat: I fancy he eats sweet food, I will ask

him of his food and eating it become fat myself," he perched on a bough above the Bodhisatta. The Bodhisatta [313], without being asked, gave him greeting and spoke the first stanza :—

Oil and butter are your victuals, nuncle ; rich your food, I trow :
Tell me then what is the reason of your leanness, master crow.

Hearing his words the crow spoke three stanzas :—

I dwell in midst of many foes, my heart goes pit-a-pat
In terror as I seek my food : how can a crow be fat?

Crows spend their lives in fear, their wits for mischief ever keen;
The bits they pick are not enough ; good quail, that's why I'm lean.

Rude grass and seeds are all your food : there's little richness there :
Then tell me why you're fat, good quail, on such a scanty fare.

The Bodhisatta hearing him spoke these stanzas, explaining the reason of his fatness :—

I have content and easy mind, short distances to go,
I live on anything I get, and so I'm fat, good crow.

Content of mind, and happiness with little care of heart,
A standard easily attained : that life's the better part.

---

[314] After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth :—At the end of the Truths the Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path : "At that time the crow was the greedy Brother, the quail was myself."

No. 395.

KĀKA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Our old friend,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a greedy Brother. The occasion is as above.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a pigeon and lived in a nest-basket in the kitchen of a

[1] Cf. no. 42, vol. i.; no. 274, vol. ii.

Benares merchant. A crow became intimate with him and lived there also. Here the story is to be expanded. The cook pulled out the crow's feathers and sprinkled him with flour, then piercing a cowrie he hung it on the crow's neck and threw him into a basket. The Bodhisatta came from the wood, and seeing him made a jest and spoke the first stanza :—

Our old friend! look at him!
  A jewel bright he wears;
His beard in gallant trim,
  How gay our friend appears!

[315] The crow hearing him spoke the second stanza :—

My nails and hair had grown so fast,
  They hampered me in all I did:
A barber came along at last,
  And of superfluous hair I'm rid.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke the third stanza :—

Granted you got a barber then,
  Who has cropped your hair so well:
Round your neck, will you explain,
  What's that tinkling like a bell?

Then the crow uttered two stanzas :—

Men of fashion wear a gem
  Round the neck : it's often done:
I am imitating them:
  Don't suppose it's just for fun.

If you're really envious
  Of my beard that's trimmed so true:
I can get you barbered thus;
  You may have the jewel too.

The Bodhisatta hearing him spoke the sixth stanza :—

Nay, 'tis you they best become,
  Gem and beard that's trimmed so true.
I find your presence troublesome:
  I go with a good-day to you.

[316] With these words he flew up and went elsewhere; and the crow died then and there.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth :—After the Truths, the greedy Brother was established in the fruition of the Third Path: "At that time the crow was the greedy Brother, the pigeon was myself."

BOOK VII. SATTANIPĀTA.

No. 396.

KUKKU-JĀTAKA.

[317] "*The peak's a cubit,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the admonition of a king. The occasion will appear in the Tesakuṇa-Birth[1].

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his councillor in things temporal and spiritual. The king was set on the way of the evil courses, ruled his kingdom unrighteously and collected wealth by oppressing the people. The Bodhisatta wishing to admonish him goes about looking for a parable. Now the king's bed-chamber was unfinished and the roof was not complete upon it: the rafters supported a peak but were only just set in position. The king had gone and taken his pleasure in the park: when he came to his house he looked up and saw the round peak: fearing it would fall upon him he went and stood outside, then looking up again he thought "How is that peak resting so? and how are the rafters?" and asking the Bodhisatta he spoke the first stanza:—

[318] The peak's a cubit and a half in height,
Eight spans will compass it in circuit round,
Of simsapa and sāra built aright:
Why does it stand so sound?

Hearing him the Bodhisatta thought "I have now got a parable to admonish the king," and spoke these stanzas:—

The thirty rafters bent, of sāra wood,
Set equally, encompass it around,
They press it tightly, for their hold is good:
'Tis set aright and sound.

[1] No. 521, vol. v.

So is the wise man, girt by faithful friends,
By steadfast counsellors and pure:
Never from height of fortune he descends:
As rafters hold the peak secure.

[319] While the Bodhisatta was speaking, the king considered his own conduct, "If there is no peak, the rafters do not stand fast; the peak does not stand if not held by the rafters; if the rafters break, the peak falls: and even so a bad king, not holding together his friends and ministers, his armies, his brahmins and householders, if these break up, is not held by them but falls from his power: a king must be righteous." At that instant they brought him a citron as a present. The king said to the Bodhisatta, "Friend, eat this citron." The Bodhisatta took it and said, "O king, people who know not how to eat this make it bitter or acid: but wise men who know take away the bitter, and without removing the acid or spoiling the citron-flavour they eat it," and by this parable he showed the king the means of collecting wealth, and spoke two stanzas:—

The rough-skinned citron bitter is to eat,
If it remain untouched by carver's steel:
Take but the pulp. O king, and it is sweet:
You spoil the sweetness if you add the peel.

Even so the wise man without violence,
Gathers king's dues in village and in town,
Increases wealth, and yet gives no offence:
He walks the way of right and of renown.

[320] The king taking counsel with the Bodhisatta went to a lotus-tank, and seeing a lotus in flower, with a hue like the new-risen sun, not defiled by the water, he said: "Friend, that lotus grown in the water stands undefiled by the water." Then the Bodhisatta said, "O king, so should a king be," and spoke these stanzas in admonition:—

Like the lotus in the pool,
White roots, waters pure, sustain it;
In the sun's face flowering full,
Dust nor mud nor wet can stain it.

So the man whom virtues rule,
Meek and pure and good we style him:
Like the lotus in the pool
Stain of sin cannot defile him.

[321] The king hearing the Bodhisatta's admonition afterwards ruled his kingdom righteously, and doing good actions, charity and the rest, became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the wise minister myself."

No. 397.

MANOJA-JĀTAKA.

"*The bow is bent*," *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, concerning a Brother who kept bad company. The occasion was given at length in the Mahilāmukhata Birth[1]. The Master said, "Brethren, he is not keeping bad company for the first time," and told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a lion and living with a lioness had two children, a son and a daughter. The son's name was Manoja. When he grew up he took a young lioness to wife: and so they became five. Manoja killed wild buffaloes and other animals, and so got flesh to feed his parents, sister and wife. [322] One day in his hunting ground he saw a jackal called Giriya, unable to run away and lying on his belly. "How now, friend?" he said. "I wish to wait on you, my lord." "Well, do so." So he took the jackal to his den. The Bodhisatta seeing him said, "Dear Manoja, jackals are wicked and sinners, and give wrong advice; don't bring this one near you:" but could not hinder him. Then one day the jackal wished to eat horseflesh, and said to Manoja, "Sir, except horseflesh there is nothing we have not eaten; let us take a horse." "But where are there horses, friend?" "At Benares by the river bank." He took this advice and went with him there when the horses bathe in the river; he took one horse, and throwing it on his back he came with speed to the mouth of his den. His father eating the horseflesh said, "Dear, horses are kings' property, kings have many stratagems, they have skilful archers to shoot; lions who eat horseflesh don't live long, henceforward don't take horses." The lion not following his father's advice went on taking them. The king, hearing that a lion was taking the horses, had a bathing-tank for horses made inside the town: but the lion still came and took them. The king had a stable made, and had fodder and water given them inside it. The lion came over the wall and took the horses even from the stable. The king had an archer called who shot like lightning, and asked if he could shoot a lion. He said he could, and making a tower near the wall where the lion came he waited there. The lion came and, posting the jackal in a cemetery outside, sprang into the town to take the horses. The

[1] No. 26, vol. i. p. 185.

archer thinking "His speed is very great when he comes," did not shoot him, but when he was going away after taking a horse, hampered by the heavy weight, he hit him with a sharp arrow in the hind quarters. The arrow came out at his front quarters and flew in the air. [323] The lion yelled "I am shot." The archer after shooting him twanged his bow like thunder. The jackal hearing the noise of lion and bow said to himself, "My comrade is shot and must be killed, there is no friendship with the dead, I will now go to my old home in the wood," and so he spoke two stanzas:—

The bow is bent, the bowstring sounds amain;
Manoja, king of beasts, my friend, is slain.

Alas, I seek the woods as best I may:
Such friendship's naught; others must be my stay.

The lion with a rush came and threw the horse at the den's mouth, falling dead himself. His kinsfolk came out and saw him blood-stained, blood flowing from his wounds, dead from following the wicked; and his father, mother, sister and wife seeing him spoke four stanzas in order:—

His fortune is not prosperous whom wicked folk entice;
Look at Manoja lying there, through Giriya's advice.

No joy have mothers in a son whose comrades are not good:
Look at Manoja lying there all covered with his blood.

And even so fares still the man, in low estate he lies,
Who follows not the counsel of the true friend and the wise.

This, or worse than this, his fate
Who is high, but trusts the low:
[324] See, 'tis thus from kingly state
He has fallen to the bow.

Lastly, the stanza of the Perfect Wisdom:—

Who follows outcasts is himself out cast,
Who courts his equals ne'er will be betrayed,
Who bows before the noblest rises fast;
Look therefore to thy betters for thine aid.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths the brother who kept bad company was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the jackal was Devadatta, Manoja was the keeper of bad company, his sister was Uppalavaṇṇā, his wife the Sister Khemā, his mother the mother of Rāhula, his father myself."

No. 398.

SUTANO-JĀTAKA.

"*The King has sent,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a Brother who supported his mother. The occasion will appear in the Sāma[1] Birth.

---

[325] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the family of a poor householder: they called his name Sutana. When he grew up he earned wages and supported his parents: when his father died, he supported his mother. The king of that day was fond of hunting. One day he went with a great retinue to a forest a league or two in extent, and made proclamation to all, "If a deer escape by any man's post, the man is fined the value of the deer." The ministers having made a concealed hut by the regular road gave it to the king. The deer were roused by the crying of men who had surrounded their lairs, and one antelope came to the king's post. The king thought, "I will hit him," and sent an arrow. The animal, who knew a trick, saw that the arrow was coming to his broadside, and wheeling round fell as if wounded by the arrow. The king thought, "I have hit him," and rushed to seize him. The deer rose and fled like the wind. The ministers and the rest mocked the king. He pursued the deer and when it was tired he cut it in two with his sword: hanging the pieces on one stick he came as if carrying a pole and saying, "I will rest a little," he drew near to a banyan tree by the road and lying down fell asleep. A yakkha called Makhādeva was reborn in that banyan, and got from Vessavaṇa[2] all living things who came to it as his food. When the king rose he said, "Stay, you are my food," and took him by the hand. "Who are you?" said the king. "I am a yakkha born here, I get all men who come to this place as my food." The king, taking good heart, asked, "Will you eat to-day only or continually?" "I will eat continually what I get." "Then eat this deer to-day and let me go; from to-morrow I will send you a man with a plate of rice every day." "Be careful then: on the day when no one is sent [326] I will eat you." "I am king of Benares: there is nothing I cannot do." The yakkha took his promise and let him go. When the king came to the town, he told the case to a minister in attendance and asked what was to be done.

[1] No. 540, vol. VI.

[2] King of the yakkhas.

"Was a limit of time fixed, O king?" "No." "That was wrong when you were about it: but never mind, there are many men in the jail." "Then do you manage this affair, and give me life." The minister agreed, and taking a man from the jail every day sent him to the yakkha with a plate of rice without telling him anything. The yakkha eats both rice and man. After a time the jails became empty. The king finding no one to carry the rice shook with fear of death. The minister comforting him said, "O king, desire of wealth is stronger than desire of life: let us put a packet of a thousand pieces on an elephant's back and make proclamation by drum, 'Who will take rice and go to the yakkha and get this wealth?'" and he did so. The Bodhisatta thought, "I get pence and halfpence for my wages and can hardly support my mother: I will get this wealth and give it her, and then go to the yakkha: if I can get the better of him, well, and if I cannot she will live comfortably": so he told his mother, but she said, "I have enough, dear, I don't need wealth," and so forbade him twice; but the third time without asking her, he said, "Sirs, bring the thousand pieces, I will take the rice." So he gave his mother the thousand pieces and said, "Don't fret, dear; I will overcome the yakkha and give happiness to the people: I will come making your tearful face to laugh," and so saluting her he went to the king with the king's men, and saluting him stood there. The king said, "My good man, will you take the rice?" "Yes, O king." "What should you take with you?" [327] "Your golden slippers, O king." "Why?" "O king, that yakkha gets to eat all people standing on the ground at the foot of the tree: I will stand on slippers, not on his ground." "Anything else?" "Your umbrella, O king." "Why so?" "O king, the yakkha gets to eat all people standing in the shade of his own tree: I will stand in the shade of the umbrella, not of his tree." "Anything else?" "Your sword, O king." "For what purpose?" "O king, even goblins fear those with weapons in their hands." "Anything else?" "Your golden bowl, O king, filled with your own rice." "Why, good man?" "It is not meet for a wise man like me to take coarse food in an earthen dish." The king consented and sent officers to give him all he asked. The Bodhisatta said, "Fear not, O great king, I will come back to-day having overcome the yakkha and caused you happiness," and so taking the things needful and going to the place, he set men not far from the tree, put on the golden slippers, girt the sword, put the white umbrella over his head, and taking rice in a gold dish went to the yakkha. The yakkha watching the road saw him and thought, "This man comes not as they came on the other days, what is the reason?" The Bodhisatta drawing near the tree pushed the plate of rice in the shadow with the sword-point, and standing near the shadow spoke the first stanza:—

The king has sent thee rice prepared and seasoned well with meat:
If Makhādeva is at home, let him come forth and eat!

[328] Hearing him the yakkha thought, "I will deceive him, and eat him when he comes into the shadow," and so he spoke the second stanza:—

> Come inside, young man, with your seasoned food,
> Both it and you, young man, to eat are good.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke two stanzas:—

> Yakkha, you'll lose a great thing for a small,
> Men fearing death will bring no food at all.
>
> You'll have good supply of cheer,
> Pure and sweet and flavoured to your mind:
> But a man to bring it here,
> If you eat me, will be hard to find.

[329] The yakkha thought, "The young man speaks sense," and being well disposed spoke two stanzas:—

> Young Sutana, my interests are clearly as you show:
> Visit your mother then in peace, you have my leave to go.
>
> Take sword, and parasol, and dish, young man, and go your ways,
> Visit your mother happily and bring her happy days.

Hearing the yakkha's words the Bodhisatta was pleased, thinking, "My task is accomplished, the yakkha overcome, much wealth won and the king's word made good," and so returning thanks to the yakkha he spoke a final stanza:—

> With all thy kith and kin, yakkha, right happy may you be:
> The king's command has been performed, and wealth has come to me.

So he admonished the yakkha, saying, "Friend, you did evil deeds of old, you were cruel and harsh, you ate the flesh and blood of others and so were born as a yakkha: from henceforth do no murder or the like:" so telling the blessings of virtue and the misery of vice, he established the yakkha in the five virtues: then he said, "Why dwell in the forest? come, I will settle you by the city gate and make you get the best rice." So he went away with the yakkha, making him take the sword and the other things, and came to Benares. They told the king that Sutana was come with the yakkha. The king with his ministers [330] went out to meet the Bodhisatta, settled the yakkha at the city gate and made him get the best rice: then he entered the town, made proclamation by drum, and calling a meeting of the townsfolk spoke the praises of the Bodhisatta and gave him the command of the army: himself was established in the Bodhisatta's teaching, did the good works of charity and the other virtues, and became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the Brother who supported his mother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the Yakkha was Aṅgulimāla, the king Ānanda, the youth myself."

No. 399.

GIJJHA-JĀTAKA.

"*How will the old folks,*" *etc.*—The Master told this when dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a Brother who supported his mother.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a vulture. When he grew up he put his parents, now old and dim of eye, in a vulture's cave and fed them by bringing them flesh of cows and the like. At the time a certain hunter laid snares for vultures all about a Benares cemetery. One day the Bodhisatta seeking for flesh came to the cemetery and caught his foot in the snares. He did not think of himself, but remembered his old parents. "How will my parents live now? I think they will die, ignorant that I am caught, helpless and destitute, wasting away in that hill-cave:" so lamenting he spoke the first stanza:—

How will the old folks manage now within the mountain cave?
For I am fastened in a snare, cruel Nilīya's slave.

[331] The son of a hunter, hearing him lament, spoke the second stanza, the vulture spoke the third, and so on alternately:—

Vulture, what strange laments of yours are these my ears that reach?
I never heard or saw a bird that uttered human speech.

I tend my aged parents within a mountain cave,
How will the old folks manage now that I've become your slave?

Carrion a vulture sights across a hundred leagues of land;
Why do you fail to see a snare and net so close at hand?

When ruin comes upon a man, and fates his death demand,
He fails to see a snare or net although so close at hand.

Go, tend your aged parents within their mountain-cave,
Go, visit them in peace, you have from me the leave you crave.

O hunter, happiness be thine, with all thy kith and kin:
I'll tend my aged parents their mountain-cave within.

Then the Bodhisatta, freed from the fear of death, joyfully gave thanks and speaking a final stanza took his mouthful of meat, and went away and gave it to his parents.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—[332] "At that time, the hunter was Channa, the parents were king's kin, the vulture-king myself."

No. 400.

DABBHAPUPPHA-JĀTAKA.[1]

"*Friend Anutīracārī,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning Upananda, of the Sakya tribe. He was ordained in the faith, but forsook the virtues of contentment and the rest and became very greedy. At the beginning of the rains he tried two or three monasteries, leaving at one an umbrella or a shoe, at one a walking-stick or a water-pot, and dwelling in one himself. He began the rains in a country-monastery, and saying, "The Brethren must live contentedly," explained to the Brethren, as if he were making the moon rise in the sky, the way to the noble state of content, praising contentment with the necessaries. Hearing him the Brethren threw away their pleasant robes and vessels, and took pots of clay and robes of dust-rags. He put the others in his own lodging, and when the rains and the pavāraṇā festival were over he filled a cart and went to Jetavana. On the way, behind a monastery in the forest, wrapping his feet with creepers and saying, "Surely something can be got here," he entered the monastery. Two old Brethren had spent the rains there: they had got two coarse cloaks and one fine blanket, and, as they could not divide them, they were pleased to see him, thinking, "This Elder will divide these between us," and said, "Sir, we cannot divide this which is raiment for the rains; we have a dispute about it, do you divide it between us." He consented and giving the two coarse cloaks to them he took the blanket, saying, "This falls to me who know the rules of discipline," and went away. These Elders, who loved the blanket, went with him to Jetavana, and told the matter to the Brethren who knew the rules, saying, "Is it right for those who know the rules to devour plunder thus?" The Brethren seeing the pile of robes and bowls brought by the Elder Upananda, said, "Sir, you have great merit, you have gained much food and raiment." He said, "Sirs, where is my merit? I gained this in such and such a manner," telling them all. In the Hall of Truth they raised a talk, saying, "Sirs, Upananda, of the Sakya tribe, is very covetous and greedy." [333] The Master, finding their subject, said, "Brothers, Upananda's deeds are not suited for progress; when a Brother explains progress to another he should first act suitably himself and then preach to others."

Yourself first stablish in propriety,
Then teach; the wise should not self-seeking be.

By this stanza of the Dhammapada he showed the law and said, "Brothers, Upananda is not covetous for the first time; he was so before and he plundered men's property before": and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-spirit by a river-bank. A jackal, named Māyāvī, had taken a wife and lived in a place by that river-bank. One day his mate said to him, "Husband, a longing has come upon me: I desire to eat a fresh rohita fish." He said, "Be easy, I will bring it you," and

[1] Cf. *Folk-lore Journal*, iv. 52, *Tibetan Tales*, p. 332.

going by the river he wrapt his feet in creepers, and went along the bank. At the moment, two otters, Gambhīracārī and Anutīracārī, were standing on the bank looking for fish. Gambhīracārī saw a great rohita fish, and entering the water with a bound he took it by the tail. The fish was strong and went away dragging him. He called to the other, "This great fish will be enough for both of us, come and aid me," speaking the first stanza :—

Friend Anutīracārī, rush to my aid, I pray:
I've caught a great fish : but by force he's carrying me away.

[334] Hearing him, the other spoke the second stanza :—

Gambhīracārī, luck to you! your grip be firm and stout,
And as a roc would lift a snake, I'll lift the fellow out.

Then the two together took out the rohita fish, laid him on the ground and killed him: but saying each to the other, "You divide him," they quarrelled and could not divide him: and so sat down, leaving him. At the moment the jackal came to the spot. Seeing him, they both saluted him and said, "Lord of the grey grass-colour, this fish was taken by both of us together: a dispute arose because we could not divide him: do you make an equal division and part it," speaking the third stanza :—

A strife arose between us, mark! O thou of grassy hue,
Let our contention, honoured sir, be settled fair by you.

The jackal hearing them, said, declaring his own strength :—

I've arbitrated many a case and done it peacefully:
Let your contention, honoured sirs, be settled fair by me.

Having spoken that stanza, and making the division, he spoke this stanza :—

Tail, Anutīracārī; Gambhīracārī, head:
The middle to the arbiter will properly be paid.

[335] So having divided the fish, he said, "You eat head and tail without quarrelling," and seizing the middle portion in his mouth he ran away before their eyes. They sat downcast, as if they had lost a thousand pieces, and spoke the sixth stanza :—

But for our strife, it would have long sufficed us without fail:
But now the jackal takes the fish, and leaves us head and tail.

The jackal was pleased and thinking "Now I will give my wife rohita fish to eat," he went to her. She saw him coming and saluting him spoke a stanza :—

Even as a king is glad to join a kingdom to his rule,
So I am glad to see my lord to-day with his mouth full.

Then she asked him about the means of attainment, speaking a stanza:—

How, being of the land, have you from water caught a fish?
How did you do the feat, my lord? pray answer to my wish.

The jackal, explaining the means to her, spoke the next stanza:—

By strife it is their weakness comes, by strife their means decay:
By strife the otters lost their prize: Māyāvi, eat the prey.

[336] There is another stanza uttered by the Perfect Wisdom of Buddha:—

Even so when strife arises among men,
They seek an arbiter: he's leader then:
Their wealth decays, and the king's coffers gain.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—"At that time the jackal was Upananda, the otters the two old men, the tree-spirit who witnessed the cause was myself."

No. 401.

DASAṆṆAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Dasanna's good sword,*" *etc.*—The Master told this, when living in Jetavana, concerning the temptation of a Brother by his wife when a layman. The Brother confessed that he was backsliding for this reason. The Master said, "That woman does you harm: formerly too you were dying of mental sickness owing to her, and got life owing to wise men," and so he told a tale of old.

---

[337] Once upon a time when the great king Maddava was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin household. They called his name young Senaka. When he grew up he learned all the sciences at Takkasilā, and coming back to Benares he became king Maddava's counsellor in things temporal and spiritual, and being called wise Senaka he was looked upon in all the city as the sun or the moon. The son of the king's household priest came to wait on the king and seeing the chief queen adorned with all ornaments and exceedingly beautiful, he became enamoured, and

when he went home lay without taking food. His comrades enquired of him and he told them the matter. The king said, "The household priest's son does not appear, how is this?" When he heard the cause, he sent for him and said, "I give her to you for seven days, spend those days at your house and on the eighth send her back." He said, "Very well," and taking her to his house took delight with her. They became enamoured of each other, and keeping it secret they fled by the house door and came to the country of another king. No man knew the place they went to, and their path was like the way of a ship. The king made proclamation by drum round the city, and though he sought in many ways he did not find the place whither she had gone. Then great sorrow for her fell upon him: his heart became hot and poured out blood: after that blood flowed from his entrails, and his sickness became great. The great royal physicians could not cure him. The Bodhisatta thought, "The disease is not in the king, he is touched by mental sickness because he sees not his wife: I will cure him by a certain means"; so he instructed the king's wise counsellors, Āyura and Pukkusa by name, saying, "The king has no sickness, except mental sickness because he sees not the queen: now he is a great helper to us and we will cure him by a certain means: [338] we will have a gathering in the palace-yard and make a man who knows how to do it swallow a sword: we will put the king at a window and make him look down on the gathering: the king seeing the man swallow a sword will ask, 'Is there anything harder than that?' Then, my lord Āyura, you should make answer, 'It is harder to say 'I give up so and so'": then he will ask you, my lord Pukkusa, and you should make answer, "O king, if a man says, 'I give up so and so' and does not give it, his word is fruitless, no men live or eat or drink by such words; but they who do according to that word and give the thing according to their promise, they do a thing harder than the other: then I will find what to do next." So he made a gathering. Then these three wise men went and told the king, saying, "O great king, there is a gathering in the palace-yard; if men look down on it their sorrow becomes joy, let us go thither": so they took the king, and opening a window made him look down on the gathering. Many people were showing off each his own art which he knew: and a man was swallowing a good sword of thirty-three inches and sharp of edge. The king seeing him thought, "This man is swallowing the sword, I will ask these wise men if there is anything harder than that": so he asked Āyura, speaking the first stanza:—

[1] Dasanna's good sword thirsts for blood, its edge is sharpened perfectly:
Yet 'midst the crowd he swallows it: a harder feat there cannot be:
I ask if anything is hard compared to this: pray answer me.

[1] A kingdom in Central India, apparently a seat of the sword-making art.

[339] Then he spoke the second stanza in answer:—

Greed may lure a man to swallow swords though sharpened perfectly:
But to say, 'I give this freely,' that a harder feat would be;
All things else are easy; royal Māgadha, I've answered thee.

When the king heard wise Āyura's words, he thought, "So then it is harder to say, 'I give this thing,' than to swallow a sword: I said, 'I give my queen to the priest's son': I have done a very hard thing": and so his sorrow at heart became a little lighter. Then thinking, "Is there anything harder than to say, 'I give this thing to another'?" he talked with wise Pukkusa and spoke the third stanza:—

Āyura has solved my question, wise in all philosophy:
Pukkusa I ask the question now, if harder feat there be:
Is there aught that's hard compared to this? pray answer me.

The wise Pukkusa in answer to him spoke the fourth stanza:—

Not by words men live, and not by language uttered fruitlessly:
But to give and not regret it, that a greater feat would be:
All things else are easy; royal Māgadha, I've answered thee.

[340] The king, hearing this, considered, "I first said, 'I will give the queen to the priest's son,' and then I did according to my word and gave her: surely I have done a hard thing": so his sorrow became lighter. Then it came into his mind, "There is no one wiser than wise Senaka, I will ask this question of him": and asking him he spoke the fifth stanza:—

Pukkusa has solved my question, wise in all philosophy:
Senaka I ask the question now, if harder feat there be:
Is there aught that's hard compared to this? pray answer me.

So Senaka spoke the sixth stanza in answer to him:—

If a man should give a gift, or small or great, in charity,
Nor regret the giving after: that a harder feat would be:
All things else are easy: royal Māgadha, I've answered thee.

The king, hearing the Bodhisatta's words, reflected: "I gave the queen to the priest's son of my own thought: [341] now I cannot control my thought, I sorrow and pine: this is not worthy of me. If she loved me she would not forsake her kingdom and flee away: what have I to do with her when she has not loved me but fled away?" As he thought thus, all his sorrow rolled away and departed like a drop of water on a lotus leaf. That instant his entrails were at rest. He became well and happy, and praised the Bodhisatta, speaking the final stanza:—

Āyura answered question, good Pukkusa as well:
The words of Senaka the wise all answers do excel.

And after this praise he gave him much wealth in his delight.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—after the Truths, the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the queen was the wife of his layman days, the king the backsliding Brother, Āyura was Moggallāna, Pukkusa was Sāriputta, and the wise Senaka was myself."

No. 402.

SATTUBHASTA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Thou art confused,*" *etc.*—The Master told this when staying in Jetavana, concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. The occasion of the story will appear in the Ummagga-Birth[2].

Once upon a time a king called Janaka was reigning in Benares. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family, and they called his name young Senaka. When he grew up he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and returning to Benares saw the king. The king set him in the place of minister and gave him great glory. [342] He taught the king things temporal and spiritual. Being a pleasant preacher of the law he established the king in the five precepts, in alms-giving, in keeping the fasts, in the ten ways of right action, and so established him in the path of virtue. Throughout the kingdom it was as it were the time of the appearing of the Buddhas. On the fortnightly fast the king, the viceroys and others would all assemble and decorate the place of meeting. The Bodhisatta taught the law in a decorated room in the middle of a deer-skin-couch with the power of a Buddha, and his word was like the preaching of Buddhas. Then a certain old brahmin begging for money-alms got a thousand pieces, left them in a brahmin family and went to seek alms again. When he had gone, that family spent all his pieces. He came back and would have his pieces brought him. The brahmin, being unable to give them to him, gave him his daughter to wife. The other brahmin took her and made his dwelling in a brahmin village not far from Benares. Because of her youth his wife was unsatisfied in desires and sinned with another young brahmin. There are sixteen things that cannot be satisfied: and what are these sixteen? The sea is not satisfied with all rivers, nor

[1] See *Folk-lore Journal*, iv. 175, *Tibetan Tales*, viii.

[2] No. 546, vol. vi.

the fire with fuel, nor a king with his kingdom, nor a fool with sins, nor a woman with three things, intercourse, adornment and child-bearing, nor a brahmin with sacred texts, nor a sage with ecstatic meditation, nor a sekha[1] with honour, nor one free from desire with penance, nor the energetic man with energy, nor the talker with talk, nor the politic man with the council, nor the believer with serving the church, nor the liberal man with giving away, nor the learned with hearing the law, nor the four congregations[2] with seeing the Buddha. So this brahmin woman [343], being unsatisfied with intercourse, wished to put her husband away and do her sin with boldness. So one day in her evil purpose she lay down. When he said, "How is it, wife?" she answered, "Brahmin, I cannot do the work of your house, get me a maid." "Wife, I have no money, what shall I give to get her?" "Seek for money by begging for alms and so get her." "Then, wife, get ready something for my journey." She filled a skin-bag with baked meal and unbaked meal, and gave them to him. The brahmin, going through villages, towns and cities, got seven hundred pieces, and thinking, "This money is enough to buy slaves, male and female," he was returning to his own village: at a certain place convenient for water he opened his sack, and eating some meal he went down to drink water without tying the mouth. Then a black snake in a hollow tree, smelling the meal, entered the bag and lay down in a coil eating the meal. The brahmin came, and without looking inside fastened the sack and putting it on his shoulder went his way. Then a spirit living in a tree, sitting in a hollow of the trunk, said to him on the way, "Brahmin, if you stop on the way you will die, if you go home to-day your wife will die," and vanished. He looked, but not seeing the spirit was afraid and troubled with the fear of death, and so came to the gate of Benares weeping and lamenting. It was the fast on the fifteenth day, the day of the Bodhisatta's preaching, seated on the decorated seat of the law, and a multitude with perfumes and flowers and the like in their hands came in troops to hear the preaching. The brahmin said, "Where are ye going?" and was told, "O brahmin, to-day wise Senaka preaches the law with sweet voice and the power of a Buddha: do you not know?" He thought, "They say he is a wise preacher, and I am troubled with the fear of death: wise men [344] are able to take away even great sorrow: it is right for me too to go there and hear the law." So he went with them, and when the assembly and the king among them had sat down round about the Bodhisatta, he stood at the outside, not far from the seat of the law, with his mealsack on his shoulder, afraid with the fear of death. The Bodhisatta preached as if he were bringing down the river of heaven or showering ambrosia. The multitude became well pleased, and making applause listened to the

[1] A holy man who has not attained sainthood.
[2] Brethren, Sisters, laymen and laywomen.

preaching. Wise men have far sight. At that moment the Bodhisatta, opening his eyes gracious with the five graces, surveyed the assembly on every side and, seeing that brahmin, thought, "This great assembly has become well pleased and listens to the law, making applause, but that one brahmin is ill pleased and weeps: there must be some sorrow within him to cause his tears: as if touching rust with acid, or making a drop of water roll from a lotus leaf, I will teach him the law, making him free from sorrow and well pleased in mind." So he called him, "Brahmin, I am wise Senaka, now will I make thee free from sorrow, speak boldly," and so talking with him he spoke the first stanza:—

Thou art confused in thought, disturbed in sense,
Tears streaming from thine eyes are evidence;
What hast thou lost, or what dost wish to gain
By coming hither? Give me answer plain.

[345] Then the brahmin, declaring his cause of sorrow, spoke the second stanza:—

If I go home my wife it is must die,
If I go not, the yakkha said, 'tis I;
That is the thought that pierces cruelly:
Explain the matter, Senaka, to me.

The Bodhisatta, hearing the brahmin's words, spread the net of knowledge as if throwing a net in the sea, thinking, "There are many causes of death to beings in this world: some die sunk in the sea, or seized therein by ravenous fish, some falling in the Ganges, or seized by crocodiles, some falling from a tree or pierced by a thorn, some struck by weapons of divers kinds, some by eating poison or hanging or falling from a precipice or by extreme cold or attacked by diseases of divers kinds, so they die: now among so many causes of death from which cause shall this brahmin die if he stays on the road to-day, or his wife if he goes home?" As he considered, he saw the sack on the brahmin's shoulder and thought, "There must be a snake who has gone into that sack, and entering he must have gone in from the smell of the meal when the brahmin at his breakfast had eaten some meal and gone to drink water without fastening the sack's mouth: the brahmin coming back after drinking water must have gone on after fastening and taking up the sack without seeing that the snake had entered: [346] if he stays on the road, he will say at evening when he rests, 'I will eat some meal,' and opening the sack will put in his hand: then the snake will bite him in the hand and destroy his life: this will be the cause of his death if he stays on the road: but if he goes home the sack will come into his wife's hand; she will say, 'I will look at the ware within,' and opening the sack put in her hand, then the snake will bite her and destroy her life, and this will be the cause of her death if he goes home to-day." This he knew by his knowledge of expedients. Then this

came into his mind, "The snake must be a black snake, brave and fearless; when the sack strikes against the brahmin's broadside, he shows no motion or quivering; he shows no sign of his being there amidst such an assembly: therefore he must be a black snake, brave and fearless:" from his knowledge of expedients he knew this as if he was seeing with a divine eye. So as if he had been a man who had stood by and seen the snake enter the sack, deciding by his knowledge of expedients, the Bodhisatta answering the brahmin's question in the royal assembly spoke the third stanza:—

First with many a doubt I deal,
  Now my tongue the truth declares;
Brahmin, in your bag of meal
  A snake has entered unawares.

[347] So saying, he asked, "O brahmin, is there any meal in that sack of yours?" "There is, O sage." "Did you eat some meal to-day at your breakfast time?" "Yes, O sage." "Where were you sitting?" "In a wood, at the root of a tree." "When you ate the meal, and went to drink water, did you fasten the sack's mouth or not?" "I did not, O sage." "When you drank water and came back, did you fasten the sack after looking in?" "I fastened it without looking in, O sage." "O brahmin, when you went to drink water, I think the snake entered the sack owing to the smell of the meal without your knowledge: such is the case: therefore put down your sack, set it in the midst of the assembly and opening the mouth, stand back and taking a stick beat the sack with it: then when you see a black snake coming out with its hood spread and hissing, you will have no doubt:" so he spoke the fourth stanza:—

Take a stick and beat the sack,
  Dumb and double-tongued is he;
Cease your mind with doubts to rack;
  Ope the sack, the snake you'll see.

The brahmin, hearing the Great Being's words, did so, though alarmed and frightened. The snake came out of the sack when his hood was struck with the stick, and stood looking at the crowd.

---

[348] The Master, explaining the matter, spoke the fifth stanza:

Frightened, 'midst the assembled rout,
  String of meal-sack he untied;
Angry crept a serpent out,
  Hood erect, in all his pride.

When the snake came out with hood erect, there was a forecast of the Bodhisatta as the omniscient Buddha. The multitude began waving cloths and snapping fingers in thousands, the showers of the seven precious stones were as showers from a thick cloud, cries of 'good' were raised in hundreds of thousands,

and the noise was like the splitting of the earth. This answering of such a question with the power of a Buddha is not the power of birth, nor the power of men rich in gifts and high family: of what is it the power then? Of knowledge: the man of knowledge makes spiritual insight to increase, opens the door of the noble Paths, enters the great and endless nirvāna and masters the perfection of disciple-hood, paccека-buddha-hood, and perfect buddha-hood: knowledge is the best among the qualities that bring the great and endless nirvāna, the rest are the attendants of knowledge: and so it is said:—

'Wisdom is best,' the good confess,
  Like the moon in starry skies;
Virtue, fortune, righteousness,
  Are the handmaids of the wise.

When the question had been so answered by the Bodhisatta, a certain snake-charmer made a mouth-band for the snake, caught him and let him loose in the forest. The brahmin, coming up to the king, saluted him and made obeisance, and praising him spoke half a stanza:—

Great, king Janaka, thy gain,
Seeing Senaka the wise.

[349] After praising the king, he took seven hundred pieces from the bag and praising the Bodhisatta, he spoke a stanza and a half wishing to give a gift in delight:—

Dread thy wisdom; veils are vain,
Brahmin, to thy piercing eyes.

These seven hundred pieces, see,
Take them all, I give them thee;
'Tis to thee I owe my life,
And the welfare of my wife.

Hearing this, the Bodhisatta spoke the eighth stanza:—

For reciting poetry
  Wise men can't accept a wage;
Rather let us give to thee,
  Ere thou take the homeward stage.

So saying, the Bodhisatta made a full thousand pieces to be given to the brahmin, and asked him, "By whom were you sent to beg for money?" "By my wife, O sage." [350] "Is your wife old or young?" "Young, O sage." "Then she is doing sin with another, and sent you away thinking to do so in security: if you take these pieces home, she will give to her lover the pieces won by your labour: therefore you should not go home straight, but only after leaving the pieces outside the town at the root of a tree or somewhere:" so he sent him away. He, coming near the village, left his pieces at the root of a tree, and came home in the evening. His wife at that moment was seated with her lover. The brahmin stood at the door and said, "Wife." She recognised his voice, and putting out the light

opened the door: when the brahmin came in, she took the other and put him at the door: then coming back and not seeing anything in the sack she asked, "Brahmin, what alms have you got on your journey?" "A thousand pieces." "Where is it?" "It is left at such and such a place: never mind, we will get it to-morrow." She went and told her lover. He went and took it as if it were his own treasure. Next day the brahmin went, and not seeing the pieces came to the Bodhisatta, who said, "What is the matter, brahmin?" "I don't see the pieces, O sage." "Did you tell your wife?" "Yes, O sage." Knowing that the wife had told her lover, the Bodhisatta asked, "Brahmin, is there a brahmin who is a friend of your wife's?" "There is, O sage." "Is there one who is a friend of yours?" "Yes, O sage." Then the Great Being caused seven days' expenses to be given him and said, "Go, do you two invite and entertain the first day fourteen brahmins, seven for yourself and seven for your wife: from next day onwards take one less each day, till on the seventh day you invite one brahmin and your wife one: then if you notice that the brahmin your wife asks on the seventh day has come every time, tell me." [351] The brahmin did so, and told the Bodhisatta, "O sage, I have observed the brahmin who is always our guest." The Bodhisatta sent men with him to bring that other brahmin, and asked him, "Did you take a thousand pieces belonging to this brahmin from the root of such and such a tree?" "I did not, O sage." "You do not know that I am the wise Senaka; I will make you fetch those pieces." He was afraid and confessed, saying, "I took them." "What did you do?" "I put them in such and such a place, O sage." The Bodhisatta asked the first brahmin, "Brahmin, will you keep your wife or take another?" "Let me keep her, O sage." The Bodhisatta sent men to fetch the pieces and the wife, and gave the brahmin the pieces from the thief's hand; he punished the other, removing him from the city, punished also the wife, and gave great honour to the brahmin, making him dwell near himself.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths, many attained the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the brahmin was Ānanda, the spirit Sāriputta, the assembly was the church of Buddha, and wise Senaka was myself."

No. 403.

AṬṬHISENA-JĀTAKA.

"*Aṭṭhisena, many beggars,*" *etc.*—The Master told this when dwelling in the shrine called Aggāḷava near Āḷavī, concerning the regulations for the building of cells[1]. The occasion was told in the Maṇikaṇṭha Birth[2] above. The Master addressed the Brethren, saying, "Brethren, formerly [352] before Buddha was born in the world, priests of other religions, even though offered their choice by kings, never asked for alms, holding that begging from others was not agreeable or pleasant," and so he told the tale of old time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin household in a certain village, and they called his name young Aṭṭhisena. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and afterwards seeing the misery of desires he took the religious life, and reaching the higher Faculties and Attainments, he dwelt long in the Himalaya: then coming down among men to get salt and vinegar, he reached Benares, and after staying in a garden he came begging next day to the king's court. The king, being pleased with his bearing and manner, sent for him, and set him on a seat on the terrace, giving him good food: then receiving his thanks he was pleased, and exacting a promise made the Bodhisatta dwell in the royal garden, and went to wait on him two or three times each day. One day, being pleased with his preaching of the law, he gave him a choice, saying, "Tell me whatever you desire, beginning from my kingdom." The Bodhisatta did not say, "Give me so and so." Others ask for whatever they desire, saying, 'Give me this,' and the king gives it, if not attached to it. One day the king thought, "Other suitors and mendicants ask me to give them so and so; but the noble Aṭṭhisena, ever since I offered him a choice, asks for nothing: he is wise and skilful in device: I will ask him." So one day after the early meal he sat on one side, and asking him as to the cause of other men's making suits and his own making none, he spoke the first stanza:—

Aṭṭhisena, many beggars, though they're strangers utterly,
Throng to me with their petitions: why hast thou no suit to me?

[1] See above, p. 52.
[2] No. 253, vol. ii.

[353] Hearing him the Bodhisatta spoke the second stanza:—

Neither suitor, nor rejector of a suit, can pleasant be:
That's the reason, be not angry, why I have no suit to thee.

Hearing his words the king spoke three stanzas:—

He who lives by sueing, and has not at proper season sued,
Makes another fall from merit, fails to gain a livelihood.

He who lives by sueing, and has aye at proper season sued,
Makes another man win merit, gains himself a livelihood.

Men of wisdom are not angry when they see the suitors throng;
Speak, my holy friend; the boon thou askest never can be wrong.

[354] So the Bodhisatta, even though given the choice of the kingdom, made no suit. When the king's wish had been so expressed, the Bodhisatta to show him the priests' way said, "O great king, these suits are preferred by men of worldly desires and householders, not by priests: from their ordination priests must have a pure life unlike a householder:" and so showing the priests' way, he spoke the sixth stanza:—

Sages never make petitions, worthy laymen ought to know:
Silent stands the noble suitor: sages make petition so.

[355] The king hearing the Bodhisatta's words said, "Sir, if a wise attendant of his own knowledge gives what ought to be given to his friend, so I give to you such and such a thing," and so he spoke the seventh stanza:—

Brahmin, I offer thee a thousand kine,
  Red kine, and eke the leader of the herd:
Hearing but now those generous deeds of thine,
  I too in turn to generous deeds am stirred.

When he said this, the Bodhisatta refused, saying, "Great king, I took the religious life free from defilement: I have no need of cows." The king abode by his admonition; doing alms and other good works he became destined for heaven, and not falling away from his meditation, was born in the Brahma world.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths many were established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the king was Ānanda, Aṭṭhisena was myself."

No. 404.

KAPI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Let not the wise man,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning Devadatta being swallowed up by the earth. Finding that the Brethren were talking about this in the Hall of Truth, he said, "Devadatta has not been destroyed with his company now for the first time: he was destroyed before," and he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in the womb of a monkey, and lived in the king's garden with a retinue of five hundred monkeys. [356] Devadatta was also born in the womb of a monkey, and lived there also with a retinue of five hundred monkeys. Then one day when the king's family priest had gone to the garden, bathed and adorned himself, one tricky monkey going ahead of him sat above the gateway arch of the garden, and let excrement fall on the priest's head as he went out. When the priest looked up, he let it fall again in his mouth. The priest turned back, saying in threat to the monkeys, "Very well, I shall know how to deal with you," and went away after washing. They told the Bodhisatta that he had been angry and threatened the monkeys. He made announcement to the thousand monkeys, "It is not well to dwell near the habitation of the angry; let the whole troop of monkeys flee and go elsewhere." A disobedient monkey took his own retinue and did not flee, saying, "I will see about it afterwards." The Bodhisatta took his own retinue and went to the forest. One day a female slave pounding rice had put some rice out in the sun and a goat was eating it: getting a blow with a torch and running away on fire, he was rubbing himself on the wall of a grass-hut near an elephant-stable. The fire caught the grass-hut and from it the elephant-stable; in it the elephants' backs were burnt, and the elephant doctors were attending the elephants. The family priest was always going about watching for an opportunity of catching the monkeys. He was sitting in attendance on the king, and the king said, "Sir, many of our elephants have been injured, and the elephant doctors do not know how to cure them; do you know any remedy?" "I do, great king." "What is it?" "Monkey's fat, great king." "How shall we get it?" "There are many monkeys in the garden." The king said, "Kill monkeys in the garden and get their fat." The archers went and killed five hundred monkeys with arrows. One old

[1] Cf. *Kākajātaka*, no. 140, vol. i. and *Tibetan Tales*, xliii.

monkey fled although wounded by an arrow, and though he did not fall on the spot [357], fell when he came to the Bodhisatta's place of abode. The monkeys said, "He has died when he reached our place of abode," and told the Bodhisatta that he was dead from a wound he had got. He came and sat down among the assembly of monkeys, and spoke these stanzas by way of exhorting the monkeys with the exhortation of the wise, which is "Men dwelling near their enemies perish in this way:"—

Let not the wise man dwell where dwells his foe:
One night, two nights, so near will bring him woe.

A fool's a foe to all who trust his word:
One monkey brought distress on all the herd.

A foolish chief, wise in his own conceit,
Comes ever, like this monkey, to defeat.

A strong fool is not good to guard the herd,
Curse to his kindred, like the decoy-bird.

One strong and wise is good the herd to guard,
Like Indra to the Gods, his kin's reward.

Who virtue, wisdom, learning, doth possess,
His deeds himself and other men will bless.

Therefore virtue, knowledge, learning, and himself let him regard,
Either be a lonely Saint or o'er the flock keep watch and ward.

[358] So the Bodhisatta, becoming king of monkeys, explained the way of learning the Discipline.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the disobedient monkey was Devadatta, his troop was Devadatta's company and the wise king was myself."

No. 405.

BAKA-BRAHMA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Seventy and two,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the brahma[2] Baka. In him a false doctrine arose, namely, "This present existence is perpetual, permanent, eternal, unchanging: apart from it there is no salvation or release at all." In a former birth this brahma had once

[1] Cf. Hardy, *Manual of Budhism*, p. 348.

[2] A brahma means an angel in one of the Brahma-loka heavens, three of which are mentioned below.

practised meditation, so he was born in the Vehapphala heaven. Having spent there an existence of five hundred kalpas, he was born in the Subhakiṇṇa heaven; after sixty-four kalpas there he passed and was born in the Ābhassara heaven, where existence is for eight kalpas. It was there that this false doctrine arose in him. He forgot that he had passed from higher Brahmaloka heavens and had been born in that heaven, and perceiving neither of these things had taken up the false doctrine. The Lord, understanding his reflections, [359] as easily as a strong man can extend his bent arm or bend his extended arm, disappearing from Jetavana, appeared in that Brahmaloka. The brahma, seeing the Lord, said, "Come hither, my lord; welcome, my lord; it is a long time, my lord, since thou hast taken this opportunity, even for coming hither; this world, my lord, is perpetual, it is permanent, it is eternal, it is absolute, it is unchanging; this world is not born, it decays not, it dies not, it passes not away, it is not born again: apart from this world there is no other salvation beyond." When this was said, the Lord said to Baka the brahma, "Baka the brahma has come to ignorance, he has come to ignorance, when he will say that a thing which is not permanent is permanent, and so on, and that there is no other salvation apart from this when there is another salvation." Hearing this the brahma thought, "This one presses me hard, finding out exactly what I say," and as a timid thief, after receiving a few blows, says, "Am I the only thief? so and so and so and so are thieves too," showing his associates; so he, in fear of the Lord's questioning, showing that others were his associates, spoke the first stanza:—

Seventy and two, O Gotama, are we
Righteous and great, from birth and age we're free:
Our heaven is wisdom's home, there's nought above:
And many others will this view approve.

Hearing his words, the Master spoke the second stanza:—

[360] Short your existence in this world: 'tis wrong,
Baka, to think existence here is long:
A hundred thousand aeons past and gone
All your existence well to me is known.

Hearing this, Baka spoke the third stanza:—

Of wisdom infinite, O Lord, am I:
Birth, age, and sorrow, all beneath me lie:
What should I do with good works, long ago?
Yet tell me something, Lord, that I should know.

Then the Lord, relating and showing him things of past time, spoke four stanzas:—

To many a man of old thou gavest drink
For thirst and parching drought ready to sink:
That virtuous deed of thine so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

[361] By Eṇi's bank thou sett'st the people free
When chained and held in close captivity:
That virtuous deed of thine so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

By Ganges' stream the man thou didst set free,
Whose boat was seized by nāga, cruelly
Lusting for flesh, and save him mightily:
That virtuous deed of thine, so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

And I was Kappa, thy disciple true,
Thy wisdom and thy virtues all I knew:
And now those deeds of thine so long ago
Remembering, as if waked from sleep, I know.

[363] Hearing his own deeds from the Master's discourse, Baka gave thanks and spoke this last stanza:—

Thou knowest every life that hath been mine:
Buddha thou art, all wisdom sure is thine:
And sure thy glorious majesty and state
Even this Brahma world illuminate.

So the Master, making known his quality as Buddha and expounding the Law, shewed forth the Truths. At the end the thoughts of ten thousand brahmas were freed from attachments and sins. So the Lord became the refuge of many brahmas, and going back from Brahmaloka to Jetavana preached the law in the way described and identified the Birth: "At that time Baka the brahma was the ascetic Kesava, Kappa the disciple was myself."

No. 406.

GANDHĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"*Villages full sixteen thousand,*" *etc.*—The Master told this when dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the precept on the storing up of medicines[1]. The occasion however arose in Rājagaha. When the venerable Pilindiyavaccha went to the king's dwelling to set free the park-keeper's family[2], he made the palace all of gold by magic power: and the people in their delight brought to that elder the five kinds of medicine. He gave them away to the congregation of Brethren. So the congregation abounded in medicines, [364] and as they received the medicines, they filled pots and jars and bags in this way and laid them aside. People seeing this murmured, saying, "Those greedy priests are hoarding in their houses." The Master, hearing this thing, declared the precept, "Whatever medicines for sick brethren [sc. are received, must be used within seven days]," and said, "Brethren, wise men of old, before the Buddha appeared, ordained in heresy and keeping only the five precepts, used to chide those who laid aside even salt and sugar for the next day; but you, though ordained in such a rule of salvation, make a hoard for the second and the third day," and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was the king's son of the Gandhāra kingdom; at his father's death he became king and ruled with righteousness

[1] *Mahāvagga* vi. 15. 10.
[2] See *Mahāvagga* vi. 15. 1— .

In the Central Region, in the kingdom of Videha a king named Videha was ruling at the time. These two kings had never seen each other, but they were friends and had great trust the one in the other. At that time men were long-lived: their life was for thirty thousand years. Then once, on the fast day of the full moon, the king of Gandhāra had taken the vow of the commands[1], and on the dais in the middle of a royal throne prepared for him, looking through an open window on the eastern quarter, he sat giving to his ministers a discourse on the substance of the law. At that moment Rāhu was covering the moon's orb which was full and spreading over the sky. The moon's light vanished. The ministers, not seeing the moon's brightness, told the king that the moon was seized by Rāhu. The king, observing the moon, thought, "That moon has lost its light, being marred by some trouble from outside; now my royal retinue is a trouble, and it is not meet that I should lose my light like the moon seized by Rāhu: I will leave my kingdom like the moon's orb shining in a clear sky and become an ascetic: why should I admonish another? I will go about, detached from kin and people, admonishing myself alone: that is meet for me." So he said, "As ye please [365] so do," and gave over the kingdom to his ministers. When he gave up his kingdom in the two kingdoms of Kashmir and Gandhāra, he took the religious life, and attaining the transcendental faculty he passed the rains in the Himālaya region devoted to the delight of meditation. The king of Videha, having asked of merchants, "Is it well with my friend?" heard that he had taken the religious life, and thought, "When my friend has taken the religious life, what should I do with a kingdom?" So he gave up the rule in his city of Mithila, seven leagues in extent, and his kingdom of Videha, three hundred leagues in extent, with sixteen thousand villages, storehouses filled, and sixteen thousand dancing girls, and without thinking of his sons and daughters he went to the Himālaya region and took the religious life. There he lived on fruits only, dwelling in a state of quietude. Both of them following this quiet life afterwards met, but did not recognise each other: yet they lived together in this quiet life in friendliness. The ascetic of Videha waited upon the ascetic of Gandhāra. On a day of full moon as they were sitting at the root of a tree and talking on things relating to the law, Rāhu covered the moon's orb as it was shining in the sky. The ascetic of Videha looked up, saying, "Why is the moon's light destroyed?" And seeing that it was seized by Rāhu, he asked, "Master, why has he covered the moon and made it dark?" "Scholar, that is the moon's one trouble, Rāhu by name; he hinders it from shining: I, seeing the moon's orb struck by Rāhu, thought, 'There is the moon's pure orb become dark by trouble from outside; now this kingdom is a trouble to

[1] A vow to keep the five moral precepts.

me: I will take the religious life so that the kingdom does not make me dark as Rāhu does the moon's orb': and so taking the moon's orb seized by Rāhu as my theme, I forsook my great kingdom and took the religious life." "Master, were you king of Gandhāra?" [366] "Yes, I was." "Master, I was the king Videha in the kingdom of Videha and city of Mithila: were we not friends though we never saw each other?" "What was your theme?" "I heard that you had taken the religious life and thinking, 'Surely he has seen the good of that life,' I took you as my theme, and leaving my kingdom took the religious life." From that time they were exceedingly intimate and friendly, and lived on fruits only. After a long time's dwelling there they came down from Himālaya for salt and vinegar, and came to a frontier village. The people, being pleased with their deportment, gave them alms and taking a promise made for them houses for the night and the like in the forest, and made them dwell there, and built by the road a room for taking their meals in a pleasant watered spot. They, after going their rounds for alms in the frontier village, sat and ate the alms in that hut of leaves and then went to their dwelling-house. The people who gave them food one day put salt on a leaf and gave it them, another day gave them saltless food. One day they gave them a great deal of salt in a leaf basket. The ascetic of Videha took the salt, and coming gave enough to the Bodhisatta at the meal time and took to himself the proper measure: then putting up the rest in a leaf basket he put it in a roll of grass, saying, "This will do for a saltless day." Then one day when saltless food was received, the man of Videha, giving the alms-food to the man of Gandhāra, took the salt from the roll of grass and said, "Master, take salt." "The people gave no salt to-day, where have you got it?" "Master, the people gave much salt one day before: then I kept what was over, saying, 'This will do for a saltless day.'" Then the Bodhisatta chid him, saying, "O foolish man, you forsook the kingdom of Videha, three hundred leagues in extent, took the religious life and attained freedom from attachments, and now you get a desire for salt and sugar." And so admonishing him he spoke the first stanza:—

[367] Villages full sixteen thousand with their wealth you threw away,
Treasuries with wealth in plenty: and you're hoarding here to-day!

Videha, being thus chidden, did not endure the chiding but became estranged, saying, "Master, you see not your own fault, though you see mine; did you not leave your kingdom and become religious, saying, 'Why should I admonish another? I will admonish myself alone': why then are you now admonishing me?" So he spoke the second stanza:—

Candahar and all its province, all its wealth, you threw away,
Giving no more royal orders: and you're ordering me to-day!

Hearing him the Bodhisatta spoke the third stanza:—

It is righteousness I'm speaking, for I hate unrighteousness:
Righteousness when I am speaking, sin on me leaves no impress.

The ascetic of Videha, hearing the Bodhisatta's words, said, "Master, it is not meet for one to speak after annoying and angering another, even though he speaks to the point: [368] you are speaking very harshly to me, as if shaving me with blunt steel," and so he spoke the fourth stanza:—

Whatsoever words, if spoken, would to others cause offence,
Wise men leave those words unspoken, though of mighty consequence.

Then the Bodhisatta spoke the fifth stanza:—

Let my hearer scatter chaff, or let him take offence or not,
Righteousness when I am speaking, sin on me can leave no spot.

Having so said, he went on, "I will not work with you, O Ānanda[1], as a potter with raw clay only: I will speak chiding again and again; what is truth, that will abide." And so being steadfast in conduct suitable to that admonition of the Blessed One, as a potter among his vessels, after beating them often, takes not the raw clay, but takes the baked vessel only, so preaching and chiding again and again he takes a man like a good vessel, and preaching to show him this, he spoke this pair of stanzas:—

Were not wisdom and good conduct trained in some men's lives to grow,
Many would go wandering idly like the blinded buffalo.

But since some are wisely trained in moral conduct fair to grow,
Thus it is that disciplined in paths of virtue others go.

[369] Hearing this, the Videha ascetic said, "Master, from this time admonish me; I spoke to you with peevish natural temper, pardon me," and so paying respect he gained the Bodhisatta's pardon. So they dwelt together in peace and went again to Himālaya. Then the Bodhisatta told the Videha ascetic how to attain to mystic meditation. He did so and reached the higher Faculties and Attainments. So both, never leaving off meditation, became destined for the Brahma world.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the Videha ascetic was Ānanda, the Gandhāra king was myself."

[1] The ascetic is addressed by this name, as if his future re-birth as Ānanda was foreseen.

No. 407.

MAHĀKAPI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*You made yourself*," *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning good works towards one's relatives. The occasion will appear in the Bhaddasāla Birth[2]. They began talking in the Hall of Truth, saying, "The supreme Buddha does good works towards his relatives." [370] When the Master had asked and been told their theme, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time a Tathāgata has done good works towards his relatives," and so he told a tale of old time.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a monkey's womb. When he grew up and attained stature and stoutness, he was strong and vigorous, and lived in the Himālaya with a retinue of eighty thousand monkeys. Near the Ganges bank there was a mango tree (others say it was a banyan), with branches and forks, having a deep shade and thick leaves, like a mountain-top. Its sweet fruits, of divine fragrance and flavour, were as large as waterpots: from one branch the fruits fell on the ground, from one into the Ganges water, from two into the main trunk of the tree. The Bodhisatta, while eating the fruit with a troop of monkeys, thought, "Someday danger will come upon us owing to the fruit of this tree falling on the water"; and so, not to leave one fruit on the branch which grew over the water, he made them eat or throw down the flowers at their season from the time they were of the size of a chick-pea. But notwithstanding, one ripe fruit, unseen by the eighty thousand monkeys, hidden by an ant's nest, fell into the river, and stuck in the net above the king of Benares, who was bathing for amusement with a net above him and another below. When the king had amused himself all day and was going away in the evening, the fishermen, who were drawing the net, saw the fruit and not knowing what it was, shewed it to the king. The king asked, "What is this fruit?" "We do not know, sire." "Who will know?" "The foresters, sire." He had the foresters called, and learning from them that it was a mango, he cut it with a knife, and first making the foresters eat of it, he ate of it himself [371] and had some of it given to his seraglio and his ministers. The flavour of the ripe mango remained pervading the king's whole body. Possessed by desire of the flavour, he asked the foresters where that tree stood, and hearing that it was on a river bank in the

[1] This story is figured in Cunningham's *Stūpa of Bharhut*, plate xxxiii, fig. 4 (explained by Mr Tawney in *Proc. As. Soc. of Bengal* for Aug. 1891). Cf. *Jātaka-mālā*, no. 27 (*The Great Monkey*).

[2] No. 444, vol. iv.

Himālaya quarter, he had many rafts joined together and sailed upstream by the route shewn by the foresters. The exact account of days is not given. In due course they came to the place, and the foresters said to the king, "Sire, there is the tree." The king stopped the rafts and went on foot with a great retinue, and having a bed prepared at the foot of the tree, he lay down after eating the mango fruit and enjoying the various excellent flavours. At each side they set a guard and made a fire. When the men had fallen asleep, the Bodhisatta came at midnight with his retinue. Eighty thousand monkeys moving from branch to branch ate the mangoes. The king, waking and seeing the herd of monkeys, roused his men and calling his archers said, "Surround these monkeys that eat the mangoes so that they may not escape, and shoot them: tomorrow we will eat mangoes with monkey's flesh." The archers obeyed, saying, "Very well," and surrounding the tree stood with arrows ready. The monkeys seeing them and fearing death, as they could not escape, came to the Bodhisatta and said, "Sire, the archers stand round the tree, saying, 'We will shoot those vagrant monkeys:' what are we to do?" and so stood shivering. The Bodhisatta said, "Do not fear, I will give you life;" and so comforting the herd of monkeys, he ascended a branch that rose up straight, went along another branch that stretched towards the Ganges, and springing from the end of it, he passed a hundred bow lengths and lighted on a bush on the bank[1]. Coming down, he marked the distance, saying, "That will be the distance I have come:" [372] and cutting a bamboo shoot at the root and stripping it, he said, "So much will be fastened to the tree, and so much will stay in the air," and so reckoned the two lengths, forgetting the part fastened on his own waist. Taking the shoot he fastened one end of it to the tree on the Ganges bank and the other to his own waist, and then cleared the space of a hundred bow-lengths with the speed of a cloud torn by the wind. From not reckoning the part fastened to his waist, he failed to reach the tree: so seizing a branch firmly with both hands he gave signal to the troop of monkeys, "Go quickly with good luck, treading on my back along the bamboo shoot." The eighty thousand monkeys escaped thus, after saluting the Bodhisatta and getting his leave. Devadatta was then a monkey and among that herd: he said, "This is a chance for me to see the last of my enemy," so climbing up a branch he made a spring and fell on the Bodhisatta's back. The Bodhisatta's heart broke and great pain came on him. Devadatta having caused that maddening pain went away: and the Bodhisatta was alone. The king being awake saw all that was done by the monkeys and the Bodhisatta: and he lay down thinking, "This animal, not reckoning his own life, has caused the safety of his troop." When day broke, being pleased with the Bodhisatta, he thought, "It is not right to

[1] From the figure on the Bharhut Stūpa, it appears that he jumped across the Ganges.

destroy this king of the monkeys: I will bring him down by some means and take care of him:" so turning the raft down the Ganges and building a platform there, he made the Bodhisatta come down gently, and had him clothed with a yellow robe on his back and washed in Ganges water, made him drink sugared water, and had his body cleansed and anointed with oil refined a thousand times; then he put an oiled skin on a bed and making him lie there, he set himself on a low seat, and spoke the first stanza:—

[373] You made yourself a bridge for them to pass in safety through:
What are you then to them, monkey, and what are they to you?

Hearing him, the Bodhisatta instructing the king spoke the other stanzas:—

Victorious king, I guard the herd, I am their lord and chief,
When they were filled with fear of thee and stricken sore with grief.

I leapt a hundred times the length of bow outstretched that lies,
When I had bound a bamboo-shoot firmly around my thighs:

I reached the tree like thunder-cloud sped by the tempest's blast;
I lost my strength, but reached a bough: with hands I held it fast.

And as I hung extended there held fast by shoot and bough,
My monkeys passed across my back and are in safety now.

Therefore I fear no pain of death, bonds do not give me pain,
The happiness of those was won o'er whom I used to reign.

A parable for thee, O king, if thou the truth would'st read:
The happiness of kingdom and of army and of steed
And city must be dear to thee, if thou would'st rule indeed.

[374] The Bodhisatta, thus instructing and teaching the king, died. The king, calling his ministers, gave orders that the monkey-king should have obsequies like a king, and he sent to the seraglio, saying, "Come to the cemetery, as retinue for the monkey-king, with red garments, and dishevelled hair, and torches in your hands." [375] The ministers made a funeral pile with a hundred waggon loads of timber. Having prepared the Bodhisatta's obsequies in a royal manner, they took his skull, and came to the king. The king caused a shrine to be built at the Bodhisatta's burial-place, torches to be burnt there and offerings of incense and flowers to be made; he had the skull inlaid with gold, and put in front raised on a spear-point: honouring it with incense and flowers, he put it at the king's gate when he came to Benares, and having the whole city decked out he paid honour to it for seven days. Then taking it as a relic and raising a shrine, he honoured it with incense and garlands all his life; and established in the Bodhisatta's teaching he did alms and other good deeds, and ruling his kingdom righteously became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the monkey's retinue the assembly, and the monkey-king myself."

No. 408.

KUMBHAKĀRA-JĀTAKA.

"*A mango in a forest*," *etc.* The Master told this when dwelling in Jetavana, concerning rebuke of sin. The occasion will appear in the Pānīya Birth[1]. At that time in Sāvatthi five hundred friends, who had become ascetics, dwelling in the House of the Golden Pavement, had lustful thoughts at midnight. The Master regards his disciples three times a night and three times a day, six times every night and day, as a jay guards her egg, or a yak-cow her tail, or a mother her beloved son, or a one-eyed man his eye; so in the very instant he rebukes a sin which is beginning. He was observing Jetavana on that midnight and knowing the Brethren's conduct of their thoughts, he considered, "This sin among these brethren if it grows will destroy the cause of Sainthood. I will this moment rebuke their sin and show them Sainthood": so leaving the perfumed chamber he called Ānanda [376], and bidding him collect all the brethren dwelling in the place, he got them together and sat down on the seat prepared for Buddha. He said, "Brethren, it is not right to live in the power of sinful thoughts; a sin if it grows brings great ruin like an enemy: a Brother ought to rebuke even a little sin: wise men of old seeing even a very slight cause, rebuked a sinful thought that had begun and so brought about paccekabuddha-hood": and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a potter's family in a suburb of Benares: when he grew up he became a householder, had a son and daughter, and supported his wife and children by his potter's handicraft. At that time in the Kaliṅga kingdom, in the city of Dantapura, the king named Karaṇḍu, going to his garden with a great retinue, saw at the garden-gate a mango tree laden with sweet fruit: he stretched out his hand from his seat on the elephant and seized a bunch of mangoes: then entering the garden he sat on the royal seat and ate a mango, giving some to those worthy of favours. From the time when the king took one, ministers, brahmins, and householders, thinking that others should also do so, took down and ate mangoes from that tree. Coming again and again they climbed the tree, and beating it with clubs and breaking the branches down and off, they ate the fruit, not leaving even the unripe. The king amused himself in the garden for the day, and at evening as he came by on the royal elephant he dismounted on seeing the tree, and going to its root he looked up and thought, "In the morning this tree stood beautiful with its burden of fruit and the gazers could not be satisfied: now it stands not beautiful with its fruit broken down and off." Again looking from another place

[1] No. 459, vol. iv.

he saw another mango tree barren, and thought, "This mango tree stands beautiful in its barrenness like a bare mountain of jewels; the other from its fruitfulness [377] fell into that misfortune: the householder's life is like a fruitful tree, the religious life like a barren tree: the wealthy have fear, the poor have no fear: I too would be like the barren tree." So taking the fruit-tree as his subject, he stood at the root; and considering the three[1] properties and perfecting spiritual insight, he attained paccekabuddha-hood, and reflecting, "The envelop of the womb is now fallen from me, re-birth in the three existences is ended, the filth of transmigration is cleansed, the ocean of tears dried up, the wall of bones broken down, there is no more re-birth for me," he stood as if adorned with every ornament. Then his ministers said, "You stand too long, O great king." "I am not a king, I am a paccekabuddha." "Paccekabuddhas are not like you, O king." "Then what are they like?" "Their hair and beards are shaved, they are dressed in yellow robes, they are not attached to family or tribe, they are like clouds torn by wind or the moon's orb freed from Rāhu, and they dwell on Himālaya in the Nandamūla cave: such, O king, are the paccekabuddhas." At that moment the king threw up his hand and touched his head, and instantly the marks of a householder disappeared, and the marks of a priest came into view:—

Three robes, bowl, razor, needles, strainer, zone,
A pious Brother those eight marks should own,

the requisites, as they are called, of a priest became attached to his body. Standing in the air he preached to the multitude, and then went through the sky to the mountain cave Nandamūla in the Upper Himālaya.

In the kingdom of Candahar in the city Takkasilā, the king named Naggaji on a terrace, in the middle of a royal couch, saw a woman who had put a jewelled bracelet on each hand and was grinding perfume as she sat near: he thought, "These jewelled bracelets do not rub or jingle when separate," and so sat watching. Then she, putting the bracelet from the right hand [378] on the left hand and collecting perfume with the right, began to grind it. The bracelet on the left hand rubbing against the other made a noise. The king observed that these two bracelets made a sound when rubbing against each other, and he thought, "That bracelet when separate touched nothing, it now touches the second and makes a noise: just so living beings when separate do not touch or make a noise, when they become two or three they rub against each other and make a din: now I rule the inhabitants in the two kingdoms of Cashmere and Candahar, and I too ought to dwell like the single bracelet ruling myself and not ruling another": so making the rubbing of the bracelets his topic, seated as he

[1] Impermanence, suffering, unreality.

was, he realised the three properties, attained spiritual insight, and gained paccekabuddha-hood. The rest as before.

In the kingdom of Videha, in the city of Mithila, the king, named Nimi, after breakfast, surrounded by his ministers, stood looking down at the street through an open window of the palace. A hawk, having taken some meat from the meat-market, was flying up into the air. Some vultures or other birds, surrounding the hawk on each side, went on pecking it with their beaks, striking it with their wings and beating it with their feet, for the sake of the meat. Not enduring to be killed, the hawk dropt the flesh, another bird took it: the rest leaving the hawk fell on the other: when he relinquished it, a third took it: and they pecked him also in the same way. The king seeing those birds thought, "Whoever took the flesh, sorrow befel him: whoever relinquished it, happiness befel him: whoever takes the five pleasures of sense, sorrow befals him, happiness the other man: these are common to many: now I have sixteen thousand women: I ought to live in happiness leaving the five pleasures of sense, as the hawk relinquishing the morsel of flesh." Considering this wisely, [379] standing as he was, he realised the three properties, attained spiritual insight, and reached the wisdom of paccekabuddha-hood. The rest as before.

In the kingdom of Uttarapañcāla, in the city of Kampilla, the king, named Dummukha, after breakfast, with all his ornaments and surrounded by his ministers, stood looking down on the palace-yard from an open window. At the instant they opened the door of a cow-pen: the bulls coming from the pen set upon one cow in lust: and one great bull with sharp horns seeing another bull coming, possessed by the jealousy of lust, struck him in the thigh with his sharp horns. By the force of the blow his entrails came out, and so he died. The king seeing this thought, "Living beings from the state of beasts upwards reach sorrow from the power of lust: this bull through lust has reached death: other beings also are disturbed by lust: I ought to abandon the lusts that disturb those beings:" and so standing as he was he realised the three properties, attained spiritual insight and reached the wisdom of paccekabuddha-hood. The rest as before.

Then one day those four paccekabuddhas, considering that it was time for their rounds, left the Nandamūla cave, having cleansed their teeth by chewing betel in the lake Anotatta, and having attended to their needs in Manosilā, they took the bowl and robe, and by magic flying in the air, and treading on clouds of the five colours, they alighted not far from a suburb of Benares. In a convenient spot they put on the robes, took the bowl, and entering the suburb they went the rounds for alms till they came to the Bodhisatta's house-door. The Bodhisatta seeing them was delighted and making them enter his house he made them sit on a seat prepared, he

gave them water of respect and served them with excellent food, hard and soft. Then sitting on one side he saluted the eldest of them, saying, "Sir, your religious life appears very beautiful: your senses are very calm, your complexion is very clear: what topic of thought [380] made you take to the religious life and ordination?" and as he asked the eldest of them, so also he came up to the others and asked them. Then those four saying, "I was so and so, king of such and such a city in such and such a kingdom" and so on, in that way each told the causes of his retiring from the world and spoke one stanza each in order:—

A mango in a forest did I see
Full-grown, and dark, fruitful exceedingly:
And for its fruit men did the mango break,
'Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

A bracelet, polished by a hand renowned,
A woman wore on each wrist without sound:
One touched the other and a noise did wake:
'Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

Birds in a flock a bird unfriended tore,
Who all alone a lump of carrion bore:
The bird was smitten for the carrion's sake:
'Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

A bull in pride among his fellows paced;
High rose his back, with strength and beauty graced:
From lust he died: a horn his wound did make:
'Twas this inclined my heart the bowl to take.

The Bodhisatta, hearing each stanza, said, "Good, sir: your topic is suitable," and so commended each paccekabuddha: and having listened to the discourse delivered by those four, he became disinclined to a householder's life. When the paccekabuddhas went forth, after breakfast seated at his ease, he called his wife and said, "Wife, those four paccekabuddhas left kingdoms to be Brethren and now live without sin, without hindrance, in the bliss of the religious life: while I make a livelihood by earnings: what have I to do with a householder's life? do you take the children and stay in the house": and he spoke two stanzas:—

Kaliṅga's king Karaṇḍu, Gandhāra's Naggaji,
Pañcāla's ruler Dummukha, Videha's great Nimi,
Have left their thrones and live the life of Brothers sinlessly.

Here their godlike forms they show
  Each one like a blazing fire:
Bhaggavi, I too will go,
  Leaving all that men desire.

[382] Hearing his words she said, "Husband, ever since I heard the discourse of the paccekabuddhas I too have no content in the house," and she spoke a stanza:—

'Tis the appointed time, I know:
Better teachers may not be:
Bhaggava, I too will go,
Like a bird from hand set free.

The Bodhisatta hearing her words was silent. She was deceiving the Bodhisatta, and was anxious to take the religious life before him: so she said, "Husband, I am going to the water-tank, do you look after the children," and taking a pot as if she had been going there, she went away and coming to the ascetics outside the town she was ordained by them. The Bodhisatta finding that she did not return attended to the children himself. Afterwards when they grew up a little and could understand for themselves, in order to teach them [383], when cooking rice he would cook one day a little hard and raw, one day a little underdone, one day well-cooked, one day sodden, one day without salt, another with too much. The children said, "Father, the rice to-day is not boiled, to-day it is sodden, to-day well cooked: to-day it is without salt, to-day it has too much salt." The Bodhisatta said, "Yes, dears," and thought, "These children now know what is raw and what is cooked, what has salt and what has none: they will be able to live in their own way: I ought to become ordained." Then showing them to their kinsfolk he was ordained to the religious life, and dwelt outside the city. Then one day the female ascetic begging in Benares saw him and saluted him, saying, "Sir, I believe you killed the children." The Bodhisatta said, "I don't kill children: when they could understand for themselves I became ordained: you were careless of them and pleased yourself by being ordained": and so he spoke the last stanza:—

Having seen they could distinguish salt from saltless, boiled from raw,
I became a Brother: leave me, we can follow each the law.

So exhorting the female ascetic he took leave of her. She taking the exhortation saluted the Bodhisatta and went to a place that pleased her. After that day they never saw each other. The Bodhisatta reaching supernatural knowledge became destined to the Brahma heaven.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—After the Truths five hundred Brothers were established in Sainthood:—"At that time the daughter was Uppalavaṇṇā, the son was Rāhula, the female ascetic Rāhula's mother, and the ascetic was myself."

No. 409.

DAḶHADHAMMA-JĀTAKA.

[384] "*I carried for the king*," *etc.* The Master told this when dwelling in the Ghosita forest near Kosambī, concerning Bhaddavatikā, king Udena's she-elephant. Now the way in which this elephant was adorned and the royal lineage of Udena will be set forth in the Mātaṅga[1] Birth. One day this elephant going out of the city in the morning saw the Buddha surrounded by a multitude of saints, in the incomparable majesty of a Buddha, entering the city for alms, and falling at the Tathāgata's feet, with lamentation she prayed to him, saying, "Lord who knowest all, saviour of the whole world, when I was young and able to do work, Udena, the rightful king, loved me, saying, 'My life and kingdom and queen are all due to her,' and gave me great honour, adorning me with all ornaments; he had my stall smeared with perfumed earth, and coloured hangings put round it, and a lamp lit with perfumed oil, and a dish of incense set there, he had a golden pot set on my dunghill, and made me stand on a coloured carpet, and gave me royal food of many choice flavours: but now when I am old and cannot do work, he has cut off all that honour; unprotected and destitute I live by eating ketaka fruit in the forest; I have no other refuge: make Udena think on my merits and restore me again my old honour, O Lord." The Master said, "Go thou, I will speak to the king and get thy old honour restored," and he went to the door of the king's dwelling. The king made Buddha enter, and gave great entertainment in the palace to the assembly of brethren following Buddha. When the meal was over, the Master gave thanks to the king and asked, "O king, where is Bhaddavatikā?" "Lord, I know not." "O king, after giving honour to servants, it is not right to take it away in their old age, it is right to be grateful and thankful; Bhaddavatikā is now old, she is worn with age and unprotected, and she lives by eating ketaka fruit in the wood: it is not meet for you to leave her unprotected in her old age": so telling Bhaddavatikā's merits and saying, "Restore all her former honours," [385] he departed. The king did so. It was spread over the whole city that the former honour was restored because the Buddha had told her merits. This became known in the assembly of the Brethren, and the Brethren discussed it in their meeting. The Master, coming and hearing that this was their subject, said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that the Buddha has by telling her merits got her former honours restored": and he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time there was a king named Daḷhadhamma reigning in Benares. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in a minister's family, and when he grew up he served the king. He received much honour from the king, and stood in the place of the most valued minister. The king had a certain she-elephant[2], endowed with might and very strong. She went a hundred leagues in one day, she did the duties of messenger

[1] No. 497, vol. iv.

[2] Morris, *Journ. Pali Text Soc. for* 1887, p. 150: but possibly the word means *she-camel*.

for the king, and in battle she fought and crushed the enemy. The king said, "She is very serviceable to me," gave her all ornaments and caused all honour to be given her such as Udena gave to Bhaddavatikā. Then when she was weak from age the king took away all her honour. From that time she was unprotected and lived by eating grass and leaves in the forest. Then one day when the vessels in the king's court were not sufficient, the king sent for a potter, and said, "The vessels are not sufficient." "O king, I have no oxen to yoke in carts to bring cow-dung (for baking clay)." The king hearing this tale said, "Where is our she-elephant?" "O king, she is wandering at her own will." The king gave her to the potter, saying, "Henceforth do thou yoke her and bring cow-dung." The potter said, "Good, O king," and did so. Then one day she, coming out of the city, saw the Bodhisatta coming in, and falling at his feet, she said, lamenting: "Lord, the king in my youth considered me very serviceable and gave me great honour: [386] now that I am old, he has cut it all away and takes no thought of me; I am unprotected and live by eating grass and leaves in the forest; in this misery he has now given me to a potter to yoke in a cart; except thee I have no refuge: thou knowest my services to the king; restore me now the honour I have lost": and she spoke three stanzas:—

I carried for the king of old: was he not satisfied?
With weapons at my breast I faced the fight with mighty stride.

My feats in battle done of old does not the king forget,
And such good services I did for couriers as are set?

Helpless and kinless now am I: surely my death is near,
To serve a potter when I'm come as his dung-carrier.

[387] The Bodhisatta, hearing her tale, comforted her, saying, "Grieve not, I will tell the king and restore thy honour": so entering the city, he went to the king after his morning meal and took up the talk, saying, "Great king, did not a she-elephant, named so and so, enter battle at such and such places with weapons bound on her breast, and on such a day with a writing on her neck did she not go a hundred leagues on a message? Thou gavest her great honour: where is she now?" "I gave her to a potter for carrying dung." Then the Bodhisatta said, "Is it right, great king, for thee to give her to a potter to be yoked in a cart?" And for admonition he spoke four stanzas:—

By selfish hopes men regulate the honours that they pay:
As you the elephant, they throw the outworn slave away.

Good deeds and services received whenever men forget,
Ruin pursues the business still on which their hearts are set.

Good deeds and services received if men do not forget,
Success attends the business still on which their hearts are set.

To all the multitude around this blessed truth I tell:
Be grateful all, and for reward you long in heaven shall dwell.

[388] With this beginning the Bodhisatta gave instruction to all gathered there. Hearing this the king gave the old elephant her former honour, and established in the Bodhisatta's instruction gave alms and did works of merit and became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth:—"At that time the she-elephant was Bhaddavatikā, the king Ānanda, the minister was I myself."

No. 410.

SOMADATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Deep in the wood,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling at Jetavana, about a certain old Brother. The story was that this Brother ordained a novice, who waited on him but soon died of a fatal disease. The old man went about weeping and wailing for his death. Seeing him, the Brethren began to talk in the Hall of Truth, "Sirs, this old Brother goes about weeping and wailing for the novice's death: he must surely have neglected the meditation on death." The Master came, and hearing the subject of their talk, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time this man is weeping for the other's death," and so he told the old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was Sakka. A certain wealthy brahmin, living in Benares, left the world, and became an ascetic in the Himālaya, [389] living by picking up roots and fruits in the forest. One day, searching for wild fruits, he saw an elephant-calf, and took it to his hermitage: he made as if it were his own son, calling it Somadatta, and tended it with food of grass and leaves. The elephant grew up to be great: but one day he took much food and fell sick of a surfeit. The ascetic took him inside the hermitage, and went to get wild fruits: but before he came back the young elephant died. Coming back with his fruits, the ascetic thought, "On other days my child comes to meet me, but not to-day; what is the matter with him?" So he lamented and spoke the first stanza:—

Deep in the wood he'd meet me: but to-day
No elephant I see: where does he stray?

With this lament, he saw the elephant lying at the end of the covered walk and taking him round the neck he spoke the second stanza in lamentation :—

'Tis he that lies in death cut down as a tender shoot is shred;
Low on the ground he lies: alas, my elephant is dead.

At the instant, Sakka, surveying the world, thought, "This ascetic left wife and child for religion, now he is lamenting the young elephant whom he called his son, I will rouse him and make him think," and so coming to the hermitage he stood in the air and spoke the third stanza :—

[390] To sorrow for the dead doth ill become
The lone ascetic, freed from ties of home.

Hearing this, the ascetic spoke the fourth stanza :—

Should man with beast consort, O Sakka, grief
For a lost playmate finds in tears relief.

Sakka uttered two stanzas, admonishing him :—

Such as to weep are fain may still lament the dead,
Weep not, O sage, 'tis vain to weep, the wise have said.

If by our tears we might prevail against the grave,
Thus would we all unite our dearest ones to save.

Hearing Sakka's words, the ascetic took thought and comfort, dried his tears, and uttered the remaining stanzas in praise of Sakka :—

As ghee-fed flame that blazes out amain
Is quenched with water, so he quenched my pain.

With sorrow's shaft my heart was wounded sore:
He healed my wound and did my life restore.

[391] The barb extracted, full of joy and peace,
At Sakka's words I from my sorrow cease.

These were given above[1].

After admonishing the ascetic, Sakka went to his own place.

The Master, after the lesson, identified the Birth: "At that time the young elephant was the novice, the ascetic the old Brother, Sakka was I myself."

[1] See *supra*, p. 214.

No. 411.

SUSĪMA-JĀTAKA.

"*Heretofore the hairs,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, about the Great Renunciation. The Brethren were sitting in the Hall of Truth, praising the Buddha's renunciation. The Master, finding that this was their topic, said, "Brethren, it is not strange that I should now make the Great Renunciation and retirement from the world, I who have for many hundred thousand ages exercised perfection: of old also I gave up the reign over the kingdom of Kāsi, three hundred leagues in extent, and made the renunciation," and so he told the old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived in the womb of his priest's chief wife. On the day of his birth, the king also had a son born. On the naming day they called the Great Being Susīma-Kumāra, and the king's son Brahmadatta-Kumāra. The king, seeing the two were born on the same day, had the Bodhisatta given to the nurse and brought up together with his own son. They both grew up fair, like sons of gods: [392] they both learned all sciences at Takkasilā and came home again. The prince became viceroy, eating, drinking, and living along with the Bodhisatta: at his father's death he became king, giving great honour to the Bodhisatta and making him his priest: one day he adorned the city, and decked like Sakka, king of gods, he went round the city in procession, seated on the shoulder of a royal elephant in his pride, equal to Erāvaṇa[1], with the Bodhisatta behind on the elephant's back. The queen-mother, looking out from the royal window to see her son, saw the priest behind him as he came back from the procession: she fell in love with him and entering her chamber thought, "If I cannot win him, I shall die here": so she left her food and lay there. The king, not seeing her, asked after her: when he heard she was ill, he went to her, and asked with respect what ailed her. She would not tell for shame. He sat on the royal throne, and sent his own chief queen to find what ailed his mother. She went and asked, stroking the queen-mother's back. Women do not hide secrets from women: and the secret was told. The queen went and told the king. He said, "Well, go and comfort her: I will make the priest king, and make her his chief queen." She went and comforted her. The king sent for the priest and told him the matter, "Friend, save my mother's life: thou shalt be

[1] Sakka's elephant.

king, she thy chief queen, I viceroy." The priest said, "It cannot be": but being asked again he consented: and the king made the priest king, the queen-mother chief queen, and himself viceroy. They lived all in harmony together, but the Bodhisatta pined amid a householder's life: he left desires and leaned to a religious life: careless of the pleasures of sense he stood and sat and lay alone, like a man bound in jail or a cock in a cage. [393] The chief queen thought, "The king avoids me, he stands and sits and lies alone; he is young and fresh, I am old and have grey hairs: what if I were to tell him a story that he has one grey hair, make him believe it and seek my company?" One day, as if cleaning the king's head, she said, "Your majesty is getting old, there is a grey hair on your head." "Pull it out and put it in my hand." She pulled a hair out, but threw it away and put into his hand one of her own grey hairs. When he saw it, fear of death made the sweat start from his forehead, though it was like a plate of gold. He admonished himself, saying, "Susīma, you have become old in your youth; all this time sunk in the mud of desire, like a village pig wallowing in filth and mire, you cannot leave it: quit desires, and become an ascetic in the Himālaya: it is high time for the religious life," and with this thought, he uttered the first stanza:—

Heretofore the hairs were dark
  Clustering about my brow;
White to-day: Susīma, mark!
  Time for religion now!

So the Bodhisatta praised the religious life: but the queen saw she had caused him to leave her instead of loving her, and in fear, wishing to keep him from the religious life by praising his body, she uttered two stanzas:—

[374] Mine, not thine, the silvered hair;
  Mine the head from which it came:
For thy good the lie I dare:
  One such fault forbear to blame!

Thou art young, and fair to see,
  Like a tender plant in spring!
Keep thy kingdom, smile on me!
  Seek not now what age will bring!

But the Bodhisatta said, "Lady, you tell of what must come: as age ripens, these dark hairs must turn and become pale like betel: I see the change and breaking up of body that comes in years, in the ripening of age, to royal maids and all the rest, though they are tender as a wreath of blue lotus-flowers, fair as gold, and drunken with the pride of their glorious youth: such, lady, is the dreary end of living beings," and, moreover, showing the truth with the charm of a Buddha, he uttered two stanzas:—

[395]
I have marked the youthful maid,
  Swaying like the tender stalk,
In her pride of form arrayed;
  Men are witched where'er she walk.

'Tis the same one I have scanned
  (Eighty, ninety, years have passed),
Quivering, palsied, staff in hand,
  Bent like rafter-tree at last.

In this stanza the Great Being showed the misery of beauty, and now declared his discontent with the householder's life:—

[396]
Such the thoughts I ponder o'er;
  Lonely nights the thoughts allow:
Layman's life I love no more:
  Time for religion now!

Delight in layman's life is a weak stay:
The wise man cuts it off and goes his way,
Renouncing joys of sense and all their sway.

Thus declaring both the delight and misery of desires, he showed the truth with all a Buddha's charm, he sent for his friend and made him take the kingdom again: he left his majesty and power amid the loud lamentations of kinsmen and friends; he became an ascetic sage in the Himālaya, and entering on the ecstasy of meditation, became destined for the world of Brahma.

---

[397] After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, and giving the drink of ambrosia to many, he identified the Birth: "At that time the chief queen was the mother of Rāhula, the king was Ānanda, and king Susīma was I myself."

No. 412.

KOṬISIMBALI-JĀTAKA[1].

"*I bore with me,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning rebuke of sin. The incident leading to the tale will appear in the Paññā[2] Birth. On this occasion the Master, perceiving that five hundred Brethren were overcome by thoughts of desire in the House of the Golden Pavement,

[1] Compare No. 370, *supra*.

[2] Not known.

gathered the assembly and said, "Brethren, it is right to distrust where distrust is proper; sins surround a man as banyans and such plants grow up around a tree: in this way of old a spirit dwelling in the top of a cotton-tree saw a bird voiding the banyan seeds it had eaten among the branches of the cotton-tree, and became terrified lest her abode should thereby come to destruction:" and so he told a tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a tree-spirit dwelling in the top of a cotton-tree. A king of the rocs assumed a shape a hundred and fifty leagues in extent, and dividing the water in the great ocean by the blast of his wings, he seized by the tail a king of snakes a thousand fathoms long, and making the snake disgorge what he had seized in his mouth, he flew along the tree tops towards the cotton-tree. The snake-king thought, "I will make him drop me and let me go," so he stuck his hood into a banyan-tree and wound himself round it firmly. Owing to the roc-king's strength and the great size of the snake-king the banyan was uprooted. But the snake-king would not let go the banyan. The roc-king took the snake-king, banyan-tree and all, to the cotton-tree, laid him on the trunk, opened his belly [398] and ate the fat. Then he threw the rest of the carcase into the sea. Now in that banyan there was a certain bird, who flew up when the banyan was thrown away, and perched in one of the boughs high on the cotton-tree. The tree-spirit seeing the bird shook and trembled with fear, thinking, "This bird will let its droppings fall on my trunk: a growth of banyan or of fig will arise and go spreading all over my tree: so my home will be destroyed." The tree shook to the roots with the trembling of the spirit. The roc-king perceived the trembling, and spoke two stanzas in enquiry as to the reason:—

I bore with me the thousand fathoms length of that king-snake:
His size and my huge bulk you bore and yet you did not quake.

But now this tiny bird you bear, so small compared to me:
You shake with fear and tremble; but wherefore, cotton-tree?

Then the deity spoke four stanzas in explanation of the reason:—

Flesh is thy food, O king: the bird's is fruit:
Seeds of the banyan and the fig he'll shoot
And bo-tree too, and all my trunk pollute;

They will grow trees in shelter of my stem,
And I shall be no tree, thus hid by them.

[399] Other trees, once strong of root and rich in branches, plainly show
How the seeds that birds do carry in destruction lay them low.

Parasitic growths will bury e'en the mighty forest tree:
This is why, O king, I quiver when the fear to come I see.

Hearing the tree-spirit's words, the roc-king spoke the final stanza:—

Fear is right if things are fearful: 'gainst the coming danger guard:
Wise men look on both worlds calmly if they present fears discard.

So speaking, the roc-king by his power drove the bird away from that tree.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths, beginning with the words: "It is right to distrust where distrust is proper," and identified the Birth:—after the Truths [400] five hundred Brethren were established in Sainthood:—"At that time Sāriputta was the roc-king and I myself the tree-spirit."

No. 413.

DHŪMAKĀRI-JĀTAKA.

"*The righteous king,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the Kosala king's favour to a stranger. At one time, the story goes, that king showed no favour to his old warriors who came to him in the usual way, but gave honour and hospitality to strangers coming for the first time. He went to fight in a disturbed frontier province: but his old warriors would not fight, thinking that the new-comers who were in favour would do so; and the new-comers would not, thinking that the old warriors would. The rebels prevailed. The king, knowing that his defeat was owing to the mistake he had made in showing favour to new-comers, returned to Sāvatthi. He resolved to ask the Lord of Wisdom whether he was the only king who had ever been defeated for that reason: so after the morning meal he went to Jetavana and put the question to the Master. The Master answered, "Great King, yours is not the only case: former kings also were defeated by reason of the favour they showed to new-comers," and so, at the king's request, he told an old tale.

Once upon a time in the city of Indapattana, in the kingdom of the Kurus, a king was reigning named Dhanañjaya, of the race of Yudhiṭṭhila. The Bodhisatta was born in the house of his family priest. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā. He returned to Indapattana, and at his father's death he became family priest to the king and his counsellor in things temporal and spiritual. His name was called Vidhūrapaṇḍita.

King Dhanañjaya disregarded his old soldiers and showed favour to new-comers. He went to fight in a disturbed frontier province: but neither his old warriors nor the new-comers would fight, each thinking the other party would see to the matter. The king was defeated. On his return to Indapattana he reflected that his defeat was due to the favour he had shown to new-comers. [401] One day he thought, "Am I the only king who has ever been defeated through favour shown to new-comers, or have others had the same fate before? I will ask Vidhūrapaṇḍita." So he put the question to Vidhūrapaṇḍita when he came to the king's levee.

The Master, declaring the reason of his question, spoke half a stanza:

The righteous king Yudhiṭṭhila once asked Vidhūra wise,
"Brahmin, dost know in whose lone heart much bitter sorrow lies?"

Hearing him, the Bodhisatta said, "Great king, your sorrow is but a trifling sorrow. Of old, a brahmin goatherd, named Dhūmakāri, took a great flock of goats, and making a pen in the forest kept them there: he had a smoking fire and lived on milk and the like, tending his goats. Seeing some deer of golden hue who had come, he felt a love for them, and disregarding his goats he paid the honour due to them to the deer. In the autumn the deer moved away to the Himālaya: his goats were dead and the deer gone from his sight: so for sorrow he took jaundice and died. He paid honour to new-comers and perished, having sorrow and misery a hundred, a thousand times more than you." Bringing forward this instance, he said,

A brahmin with a flock of goats, of high Vasiṭṭha's race,
Kept smoking fire by night and day in forest dwelling-place.

Smelling the smoke, a herd of deer, by gnats sore pestered, come
To find a dwelling for the rains near Dhūmakāri's home.

The deer have all attention now; his goats receive no care,
They come and go untended all, and so they perish there.

[402] But now the gnats have left the wood, the autumn's clear of rain:
The deer must seek the mountain-heights and river-springs again.

The brahmin sees the deer are gone and all his goats are dead:
Jaundice attacks him worn with grief, and all his colour's fled.

So he who disregards his own, and calls a stranger dear,
Like Dhūmakāri, mourns alone with many a bitter tear.

Such was the tale told by the Great Being to console the king. The king was comforted and pleased, and gave him much wealth. From that time onward he showed favour to his own people, and doing deeds of charity and virtue, he became destined for heaven.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the Kuru king was Ānanda, Dhūmakāri was Pasenadi, king of Kosala, and Vidhūrapaṇḍita was myself."

No. 414.

JĀGARA-JĀTAKA.

[403] "*Who is it that wakes*," *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a certain lay-brother. He was a disciple who had entered on the First Path. He set out by a forest road from Sāvatthi with a caravan of carts. At a certain pleasant watered spot the leader of the caravan unyoked five hundred carts, and arranging for food, both hard and soft, he took up his lodging there. The men lay down here and there to sleep. The lay-brother practised perambulation at the root of a tree near the leader of the caravan. Five hundred robbers planned to plunder the caravan: with various weapons in their hands they surrounded it and waited. Seeing the lay-brother at his walk they stood waiting to begin plundering when he should go to sleep. He went on walking all night. At dawn the robbers threw away the sticks and stones and other weapons they had picked up: they went away, saying, "Master Caravan-leader, you are owner of your property because you have got your life owing to that man who keeps awake so diligently: you should pay honour to him." The caravan-men rising betimes saw the stones and other things thrown away by the robbers and gave honour to the lay-brother, recognising that they owed their lives to him. The lay-brother went to his destination and did his business: then he returned to Sāvatthi and went on to Jetavana: there he saluted and did homage to the Tathāgata and sat at his feet, and on his invitation to declare himself, he told the tale. The Master said, "Lay-brother, it is not you alone who have gained special merit by waking and watching, wise men of old did the same." And so at the lay-brother's request, he told an old story.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family. When he grew up he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and then returning lived as a householder. After a time he left his house and became an ascetic: soon he reached the Faculty of Meditation, and living in the Himālaya quarter in the standing and walking attitudes only, he walked all night without sleeping. [404] A spirit who lived in a tree at the end of his walk was pleased with him and spoke the first stanza, putting a question to him from a hole in the trunk:—

Who is it that wakes when others sleep and sleeps while others wake?
Who is it can read my riddle, who to this will answer make?

The Bodhisatta, hearing the spirit's voice, spoke this stanza :—

I am he who wakes while others sleep, and sleeps while others wake.
I am he can read your riddle, I to you can answer make.

The spirit put a question again in this stanza :—

How is it you wake while others sleep, and sleep while others wake?
How is it you read my riddle, how this answer do you make?

He explained the point :—

Some men forget that virtue lies in stern sobriety,
When such are sleeping I'm awake, O spirit of the tree.

Passion and vice and ignorance in some have ceased to be:
When such are waking then I sleep, O spirit of the tree.

So it is I wake while others sleep, and sleep while others wake:
So it is I read your riddle, so to you I answer make.

[405] When the Great Being gave this answer, the spirit was pleased and spoke the last stanza in his praise :—

Good it is you wake while others sleep, and sleep while others wake:
Good your reading of my riddle, good the answer that you make.

And so making the Bodhisatta's praises, the spirit entered its abode in the tree.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth : "At that time, the tree-spirit was Uppalavaṇṇā, the ascetic was myself."

No. 415.

KUMMĀSAPIṆḌA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Service done,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning queen Mallikā. She was the daughter of the chief of the garland-makers of Sāvatthi, extremely beautiful and very good. When she was sixteen years of age, as she was going to a flower-garden with some other girls, she had three portions of sour gruel in a flower-basket. As she was leaving the town, she saw the Blessed One entering it, diffusing radiance and surrounded by the assembly of the Brethren: and she brought him the three portions of gruel.

[1] Compare *Jātakamālā* No. 3, *Kathāsaritsāgara* No. xxvii. 79.

The Master accepted, holding out his royal bowl. She saluted the Tathāgata's feet with her head, and taking her joy as subject of meditation, stood on one side. Observing her the Master smiled. The Venerable Ānanda wondered why the Tathāgata smiled and asked him the question. The Master told him the reason, "Ānanda, this girl will be to-day the chief queen of the Kosala king through the fruit of these portions of gruel." The girl went on to the flower-garden. [406] That very day the Kosala king fought with Ajātasattu and fled away in defeat. As he came on his horse he heard the sound of her singing, and being attracted by it he rode towards the garden. The girl's merit was ripe: so when she saw the king she came without running away, and seized at the bridle by the horse's nose. The king from horseback asked if she was married or no. Hearing that she was not, he dismounted, and being wearied with wind and sun rested for a little time in her lap: then he made her mount, and with a great army entered the town and brought her to her own house. At evening he sent a chariot and with great honour and pomp brought her from her house, set her on a heap of jewels, anointed her and made her chief queen. From that time onward she was the dear, beloved and devoted wife of the king, possessed of faithful servants and the five feminine charms: and she was a favourite of the Buddhas. It became noised abroad through the whole city that she had attained such prosperity because she had given the three portions of gruel to the Master.

One day they began a discussion in the Hall of Truth: "Sirs, queen Mallikā gave three portions of gruel to the Buddhas, and as the fruit of that, on the very same day she was anointed queen: great indeed is the virtue of Buddhas." The Master came, asked and was told the subject of the Brethren's talk: he said, "It is not strange, Brethren, that Mallikā has become chief queen of the Kosala king by giving three portions of gruel to the omniscient Buddha alone: for why? It is because of the great virtue of Buddhas: wise men of old gave gruel without salt or oil to paccekabuddhas, and owing to that attained in their next birth the glory of being kings in Kāsi, three hundred leagues in extent": and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a poor family: when he grew up he made a living by working for wages with a certain rich man. One day he got four portions of sour gruel from a shop, thinking, "This will do for my breakfast," and so went on to his farming-work. Seeing four paccekabuddhas coming towards Benares to collect alms, he thought, "I have these four portions of gruel, [407] what if I were to give them to these men who are coming to Benares for alms?" So he came up and saluting them said, "Sirs, I have these four portions of gruel in hand: I offer them to you: pray accept them, good sirs, and so I shall gain merit to my lasting good and welfare." Seeing that they accepted, he spread sand and arranged four seats and strewed broken branches on them: then he set the paccekabuddhas in order; bringing water in a leaf-basket, he poured the water of donation, and then set the four portions of gruel in four bowls with salutation and the words, "Sirs, in consequence of these may I not be born in a poor family; may this be the cause of my attaining omniscience." The paccekabuddhas ate and then gave thanks and departed to the Nandamūla cave. The Bodhisatta, as he saluted, felt the joy of association with paccekabuddhas, and after they had departed

from his sight and he had gone to his work, he remembered them always till his death: as the fruit of this, he was born in the womb of the chief queen of Benares. His name was called prince Brahmadatta. From the time of his being able to walk alone, he saw clearly by the power of recollecting all that he had done in former births, like the reflexion of his own face in a clear mirror, that he was now born in that state because he had given four portions of gruel to the paccekabuddhas when he was a servant and going to work in that same city. When he grew up he learned all the arts at Takkasilā: on his return his father was pleased with the accomplishments he displayed, and appointed him viceroy: afterwards, on his father's death, he was established in the kingdom. Then he married the exceedingly beautiful daughter of the Kosala king, and made her his chief queen. On the day of his parasol-festival they decorated the whole city as if it were a city of the gods. He went round the city in procession; [408] then he ascended the palace, which was decorated, and on the dais mounted a throne with the white parasol erected on it; sitting there he looked down on all those that stood in attendance, on one side the ministers, on another the brahmins and householders resplendent in the beauty of varied apparel, on another the townspeople with various gifts in their hands, on another troops of dancing-girls to the number of sixteen thousand like a gathering of the nymphs of heaven in full apparel. Looking on all this entrancing splendour he remembered his former estate and thought, "This white parasol with golden garland and plinth of massive gold, these many thousand elephants and chariots, my great territory full of jewels and pearls, teeming with wealth and grain of all kinds, these women like the nymphs of heaven, and all this splendour, which is mine alone, is due only to an alms-gift of four portions of gruel given to four paccekabuddhas: I have gained all this through them": and so remembering the excellence of the paccekabuddhas he plainly declared his own former action of merit. As he thought of it his whole body was filled with delight. Delight melted his heart and amid the multitude he uttered two stanzas of joyous song:—

Service done to Buddhas high
  Ne'er, they say, is reckoned cheap:
Alms of gruel, saltless, dry,
  Bring me this reward to reap.

Elephant and horse and kine,
  Gold and corn and all the land,
Troops of girls with form divine:
  Alms have brought them to my hand.

[409] So the Bodhisatta in his joy and delight on the day of his parasol-ceremony sang the song of joy in two stanzas. From that time onward they were called the king's favourite song, and all sung them—the Bodhisatta's dancing girls, his other dancers and musicians, his people in the palace, the townsfolk and those in ministerial circles.

[410] After a long time had passed, the chief queen became anxious to know the meaning of the song, but she durst not ask the Great Being. One day the king was pleased with some quality of hers and said, "Lady, I will give you a boon; accept a boon." "It is well, O king, I accept." "What shall I give you, elephants, horses or the like?" "O king, through your grace I lack nothing, I have no need of such things: but if you wish to give me a boon, give it by telling me the meaning of your song." "Lady, what need have you of that boon? Accept something else." "O king, I have no need of anything else: it is that I will accept." "Well, lady, I will tell it, but not as a secret to you alone: I will send a drum round the whole twelve leagues of Benares, I will make a jewelled pavilion at my palace-door and arrange there a jewelled throne: on it I will sit amidst ministers, brahmins and other people of the city, and the sixteen thousand women, and there tell the tale." She agreed. The king had all done as he said, and then sat on the throne amidst a great multitude, like Sakka amidst the company of the gods. The queen too with all her ornaments set a golden chair of ceremony and sat in an appropriate place on one side, and looking with a side glance she said, "O king, tell and explain to me, as if causing the moon to arise in the sky, the meaning of the song of joy you sang in your delight"; and so she spoke the third stanza:—

Glorious and righteous king,
Many a time the song you sing,
In exceeding joy of heart:
Pray to me the cause impart.

[411] The Great Being declaring the meaning of the song spoke four stanzas:—

This the city, but the station different, in my previous birth:
Servant was I to another, hireling, but of honest worth.

Going from the town to labour four ascetics once I saw,
Passionless and calm in bearing, perfect in the moral law.

All my thoughts went to those Buddhas: as they sat beneath the tree,
With my hands I brought them gruel, offering of piety.

Such the virtuous deed of merit: lo! the fruit I reap to-day—
All the kingly state and riches, all the land beneath my sway.

[412] When she heard the Great Being thus fully explaining the fruit of his action, the queen said joyfully, "Great king, if you discern so visibly the fruits of charitable giving, from this day forward take a portion of rice and do not eat yourself until you have given it to righteous priests and brahmins"; and she spoke a stanza in praise of the Bodhisatta:—

Eat, due alms remembering,
Set the wheel of right to roll:
Flee injustice, mighty king,
Righteously thy realm control.

The Great Being, accepting what she said, spoke a stanza :—

Still I make that road my own
  Walking in the path of right,
Where the good, fair queen, have gone:
  Saints are pleasant to my sight.

[413] After saying this, he looked at the queen's beauty and said, "Fair lady, I have told fully my good deeds done in former time, but amongst all these ladies there is none like you in beauty or charming grace: by what deed did you attain this beauty?" And he spoke a stanza :—

Lady, like a nymph of heaven,
  You the crowd of maids outshine:
For what gracious deed was given
  Meed of beauty so divine?

Then she told the virtuous deed done in her former birth, and spoke the last two stanzas:—

I was once a handmaid's slave
  At Ambaṭṭha's royal court,
To modesty my heart I gave,
  To virtue and to good report.

In a begging Brother's bowl
  Once an alms of rice I put;
Charity had filled my soul:
  Such the deed, and lo! the fruit.

She too, it is said, spoke with accurate knowledge and remembrance of past births.

[414] So both fully declared their past deeds, and from that day they had six halls of charity built, at the four gates, in the centre of the city and at the palace-door, and stirring up all India they gave great gifts, kept the moral duties and the holy days, and at the end of their lives became destined for heaven.

At the end of the lesson, the Master identified the birth: "At that time the queen was the mother of Rāhula, and the king was myself.'

No. 416.

PARANTAPA-JĀTAKA.

"*Terror and fear,*" *etc.*—The Master told this while dwelling in the Bamboo-grove, concerning Devadatta's going about to kill him. They were discussing it in the Hall of Truth, "Sirs, Devadatta [415] is going about to kill the Tathāgata, he has hired bowmen, thrown down a rock, let loose Nāḷāgiri, and uses special means for the destruction of the Tathāgata." The Master came and asked the subject of their discussion as they sat together: when they told him, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time he has gone about to kill me: but he could not even make me afraid, and gained only sorrow for himself:" and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his chief queen. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā, and acquired a spell for the understanding of all animals' cries. After listening duly to his teacher, he returned to Benares. His father appointed him viceroy: but though he did so, he became anxious to kill him and would not even see him.

A she-jackal with two cubs entered the city at night by a sewer, when men were retired to rest. In the Bodhisatta's palace, near his bed-room, there was a chamber, where a single traveller, who had taken his shoes off and put them by his feet on the floor, was lying down, not yet asleep, on a plank. The jackal-cubs were hungry and gave a cry. Their mother said in the speech of jackals, "Do not make a noise, dears: there is a man in that chamber who has taken his shoes off and laid them on the floor: he is lying on a plank, but is not asleep yet: when he falls asleep, I will take his shoes and give you food." By the power of the spell the Bodhisatta understood her call, and leaving his bedroom he opened a window and said, "Who is there?" "I, your majesty, a traveller." "Where are your shoes?" "On the floor." "Lift them and hang them up." Hearing this the jackal was angry with the Bodhisatta. One day she entered the city again by the same way. That day a drunken man [416] went down to drink in a lotus-tank: falling in, he sank and was drowned. He possessed the two garments he was wearing, a thousand pieces in his under-garment, and a ring on his finger. The jackal-cubs cried out for hunger, and the mother said, "Be quiet, dears: there is a dead man in this lotus-tank, he had such and such property: he is lying dead on the tank-stair, I will give you his flesh to eat." The Bodhisatta, hearing her, opened the window and said, "Who is in the chamber?" One rose and

said, "I." "Go and take the clothes, the thousand pieces and the ring from the man who is lying dead in yonder lotus-tank, and make the body sink so that it cannot rise out of the water." The man did so. The jackal was angry again: "The other day you prevented my children eating the shoes; to-day you prevent them eating the dead man. Very well: on the third day from this a hostile king will come and encompass the city, your father will send you to battle, they will cut off your head: I will drink your throat's blood and satisfy my enmity: you make yourself an enemy of mine and I will see to it:" so she cried abusing the Bodhisatta. Then she took her cubs and went away. On the third day the hostile king came and encompassed the city. The king said to the Bodhisatta, "Go, dear son, and fight him." "O king, I have seen a vision: I cannot go, for I fear I shall lose my life." "What is your life or death to me? Go." The Great Being obeyed: taking his men he avoided the gate where the hostile king was posted, and went out by another which he had opened. As he went the whole city became as it were deserted, for all men went out with him. He encamped in a certain open space and waited. The king thought, "My viceroy has emptied the city and fled with all my forces: the enemy is lying all round the city: [417] I am but a dead man." To save his life he took his chief queen, his family priest, and a single attendant named Parantapa: with them he fled in disguise by night and entered a wood. Hearing of his flight, the Bodhisatta entered the city, defeated the hostile king in battle and took the kingdom. His father made a hut of leaves on a river bank and lived there on wild fruits. He and the family priest used to go looking for wild fruits: the servant Parantapa stayed with the queen in the hut. She was with child by the king: but owing to being constantly with Parantapa, she sinned with him. One day she said to him, "If the king knows, neither you nor I would live: kill him." "In what way?" "He makes you carry his sword and bathing-dress when he goes to bathe: take him off his guard at the bathing-place, cut off his head and chop his body to pieces with the sword and then bury him in the ground." He agreed. One day the priest had gone out for wild fruits: he had climbed a tree near the king's bathing-place and was gathering the fruit. The king wished to bathe, and came to the water-side with Parantapa carrying his sword and bathing-dress. As he was going to bathe, Parantapa, meaning to kill him when off his guard, seized him by the neck and raised the sword. The king cried out in fear of death. The priest heard the cry and saw from above that Parantapa was murdering him: but he was in great terror and slipping down from his branch in the tree, he hid in a thicket. Parantapa heard the noise he made as he slipped down, and after killing and burying the king he thought, "There was a noise of slipping from a branch thereabouts; who is there?" But seeing no man he bathed and went away.

Then the priest came out of his hiding-place; [418] knowing that the king had been cut in pieces and buried in a pit, he bathed and in fear of his life he pretended to be blind when he came back to the hut. Parantapa saw him and asked what had happened to him. He feigned not to know him and said, "O king, I am come back with my eyes lost: I was standing by an ant-hill in a wood full of serpents, and the breath of some venomous serpent must have fallen on me." Parantapa thought the priest was addressing him as king in ignorance, and to put his mind at rest he said, "Brahmin, never mind, I will take care of you," and so comforted him and gave him plenty of wild fruits. From that time it was Parantapa who gathered the fruits. The queen bore a son. As he was growing up, she said to Parantapa one day at early morning when seated comfortably, "Some one saw you when you were killing the king?" "No one saw me: but I heard the noise of something slipping from a bough: whether it was man or beast I cannot tell: but whenever fear comes on me it must be from the cause of the boughs creaking," and so in conversation with her he spoke the first stanza:—

Terror and fear fall on me even now,
For then a man or beast did shake a bough.

They thought the priest was asleep, but he was awake and heard their talk. One day, when Parantapa had gone for wild fruits, the priest remembered his brahmin-wife and spoke the second stanza in lamentation:—

[419] My true wife's home is near at hand: my love will make me be
Pale like Parantapa and thin, at quivering of a tree.

The queen asked what he was saying. He said, "I was only thinking:" but one day again he spoke the third stanza:—

My dear wife's in Benares: her absence wears me now
To pallor like Parantapa's at shaking of a bough.

Again one day he spoke a fourth stanza:—

Her black eye's glow, her speech and smiles in thought do bring me now
To pallor like Parantapa's at shaking of a bough.

In time the young prince grew up and reached the age of sixteen. Then the brahmin made him take a stick, and going with him to the bathing-place opened his eyes and looked. [420] "Are you not blind, brahmin?" said the prince. "I am not, but by this means I have saved my life: do you know who is your father?" "Yes." "That man is not your father: your father was king of Benares: that man is a servant of your house, he sinned with your mother and in this spot killed and buried your father"; and so saying he pulled up the bones and showed them to him. The prince grew very angry, and asked, "What am I to do?" "Do to that man what he did to your father here," and showing him the

whole matter he taught him in a few days how to handle a sword. Then one day the prince took sword and bathing-dress and said, "Father, let us go and bathe." Parantapa consented and went with him. When he went down into the water, the prince took his top-knot in the left hand and the sword in the right, and said, "At this spot you took my father by the top-knot and killed him as he cried out: even so will I do to you." Parantapa wailed in fear of death and spoke two stanzas:—

Surely that sound has come to you and told you what befel:
Surely the man who bent the bough has come the tale to tell.

The foolish thought that once I had has reached your knowledge now:
That day a witness, man or beast, was there and shook the bough.

Then the prince spoke the last stanza:—

'Twas thus you slew my father with trait'rous word, untrue;
You hid his body in the boughs: now fear has come to you.

[421] So saying, he slew him on the spot, buried him and covered the place with branches: then washing the sword and bathing, he went back to the hut of leaves. He told the priest how he had killed Parantapa: he censured his mother, and saying, "What shall we do now?" the three went back to Benares. The Bodhisatta made the young prince viceroy and doing charity and other good works passed fully through the path to heaven.

After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was the old king, I myself was the young one."

BOOK VIII.—AṬṬHA-NIPĀTA.

No. 417.

KACCĀNI-JĀTAKA[1].

[422] "*Robed in white,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning a man who supported his mother. The story is that the man was of good family and conduct in Sāvatthi: on his father's death he became devoted to his mother and tended her with the services of mouth-washing, teeth-cleansing, bathing, feet-washing and the like, and also by giving her gruel, rice and other food. She said to him, "Dear son, there are other duties in a householder's life: you must marry a maid of a suitable family, who will attend to me, and then you can do your proper work." "Mother, it is for my own good and pleasure that I wait on you: who else would wait on you so well?" "Son, you ought to do something to advance the fortune of our house." "I have no care for a householder's life; I will wait on you, and after you are dead and burned I will become an ascetic." She pressed him again and again: and at last, without winning him over or gaining his consent, she brought him a maid of a suitable family. He married and lived with her, because he would not oppose his mother. She observed the great attention with which her husband waited on his mother, and desirous of imitating it she too waited on her with care. Noticing his wife's devotion, he gave her thenceforth all the pleasant food he could get. As time went on she foolishly thought in her pride, "He gives me all the pleasant food he gets: he must be anxious to get rid [423] of his mother and I will find some means for doing so." So one day she said, "Husband, your mother scolds me when you leave the house." He said nothing. She thought, "I will irritate the old woman and make her disagreeable to her son": and thenceforth she gave her rice-gruel either very hot or very cold or very salt or saltless. When the old woman complained that it was too hot or too salt, she threw in cold water enough to fill the dish: and then on complaints of its being cold and saltless, she would make a great outcry, "Just now you said it was too hot and too salt: who can satisfy you?" So at the bath she would throw very hot water on the old woman's back: when she said, "Daughter, my back is burning," the other would throw some very cold water on her, and on complaints of this, she would make a story to the neighbours, "This woman said just now it was too hot, now she screams 'it is too cold': who can endure her impudence?" If the old woman complained that her bed was full of fleas, she would take the bed out and shake her own bed over it and then bring it back declaring, "I've given it a shake": the good old lady, having twice as many fleas biting her

[1] See Morris, *Folk-lore Journal*, ii. p. 306.

now, would spend the night sitting up and complain of being bitten all night; the other would retort, "Your bed was shaken yesterday and the day before too: who can satisfy all such a woman's needs?" To set the old woman's son against her, she would scatter phlegm and mucus and grey hairs here and there, and when he asked who was making the whole house so dirty, she would say, "Your mother does it; but if she is told not to do so, she makes an outcry: I can't stay in the same house with such an old witch: you must decide whether she stays or I." He hearkened to her and said, "Wife, you are yet young and can get a living wherever you go: but my mother is weak and I am her stay: go and depart to your own kin." When she heard this, she was afraid and thought, "He cannot break with his mother who is so very dear to him: but if I go to my old home, I shall have a miserable life of separation: I will conciliate my mother-in-law and tend her as of old": [424] and thenceforth she did so. One day that lay brother went to Jetavana to hear the law: saluting the Master he stood on one side. The Master asked him if he were not careless of his old duties, if he were dutiful in tending his mother. He answered, "Yes, Lord: my mother brought me a maid to wife against my will, she did such and such unseemly things," telling him all, "but the woman could not make me break with my mother, and now she tends her with all respect." The Master heard the story and said, "This time you would not do her bidding: but formerly you cast out your mother at her bidding and owing to me took her back again to your house and tended her": and at the man's request he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, a young man of a certain family on his father's death devoted himself to his mother and tended her as in the introductory story: the details are to be given in full as above. But in this case, when his wife said she could not live with the old witch and he must decide which of them should go, he took her word that his mother was in fault and said, "Mother, you are always raising strife in the house: henceforth go and live in some other place, where you choose." She obeyed, weeping, and going to a certain friend's house, she worked for wages and with difficulty made a living. After she left, her daughter-in-law conceived a child, and went about saying to her husband and the neighbours that such a thing could never have happened as long as the old witch was in the house. After the child was born, she said to her husband, "I never had a son while your mother stayed in the house, but now I have: so you can see what a witch she was." The old woman heard that the son's birth was thought to be due to her leaving the house, and she thought, "Surely Right must be dead in the world: [425] if it were not so, these people would not have got a son and a comfortable life after beating and casting out their mother: I will make an offering for the dead Right." So one day she took ground sesame and rice and a little pot and a spoon: she went to a cemetery of corpses and kindled a fire under an oven made with three human skulls: then she went down into the water, bathed herself head and all, washed her garment and coming back to her fireplace, she loosened her hair and began to wash the rice.

The Bodhisatta was at that time Sakka, king of heaven; and the Bodhisattas are vigilant. At the instant he saw, in his survey of the world, that the poor old woman was making a death-offering to Right as if Right were dead. Wishing to shew his power in helping her, he came down disguised as a brahmin travelling on the high road: at sight of her he left the road and standing near her, began a conversation by saying, "Mother, people do not cook food in cemeteries: what are you going to do with this sesame and rice when cooked?" So he spoke the first stanza:—

Robed in white, with dripping hair,
  Why, Kaccāni[1], boil the pot?
Washing rice and sesame there,
  Will you use them when they're hot?

She spoke the second stanza to give him information:—

Brahmin, not for food will I
  Use the sesame and the rice:
Right is dead; its memory
  I would crown with sacrifice.

[426] Then Sakka spoke the third stanza:—

Lady, think ere you decide:
  Who has told you such a lie?
Strong in might and thousand-eyed
  Perfect Right can never die.

Hearing him, the woman spoke two stanzas:—

Brahmin, I have witness strong,
  'Right is dead' I must believe:
All men now who follow wrong
  Great prosperity receive.

Barren once, my good son's spouse
  Beats me, and she bears a son:
She is lady of our house,
  I an outcast and undone.

Then Sakka spoke the sixth stanza:—

[2]Nay, I live eternally;
  'Twas for your sake that I came:
She beat you; but her son and she
  Shall be ashes in my flame.

[427] Hearing him, she cried, "Alas, what say you? I will try to save my grandson from death," and so she spoke the seventh stanza:—

King of gods, your will be done:
  If for me you left the sky,
May my children and their son
  Live with me in amity.

[1] She is called Kātiyāni in the eighth stanza.

[2] Sakka identifies himself with Right.

Then Sakka spoke the eighth stanza:—

Kātiyāni's will be done:
Beaten, you still on Right rely:
With your children and their son
Share one home in amity.

After saying this, Sakka, now in all his divine apparel, stood in the air by his supernatural power and said, "Kaccāni, be not afraid: by my power your son and daughter-in-law will come, and after getting your forgiveness on the way will take you back with them: dwell with them in peace:" then he went to his own place. By Sakka's power they bethought themselves of her goodness, and making enquiry through the village they found she had gone towards the cemetery. They went along the road calling for her: when they saw her they fell at her feet, and asked and obtained her pardon for their offence. She welcomed her grandson. So they all went home in delight and thenceforth dwelt together.

Joyful with her good son's wife
Kātiyāni then did dwell:
Indra pacified their strife,
Son and grandson tend her well.

This stanza is inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

---

[428] After the lesson the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth: after the Truths that lay brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the man who supported his mother was the man who is supporting his mother to-day, the wife of that time was the wife of to-day, and Sakka was myself."

No. 418.

AṬṬHASADDA-JĀTAKA.

"*A pool so deep,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning an indistinguishable terrific sound heard at midnight by the king of Kosala. The occasion is like that already described in the Lohakumbhī Birth[1]. At this time however, when the king said, "Lord, what does the hearing of these sounds import to me?" the Master answered, "Great king, be not afraid: no danger shall befal you owing to these sounds: such terrible indistinguishable

[1] See *supra*, p. 29.

sounds have not been heard by you alone: kings of old also heard like sounds, and meant to follow the advice of brahmins to offer in sacrifice four animals of each species, but after hearing what wise men had to say, they set free the animals collected for sacrifice and caused proclamation by drum against all slaughter": and at the king's request, he told the old tale.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a brahmin family worth eighty crores. When he grew up he learned the arts at Takkasilā. After his parents' death he reviewed all their treasures, got rid of all his wealth by way of charity, forsook desires, went to the Himālaya and became an ascetic and entered on mystic meditation. After a time he came to the haunts of men for salt and vinegar, and reaching Benares dwelt in a garden. At that time the king of Benares when seated on his royal bed at midnight heard eight sounds:—first, a crane made a noise in a garden near the palace; second, immediately after the crane, a female crow made a noise from the gateway of the elephant-house; [429] third, an insect settled on the peak of the palace made a noise; fourth, a tame cuckoo in the palace made a noise; fifth, a tame deer in the same place; sixth, a tame monkey there; seventh, a gnome living in the palace; eighth, immediately after the last, a paccekabuddha, passing along the roof of the king's habitation to the garden, uttered a sound of ecstatic feeling. The king was terrified at hearing these eight sounds, and next day consulted the brahmins. The brahmins said, "Great king, there is danger for you: let us offer sacrifice out of the palace;" and getting his leave to do their pleasure, they came in joy and delight and began the work of sacrifice. Now a young pupil of the oldest sacrificial brahmin was wise and learned: he said to his master, "Master, do not cause such a harsh and cruel slaughter of so many creatures." "Pupil, what do you know about it? even if nothing else happens, we shall get much fish and flesh to eat." "Master, do not, for the belly's sake, an action which will cause rebirth in hell." Hearing this, the other brahmins were angry with the pupil for endangering their gains. The pupil in fear said, "Very well, devise a means then of getting fish and flesh to eat," and left the city looking for some pious ascetic able to prevent the king from sacrificing. He entered the royal garden and seeing the Bodhisatta, he saluted him and said, "Have you no compassion on creatures? The king has ordered a sacrifice which will bring death on many creatures: ought you not to bring about the release of such a multitude?" "Young brahmin, I do not know the king of this land, nor he me." "Sir, do you know what will be the consequence of those sounds the king heard?" "I do." "If you know, [430] why do you not tell the king?" "Young brahmin, how can I go with a horn fastened[1] on my

[1] As an emblem of pride, as in the Bible.

forehead to say, 'I know?' If the king comes here to question me, I will tell him." The young brahmin went swiftly to the king's court, and when he was asked his business, he said, "Great king, a certain ascetic knows the issue of those sounds you heard: he is sitting on the royal seat in your garden, and says he will tell you if you ask him: you should do so." The king went swiftly, saluted the ascetic, and after friendly greeting he sat down and asked, "Is it true that you know the issue of the sounds I have heard?" "Yes, great king." "Then pray tell me." "Great king, there is no danger connected with those sounds: there is a certain crane in your old garden; it was without food, and half dead with hunger made the first sound:" and so by his knowledge giving precisely the crane's meaning he uttered the first stanza:—

A pool so deep and full of fish they called this place of yore,
The crane-king's residence it was, my ancestors' before:
And though we live on frogs to-day, we never leave its shore.

"That, great king, was the sound the crane made in the pangs of hunger: if you wish to set it free from hunger, have the garden cleaned and fill the tank with water." The king told a minister to have this done. "Great king, there is a female crow who lives in the doorway of your elephant house: she made the second sound, grieving for her son: you need have no fear from it," and so he uttered the second stanza:—

Oh! who of wicked Bandhura? the single eye will rend
My nest, my nestlings and myself oh! who will now befriend?

[431] Then he asked the king for the name of the chief groom in the elephant-house. "His name, sir, is Bandhura." "Has he only one eye, O king?" "Yes, sir." "Great king, a certain crow has built her nest over the doorway of your elephant-house; there she laid her eggs, there her young in due time were hatched: every time the groom enters or leaves the stable on his elephant, he strikes with his hook at the crow and her nestlings, and destroys the nest: the crow in this distress wishes to tear his eye and spoke as she did. If you are well-disposed to her, send for Bandhura and prevent him from destroying the nest." The king sent for him, rebuked and removed him, and gave the elephant to another.

"On the peak of your palace-roof, great king, there is a wood-insect; it had eaten all the fig-wood there and could not eat the harder wood: lacking food and unable to get away, it made the third sound in lamentation: you need have no fear from it:" and so by his knowledge giving precisely the insect's meaning he spoke the third stanza:—

I've eaten all the fig-wood round as far as it would go:
Hard wood a weevil liketh not, though other food runs low.

The king sent a servant and by some means had the weevil set free.

"In your habitation, great king, is there a certain tame cuckoo?" "There is, sir." "Great king, that cuckoo was pining for the forest when it remembered its former life, 'How can I leave this cage, and go to my dear forest?' and so made the fourth sound: you need have no fear from it:" and so he spoke the fourth stanza:—

[432] Oh to leave this royal dwelling! oh to gain my liberty,
Glad at heart to roam the wood, and build my nest upon the tree.

So saying, he added, "The cuckoo is pining, great king, set her free." The king did so.

"Great king, is there a tame deer in your habitation?" "There is, sir." "He was chief of the herd: remembering his hind and pining for love of her he made the fifth sound: you need have no fear from it:" and he spoke the fifth stanza:—

Oh to leave this royal dwelling! oh to gain my liberty,
Drink pure water of the fountain, lead the herd that followed me!

The Great Being caused this deer too to be set free and went on, "Great king, is there a tame monkey in your habitation?" "There is, sir." "He was chief of a herd in the Himālaya, and he was fond of the society of female monkeys: he was brought here by a hunter named Bharata: pining and longing for his old haunts he made the sixth sound: you need have no fear from it," and he spoke the sixth stanza:—

Filled and stained was I with passions, with desire infatuate,
Bharata the hunter took me; may I bring you happy fate!

The Great Being caused the monkey too to be set free, and went on, "Great king, is there a gnome living in your habitation?" "There is, sir." "He is thinking of what he did with his sylph [433] and in the pain of desire made the seventh sound. One day he had climbed the peak of a high mountain with her: they plucked and decked themselves with many flowers of choice hue and scent, and never noticed that the sun was setting; darkness fell as they were descending. The sylph said, 'Husband, it is dark, come down carefully without stumbling,' and taking him by the hand, she led him down. It was in memory of her words that he made the sound: you need have no fear from it." By his knowledge he stated and made known the circumstance precisely, and spoke the seventh stanza:—

When the darkness gathered thickly on the mountain summit lone,
'Stumble not,' she gently warned me, 'with thy foot against a stone.'

So the Great Being explained why the gnome had made the sound, and caused him to be set free, and went on, "Great king, there was an eighth sound, one of ecstasy. A certain paccekabuddha in the Nandamūla cave knowing that the conditions of life were now at an end for him came to

the abode of man, thinking, 'I will enter into Nirvāna in the king of Benares' park: his servants will bury me, and hold sacred festival and venerate my relics and so attain heaven:' he was coming by his supernatural power and just as he reached your palace-roof, he threw off the burden of life and sung in ecstasy the song that lights up the entrance into the city of Nirvāna:" and so he spoke the stanza uttered by the paccekabuddha:

[434] Surely I see the end of birth,
I ne'er again the womb shall see:
My last existence on the earth
Is o'er, and all its misery.

"With these words of ecstasy he reached your park and passed into Nirvāna at the foot of a sál-tree in full flower: come, great king, and perform his funeral rites." So the Great Being took the king to the place where the paccekabuddha entered into Nirvāna and shewed him the body. Seeing the body, the king with a great army paid honour with perfumes and flowers and the like. By the Bodhisatta's advice he stopped the sacrifice, gave all the creatures their lives, made proclamation by drum through the city that there should be no slaughter, caused sacred festival to be held for seven days, had the paccekabuddha's body burnt with great honour on a pyre heaped with perfumes and made a stupa where four high roads meet. The Bodhisatta preached righteousness to the king and exhorted him to diligence: then he went to the Himālaya and there did works in the Perfect States, and without a break in his meditations became destined for the Brahma Heaven.

After the lesson, the Master said, "Great king, there is no danger at all to you from that sound, stop the sacrifice and give all these creatures their lives": and having caused proclamation to be made by drum that their lives were spared, he identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the pupil was Sāriputta, and the ascetic was myself."

No. 419.

SULASĀ-JĀTAKA.

[435] "*Here is a golden necklace,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a female servant of Anāthapiṇḍika. The story is that one feast-day, when she was going with a number of fellow-servants to a pleasure-garden, she asked her mistress Paṇṇalakkhaṇadevī for an ornament to wear.

Her mistress gave her an ornament of her own, worth a hundred thousand pieces. She put it on and went along with the other servants to the pleasure-garden. A certain thief coveted the ornament, and with the design of killing her and taking it he began talking to her, and in the garden he gave her fish, flesh and strong drink. "He does it, I suppose, because he desires me," she thought, and at evening when the others lay down to rest after their sports, she rose and went to him. He said, "Mistress, this place is not private; let us go a little farther." She thought, [1]"Anything private can be done in this place: no doubt he must be anxious to kill me and take what I am wearing: I'll teach him a lesson:" so she said, "Master, I am dry owing to the strong drink: get me some water," and taking him to a well asked him to draw some water, shewing him the rope and bucket. The thief let down the bucket. Then as he was stooping to draw up the water, the girl, who was very strong, pushed him hard with both hands and threw him into the well. "You won't die that way," she said, and threw a large brick upon his head. He died on the spot. When she came back to the town and gave her mistress the ornament, she said, "I have very nearly been killed to-day for that ornament," and told the whole story. The mistress told Anāthapiṇḍika, and he told the Tathāgata. The Master said, "Householder, this is not the first time that servant girl has been endowed with wits rising to the occasion; she was so before also: it is not the first time she killed that man; she did it once before," and at Anāthapiṇḍika's request, he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a beautiful woman of the town, called Sulasā, who had a train of five-hundred courtesans, and whose price was a thousand pieces a night. There was in the same city a robber named Sattuka, [436] as strong as an elephant, who used to enter rich men's houses at night and plunder at will. The townsmen assembled and complained to the king. The king ordered the city-watch to post bands here and there, have the robber caught and cut off his head. They bound his hands behind his back and led him to the place of execution, scourging him in every square with whips. The news that he was taken excited the whole city. Sulasā was standing at a window, and looking down on the street she saw the robber, loved him at sight and thought, "If I can free that stout fighting-man, I will give up this bad life of mine and live respectably with him." In the way described in the Kaṇavera Birth[2] she gained his freedom by sending a thousand pieces to the chief constable of the city and then lived with him in delight and harmony. The robber after three or four months thought, "I shall never be able to stay in this one place: but one can't go empty-handed: Sulasā's ornaments are worth a hundred thousand pieces: I will kill her and take them." So he said to her one day, "Dear, when I was being hauled along by the king's men, I promised an offering to a tree-deity on a mountain-top, who is now threatening me because I have not paid it: let us make an offering." "Very well, husband, prepare and send it." "Dear, it will

[1] Omitting *na*, with other MSS.
[2] See *supra*, p. 40.

not do to send it: let us both go and present it, wearing all our ornaments and with a great retinue." "Very well, husband, we'll do so." He made her prepare the offering and when they reached the mountain-foot, he said, "Dear, the deity, seeing this crowd of people, will not accept the offering; let us two go up and present it." She consented, and he made her carry the vessel. He was himself armed to the teeth, and when they reached the top, he set the offering [437] at the foot of a tree which grew beside a precipice a hundred times as high as a man, and said, "Dear, I have not come to present the offering, I have come with the intention of killing you and going away with all your ornaments: take them all off and make a bundle of them in your outer garment." "Husband, why would you kill me?" "For your money." "Husband, remember the good I have done you: when you were being hauled along in chains, I gave up a rich man's son for you and paid a large sum and saved your life: though I might get a thousand pieces a day, I never look at another man: such a benefactress I am to you: do not kill me, I will give you much money and be your slave." With these entreaties she spoke the first stanza:—

Here is a golden necklace, and emeralds and pearls,
Take all and welcome: give me place among thy servant girls.

When Sattuka had spoken the second stanza in accordance with his purpose, to wit—

Fair lady, lay thy jewels down and do not weep so sore:
I'll kill thee: else I can't be sure thou'lt give me all thy store:—

Sulasā's wits rose to the occasion, and thinking, "This robber will not give me my life, but I'll take his life first by throwing him down the precipice in some way," she spoke the two stanzas:—

Within my years of sense, within my conscious memory,
No man on earth, I do protest, have I loved more than thee.

Come hither, for my last salute, receive my last embrace:
For never more upon the earth shall we meet face to face.

Sattuka could not see her purpose, so he said, "Very well, dear; come and embrace me." Sulasā walked round him in respectful salutation three times, kissed him, and saying, "Now, husband, I am going [438] to make obeisance to you on all four sides," she put her head on his foot, did obeisance at his sides, and went behind him as if to do obeisance there: then with the strength of an elephant she took him by the hinder parts and threw him head over heels down that place of destruction a hundred times as high as a man. He was crushed to pieces and died on the spot. Seeing this deed, the deity who lived on the mountain-top spoke these stanzas:—

Wisdom at times is not confined to men:
A woman can shew wisdom now and then.

Wisdom at times is not confined to men :
Women are quick in counsel now and then.

How quick and keen she was the way to know,
She slew him like a deer with full-stretched bow.

He that to great occasion fails to rise
Falls, like that dull thief from the precipice.

One prompt a crisis in his fate to see,
Like her, is saved from threatening enemy.

So Sulasā killed the robber. When she descended from the mountain and came among her attendants, they asked where her husband was. "Don't ask me," she said, and mounting her chariot she went on to the city.

---

[439] After the lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the two then were the same two now, the deity was myself."

No. 420.

SUMAṄGALA-JĀTAKA.

"*Conscious of an angry frown,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the admonition of a king. On this occasion the Master, at the king's request, told the tale of old.

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of his chief queen. When he grew up, he became king on his father's death and gave abundant alms. He had a park-keeper named Sumaṅgala. A certain paccekabuddha left the Nanda-mūla cave on a pilgrimage for alms, and coming to Benares stayed in the park. Next day he went into the town to beg. The king saw him with favour, made him come up into the palace and sit on the throne, waited on him with various delicate kinds of food, both hard and soft, and received his thanks: being pleased that the paccekabuddha should stay in his park, he exacted a promise and sent him back thither: after his morning meal he went there in person, arranged the places for his habitation by night

and day, gave him the park-keeper Sumaṅgala as attendant, and went back to the town. After that the paccekabuddha had meals constantly in the palace and lived there a long time: Sumaṅgala respectfully attended on him. One day he went away, saying to Sumaṅgala, "I am going to such and such a village for a few days, but will come back: inform the king." Sumaṅgala informed the king. After a few days' stay in that village the paccekabuddha came back to the park in the evening after sunset. [440] Sumaṅgala, not knowing of his arrival, had gone to his own house. The paccekabuddha put away his bowl and robe, and after a little walk sat down on a stone-slab. That day some strange guests had come to the park-keeper's house. To get them soup and curry he had gone with a bow to kill a tame deer in the park: he was there looking for a deer when he saw the paccekabuddha and thinking he was a great deer, he aimed an arrow and shot him. The paccekabuddha uncovered his head and said, "Sumaṅgala." Greatly moved Sumaṅgala said, "Sir, I knew not of your coming and shot you, thinking you were a deer: forgive me." "Very well, but what will you do now? Come, pull out the arrow." He made obeisance and pulled it out. The paccekabuddha felt great pain and passed into nirvāna then and there. The park-keeper thought the king would not pardon him if he knew: he took his wife and children and fled. By supernatural power the whole city heard that the paccekabuddha had entered nirvāna, and all were greatly excited. Next day some men entered the park, saw the body and told the king that the park-keeper had fled after killing the paccekabuddha. The king went with a great retinue and for seven days paid honour to the body: then with all ceremony he took the relics, built a shrine, and doing honour to it went on ruling his kingdom righteously. After a year, Sumaṅgala determined to find out what the king thought: he came and asked a minister whom he saw to find out what the king thought of him. The minister praised Sumaṅgala before the king: but he was as if he heard not. The minister said no more, but told Sumaṅgala that the king was not pleased with him. After another year he came, and again in the third year he brought his wife and children. The minister knew the king was appeased [441], and setting Sumaṅgala at the palace-door told the king of his coming. The king sent for him, and after greeting said, "Sumaṅgala, why did you kill that paccekabuddha, through whom I was gaining merit?" "O king, I did not mean to kill him, but it was in this way that I did the deed," and he told the story. The king bade him have no fear, and reassuring him made him park-keeper again. Then the minister asked, "O king, why did you make no answer when you heard Sumaṅgala's praises twice, and on the third hearing why did you send for him and forgive him?" The king said, "Dear sir, it is wrong for a king to do anything hastily in his anger: therefore I was silent at first and the third time when I

knew I was appeased I sent for Sumaṅgala": and so he spoke these stanzas to declare the duty of a king:—

Conscious of an angry frown,
  Ne'er let king stretch out his rod:
Things unworthy of a crown
  Then would follow from his nod.

Conscious of a milder mood,
  Let him judgments harsh decree,
When the case is understood,
  Fix the proper penalty:

Self nor others will he vex,
  Clearly parting right from wrong:
Though his yoke is on men's necks,
  Virtue holds him high and strong.

Princes reckless in their deed
  Ply the rod remorselessly,
Ill repute is here their meed,
  Hell awaits them when they die.

[442] They who love the saintly law,
  Pure in deed and word and thought,
Filled with kindness, calm and awe,
  Pass through both worlds as they ought.

King am I, my people's lord;
  Anger shall not check my bent:
When to vice I take the sword,
  Pity prompts the punishment.

[443] So the king declared his own good qualities in six stanzas: his whole court were pleased and declared his merits in the words, "Such excellence in moral practices and qualities is worthy of your majesty." Sumaṅgala, after the court had finished speaking, saluted the king, and after obeisance spoke three stanzas in the king's praise:—

Such thy glory and thy power;
Ne'er resign them for an hour:
Free from anger, free from fears,
Reign in joy a hundred years.

Prince, whom all those virtues bless,
  Mild and bland, but firm in worth,
Rule the world with righteousness,
  Pass to heaven when freed from earth.

True in word, in action good,
  Take the means thy end to gain:
Calm the troubled multitude,
  As a cloud with genial rain.

---

[444] After the lesson connected with the admonition of the Kosala king, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the paccekabuddha passed into nirvāna, Sumaṅgala was Ānanda, the king was myself."

No. 421.

GAṄGAMĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*The earth's like coals*," *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the keeping of the weekly holy days. One day the Master was addressing the lay-brethren who were keeping the holy days and said, "Lay-brethren, your conduct is good; when men keep the holy days they should give alms, keep the moral precepts, never show anger, feel kindness and do the duties of the day: wise men of old gained great glory from even a partial keeping of the holy days:" and at their request he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a rich merchant in that city named Suciparivāra, whose wealth reached eighty crores and who took delight in charity and other good works. His wife and children and all his household and servants down to the calf-herds kept six holy days every month. At that time the Bodhisatta was born in a certain poor family and lived a hard life on workman's wages. Hoping to get work he came to Suciparivāra's house: saluting and sitting on one side, he was asked his errand and said, "It was to get work for wages in your house[1]." When other workmen came to him, the merchant used to say to them, "In this house the workmen keep the moral precepts, if you can keep them you may work for me:" but to the Bodhisatta he made no hint in the way of mentioning moral precepts but said, [445] "Very well, my good man, you can work for me and arrange about your wages." Thenceforth the Bodhisatta did all the merchant's work meekly and heartily, without a thought of his own weariness; he went early to work and came back at evening. One day they proclaimed a festival in the city. The merchant said to a female servant, "This is a holy day: you must cook some rice for the workpeople in the morning: they will eat it early and fast the rest of the day." The Bodhisatta rose early and went to his work: no one had told him to fast that day. The other workpeople ate in the morning and then fasted: the merchant with his wife, children and attendants kept the fast: all went, each to his own abode, and sat there meditating on the moral precepts. The Bodhisatta worked all day and came home at sunset. The cook-maid gave him water for his hands, and offered him in a dish rice taken from the boiler. The Bodhisatta said, "At this hour there is a great noise on ordinary days: where have they all gone to-day?" "They are all keeping the fast, each in his own abode." He thought, "I will not be the only person misconducting himself among so

[1] The Pali text here is wrongly punctuated.

many people of moral conduct:" so he went and asked the merchant if the fast could be kept at all by undertaking the duties of the day at that hour. He told him that the whole duty could not be done, because it had not been undertaken in the morning; but half the duty could be done. "So far be it," he answered, and undertaking the duty in his master's presence he began to keep the fast, and going to his own abode he lay meditating on the precepts. He had taken no food all day, and in the last watch he felt pain like a spear-wound. The merchant brought him various remedies and told him to eat them: but he said, "I will not break my fast: I have undertaken it though it cost my life." [446] The pain became intense and at sunrise he was losing consciousness. They told him he was dying, and taking him out they set him in a place of retirement. At this moment the king of Benares in a noble chariot with a great retinue had reached that spot in a progress round the city. The Bodhisatta, seeing the royal splendour, felt a desire for royalty and prayed for it. Dying, he was conceived again, in consequence of keeping half the fast-day, in the womb of the chief queen. She went through the ceremony of pregnancy, and bore a son after ten months. He was named prince Udaya. When he grew up he became perfect in all sciences: by his memory of previous births he knew his former action of merit, and thinking it was a great reward for a little action he sang the song of ecstasy again and again. At his father's death he gained the kingdom, and observing his own great glory he sang the same song of ecstasy. One day they made ready for a festival in the city. A great multitude were intent on amusement. A certain water-carrier who lived by the north gate of Benares had hid a half-penny in a brick in a boundary wall. He cohabited with a poor woman who also made her living by carrying water. She said to him, "My lord, there is a festival in the town: if you have any money, let us enjoy ourselves." "I have, dear." "How much?" "A half-penny." "Where is it?" "In a brick by the north gate, twelve leagues from here I leave my treasure: but have you got anything in hand?" "I have." "How much?" "A half-penny." "So yours and mine together make a whole penny: we'll buy a garland with one part of it, perfume with another, and strong drink with a third: go and fetch your half-penny from where you put it." [447] He was delighted to catch the idea suggested by his wife's words, and saying, "Don't trouble, dear, I will fetch it," he set out. The man was as strong as an elephant: he went more than six leagues, and though it was mid-day and he was treading on sand as hot as if it were strewn with coals just off the flame, he was delighted with the desire of gain and in[1] old yellow clothes with a palm-leaf fastened in his ear he went by the palace court in pursuit of his purpose, singing a

[1] *nantaka* as in p. 22. 1: the palm-leaf is used as an ear-ornament.

song. King Udaya stood at an open window, and seeing him coming wondered who it was, who disregarding such wind and heat went singing for joy, and sent a servant to call him up. "The king calls for you," he was told: but he said, "What is the king to me? I don't know the king." He was taken by force and stood on one side. Then the king spoke two stanzas in enquiry:—

The earth's like coals, the ground like embers hot:
You sing your song, the great heat burns you not.

The sun on high, the sand below are hot:
You sing your song, the great heat burns you not.

Hearing the king's words he spoke the third stanza:—

'Tis these desires that burn, and not the sun:
'Tis all these pressing tasks that must be done.

[448] The king asked what his business was. He answered, "O king, I was living by the south gate with a poor woman: she proposed that she and I should amuse ourselves at the festival and asked if I had anything in hand: I told her I had a treasure stored inside a wall by the north gate: she sent me for it to help us to amuse ourselves: those words of hers never leave my heart and as I think of them hot desire burns me: that is my business." "Then what delights you so much that you disregard wind and sun, and sing as you go?" "O king, I sing to think that when I fetch my treasure I shall amuse myself along with her." "Then, my good man, is your treasure, hidden by the north gate, a hundred thousand pieces?" "Oh no." Then the king asked in succession if it were fifty thousand, forty, thirty, twenty, ten, five, four, three, two gold pieces, one piece, half a piece, a quarter piece, four pence, three, two, one penny. The man said "No" to all these questions and then, "It is a half-penny: indeed, O king, that is all my treasure: but I am going in hopes of fetching it and then amusing myself with her: and in that desire and delight the wind and sun do not annoy me." The king said, "My good man, don't go there in such a heat: I will give you a half-penny." "O king, I will take you at your word and accept it, but I won't lose the other: I won't give up going there and fetching it too." "My good man, stay here: I'll give you a penny, two pence:" then offering more and more he went on to a crore, a hundred crores, boundless wealth, if the man would stay. But he always answered, "O king, I'll take it, but I'll fetch the other too." Then he was tempted by offers of posts as treasurer and posts of various kinds and the position of viceroy: at last he was offered half the kingdom [449] if he would stay. Then he consented. The king said to his ministers, "Go, have my friend shaved and bathed and adorned, and bring him back." They did so. The king divided his kingdom in two and gave him half: but they say that he took the northern half from

love of his half-penny. He was called king Half-penny. They ruled the kingdom in friendship and harmony. One day they went to the park together. After amusing themselves, king Udaya lay down with his head in king Half-penny's lap. He fell asleep, while the attendants were going here and there enjoying their amusements. King Half-penny thought, "Why should I always have only half the kingdom? I will kill him and be sole king:" so he drew his sword, but thinking to strike him remembered that the king had made him, when poor and mean, his partner and set him in great power, and that the thought which had risen in his mind to kill such a benefactor was a wicked one: so he sheathed the sword. A second and a third time the same thought rose. Feeling that this thought, rising again and again, would lead him on to the evil deed, he threw the sword on the ground and woke the king. "Pardon me, O king," he said and fell at his feet. "Friend, you have done me no wrong." "I have, O great king: I did such and such a thing." "Then, friend, I pardon you: if you desire it, be sole king, and I will serve under you as viceroy." He answered, "O king, I have no need of the kingdom, such a desire will cause me to be reborn in evil states: the kingdom is yours, take it: I will become an ascetic: I have seen the root of desire, it grows from a man's wish, [450] from henceforth I will have no such wish," and so in ecstasy he spoke the fourth stanza:—

I have seen thy roots, Desire: in a man's own will they lie.
I will no more wish for thee, and thou, Desire, shalt die.

So saying, he spoke the fifth stanza declaring the law unto a great multitude devoted to desires:—

Little desire is not enough, and much but brings us pain:
Ah! foolish men: be sober, friends, if ye would wisdom gain.

So declaring the law unto the multitude, he entrusted the realm to king Udaya: leaving the weeping multitude with tears on their faces, he went to the Himālaya, became an ascetic and reached perfect insight. At the time of his becoming an ascetic, king Udaya spoke the sixth stanza in complete expression of ecstasy:—

Little desire has brought me all the fruit,
  Great is the glory Udaya acquires;
Mighty the gain if one is resolute
  To be a Brother and forsake desires.

[451] No one knew the meaning of this stanza. One day the chief queen asked him the meaning of it. The king would not tell. There was a certain court-barber, called Gangamāla, who when attending to the king used to use the razor first, and then grasp the hairs with his tweezers[1].

[1] Cf. *Cullavagga*, v. 27.

The king liked the first operation, but the second gave him pain: at the first he would have given the barber a boon, at the second he would have cut his head off. One day he told the queen about it, saying that their court-barber was a fool: when she asked what he ought to do, he answered, "Use the tweezers first and the razor afterwards." She sent for the barber and said, "My good man, when you are trimming the king's beard you ought to take his hairs with your tweezers first and use the razor afterwards: then if the king offers you a boon, you must say you don't want anything else, but wish to know the meaning of his song: if you do, I will give you much money." He agreed. On the next day when he was trimming the king's beard, he took the tweezers first. The king said, "Gangamāla, is this a new fashion of yours?" "O king," he answered, "barbers have got a new fashion;" and he grasped the king's hair with the tweezer first, using the razor afterwards. The king offered him a boon. "O king, I do not want anything else; tell me the meaning of your song." The king was ashamed to tell what his occupation had been in his days of poverty, and said, "My good man, what is the use of such a boon to you? Choose something else:" but the barber begged for it. The king feared to break his word and agreed. As described in the Kummāsapiṇḍa Birth[1] he made all arrangements and seated on a jewelled throne, told the whole story of his former act of merit in his last existence in that city. "That explains," he said, "half the stanza: for the rest, my comrade became an ascetic: I in my pride am sole king now [452], and that explains the second half of my song of ecstasy." Hearing him the barber thought, "So the king got this glory for keeping half a fast day: virtue is the right course: what if I were to become an ascetic and work out my own salvation?" He left all his relatives and worldly goods, gained the king's permission to become religious and going to the Himālaya he became an ascetic, realised the three qualities of mundane things, gained perfect insight, and became a paccekabuddha. He had a bowl and robes made by supernatural power. After spending five or six years on the mountain Gandhamādana he wished to see the king of Benares, and passing through the air to the royal park there, he sat on the royal stone seat. The park-keeper told the king that Gangamāla, now a paccekabuddha, had come through the air and was sitting in the park. The king went at once to salute the paccekabuddha: and the queen-mother went out with her son. The king entered the park, saluted him and sat on one side with his retinue. The paccekabuddha spoke to him in a friendly manner, "Brahmadatta" (calling him by the name of the family), "are you diligent, ruling the kingdom righteously, doing charitable and other good works?" The queen-mother was angry. "This low-caste shampooing son of a

[1] See *supra*, p. 247.

barber does not know his place: he calls my kingly high-descended son Brahmadatta," and she spoke the seventh stanza:—

> Penance forsooth makes men forsake their sins,
> Their barber's, potter's, stations every one:
> Through penance Gangamāla glory wins,
> And 'Brahmadatta' now he calls my son.

[453] The king checked his mother and declaring the qualities of the paccekabuddha, he spoke the eighth stanza:—

> Lo! how, e'er his death befall,
> Meekness brings a man its fruit!
> One who bowed before us all,
> Kings and lords must now salute.

Though the king checked his mother, the rest of the multitude rose up and said, "It is not decent that such a low-caste person should speak to you by name in that way." The king rebuked the multitude, and spoke the last stanza to declare the virtues of the paccekabuddha:—

> Scorn not Gangamāla so,
> Perfect in religion's ways:
> He has crossed the waves of woe,
> Free from sorrow now he strays.

So saying the king saluted the paccekabuddha and asked him to forgive the queen-mother. The paccekabuddha did so and the king's retinue also gained his forgiveness. The king wished him to promise that he would stay in the neighbourhood: but he refused, and standing in the air before the eyes of the whole court he admonished the king and went away to Gandhamādana.

---

[454] After the lesson the Master said, "Lay-brethren, you see how keeping the fast is proper to be done," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the paccekabuddha entered into nirvāna, king Half-penny was Ānanda, the chief queen was the mother of Rāhula, king Udaya was myself."

No. 422.

CETIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Injured Right can injure sorely,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning Devadatta's being swallowed up by the earth. On that day they were discussing in the Hall of Truth how Devadatta had spoken

falsely, had sunk into the ground and become destined to the hell Avīci. The Master came and, hearing the subject of their talk, said, "This is not the first time he sank into the earth," and so he told the tale of old.

Once upon a time, in the first age, there was a king named Mahāsammata, whose life was an asaṅkheyya[1] long. His son was Roja, his son Vararoja, and then the succession was Kalyāṇa, Varakalyāṇa, Uposatha, Mandhātā, Varamandhātā, Cara, Upacara, who was also called Apacara. He reigned over the kingdom of Ceti, in the city of Sotthivati; he was endowed with four supernatural faculties—he could walk aloft and pass through the air, he had four angels in each of the four quarters to defend him with drawn swords, he diffused the fragrance of sandalwood from his body, he diffused the fragrance of the lotus from his mouth. His family priest was named Kapila. This brahmin's younger brother, Korakalamba, had been taught along with the king by the same teacher and was the king's playmate. When Apacara was prince, [455] he promised to make Korakalamba his family priest when he became king. At his father's death he became king, but he could not depose Kapila from the position of family priest: and when Kapila came to wait on him, he shewed him special forms of honour. The brahmin observed this and considered that a king manages best with ministers of his own age, and that he himself might get leave from the king to become an ascetic, so he said, "O king, I am getting old; I have a son at home: make him family priest and I will become an ascetic." He got the king's leave and had his son appointed family priest: then he went to the king's park, became an ascetic, reached transcendent knowledge and lived there, near his son. Korakalambaka felt a grudge against his brother because he had not got him his post when he became an ascetic. One day the king said to him in friendly conversation, "Korakalambaka, you are not family priest?" "No, O king: my brother has managed it." "Has not your brother become an ascetic?" "He has, but he got the post for his son." "Then do you manage it." "O king, it is impossible for me to set aside my brother and take a post which has come by descent." "If so, I will make you senior and the other your junior." "How, O king?" "By a lie[2]." "O king, do you not know that my brother is a magician, endowed with great supernatural power? He will deceive you with magical illusions: he will make your four angels disappear, and make as it were an evil odour come from your body and mouth, he will make you come down from the sky and stand on the ground: you will be as if swallowed up by the earth, and you will not be able to abide by your story." "Do not trouble; I will manage it."

[1] In years, 1 followed by 140 ciphers.

[2] A lie was a new thing in the first age.

"When will you do it, O king?" [456] "On the seventh day from this." The story went round the city, "The king is going by a lie to make the senior the junior, and will give the post to the junior: what kind of a thing is a lie? is it blue or yellow or some other colour?" The multitude thought greatly about it. It was a time, they say, when the world told the truth: men did not know what the word 'lie' might mean. The priest's son heard the tale and told his father, "Father, they say the king is going by a lie to make you junior and to give our post to my uncle." "My dear, the king will not be able even by a lie to take our post from us: on what day is he going to do it?" "On the seventh day from this, they say." "Let me know when the time comes." On the seventh day a great multitude gathered in the king's courtyard sitting in rows above rows, hoping to see a lie. The young priest went and told his father. The king was ready in full dress, he appeared and stood in the air in the courtyard amid the multitude The ascetic came through the air, spread his skin-seat before the king, sat on his throne in the air and said, "Is it true, O king, that you wish by a lie to make the junior senior and to give him the post?" "Master, I have done so." Then he admonished the king, "O great king, a lie is a grievous destruction of good qualities, it causes rebirth in the four evil states; a king who makes a lie destroys right, and by destroying right he is himself destroyed:" and he spoke the first stanza:—

> Injured Right can injure sorely, and requite with injury;
> Therefore Right should ne'er be injured, lest the harm recoil on thee

[457] Admonishing him farther he said, "Great king, if you make a lie, your four supernatural powers will disappear," and he spoke the second stanza:—

> The powers divine forsake and leave the man who tells a lie,
> Ill smells his mouth, he cannot keep his foothold in the sky:
> Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

Hearing this, the king in fear looked to Korakalambaka. He said, "Be not afraid, O king; did I not tell you so from the first?" and so forth. The king, though he heard Kapila's words, still put forward his statement, "Sir, you are the younger, Korakalambaka is the elder." At the moment when he uttered this lie, the four angels said they would guard such a liar no longer, threw their swords at his feet and disappeared; his mouth was fetid like a broken rotten egg and his body like an open drain; and falling from the air he lighted on the earth: so all his four supernatural powers disappeared. His chief priest said, "Great king, be not afraid: if you will speak the truth, I will restore you everything," and so he spoke the third stanza:—

> A word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
> A lie will fix thee in the soil of Ceti to remain.

[458] He said, "Look, O great king: those four supernatural powers of yours disappeared first by your lie: consider, for it is possible now to restore them." But the king answered, "You wish to deceive me in this," and so telling a second lie he sank in the earth up to the ankles. Then the brahmin said once more, "Consider, O great king," and spoke the fourth stanza:—

Drought comes on him in time of rain, rain when it should be dry,
Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

Then once again he said, "Owing to your lying you are sunk in the earth up to the ankles: consider, O great king," and spoke the fifth stanza:—

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee in the soil of Ceti to remain.

But for the third time the king said, "You are junior and Korakalambaka is elder," and at this lie he sank in the ground up to the knees. Once more the brahmin said, "Consider, O great king," and spoke two stanzas:—

O king, the man is forked of tongue, and like a serpent sly,
Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain:

adding, "Even now all may be restored." The king, not heeding his words, repeated the lie for the fourth time, "You are junior, Sir, and Korakalambaka is elder," [459] and at these words he sank up to the hips. Again the brahmin said, "Consider, O great king," and spoke two stanzas:—

O king, that man is like a fish, and tongueless he shall be,
Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain.

For the fifth time the king repeated the lie, and as he did so he sank up to the navel. The brahmin once more appealed to him to consider, and spoke two stanzas:—

Girls only shall be born of him, no man-son shall he see,
Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain.

The king paid no heed, and repeating the lie for the sixth time sank up to the breast. The brahmin made his appeal once more and spoke two stanzas:—

His children will not stay with him, on every side they flee,
Whoe'er to questioning replies with falsehood wilfully.

One word of truth, and all thy gifts, O king, thou shalt regain:
A lie will sink thee deeper still in Ceti to remain.

Owing to association with a wicked friend, he disregarded the words and repeated the same lie for the seventh time. Then the earth opened and the flames of Avīci leapt up and seized him.

---

[460] Cursed by a sage, the king who once could walk the air, they say,
Was lost and swallowed by the earth on his appointed day.

Wherefore the wise do not approve at all
When that desire into the heart doth fall:
He that is free from guile, whose heart is pure,
All that he says is ever firm and sure.

These are two stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

The multitude said in fear, "The king of Ceti reviled the sage, and told a lie; so he has entered Avīci." The king's five sons came to the brahmin and said, "Be thou our helper." The brahmin answered, "Your father destroyed Right, he lied and reviled a sage: therefore he has entered Avīci. If Right is destroyed, it destroys. You must not dwell here." To the eldest he said, "Come, dear: leave the city by the eastern gate and go straight on: you will see a white royal elephant prostrate, touching the earth in seven places[1]: that will be a sign for you to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and the name of it will be Hatthipura." To the second prince he said, "You leave by the south gate and go straight on till you see a royal horse pure white: that will be a sign that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Assapura." To the third prince he said, "You leave by the west gate and go straight on till you see a maned lion; that will be a sign that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Sīhapura." To the fourth prince he said, "You leave by the north gate and go straight on till you see a wheel-frame[2] all made of jewels: that will be a sign [461] that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Uttarapañcāla." To the fifth he said, "You cannot dwell here: build a great shrine in this city, go out towards the north-west, and go straight on till you see two mountains striking against each other and making the sound of *daddara:* that will be a sign that you are to lay out a city there and dwell in it: and it shall be called Daddarapura." All the five princes went, and following the signs laid out cities there and dwelt in them.

---

[1] With tusks, trunk, and four legs.

[2] Another reading is *pañcacakkam*, 'five wheels.'

After the lesson, the Master said, "So, Brethren, this is not the first time that Devadatta has told a lie and sunk in the earth," and then he identified the Birth: "At that time the king of Ceti was Devadatta, and the brahmin Kapila was myself."

No. 423.

INDRIYA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who through desire,*" *etc.* The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning temptation by the wife of one's former days. The story is that a young man of good family at Sāvatthi heard the Master's preaching, and thinking it impossible to lead a holy life, perfectly complete and pure, as a householder, he determined to become an ascetic under the saving doctrine and so make an end of misery. So he gave up his house and property to his wife and children, and asked the Master to ordain him. The Master did so. As he was the junior in his going about for alms with his teachers and instructors, and as the Brethren were many, he got no chair either in laymen's houses or in the refectory, but only a stool or a bench at the end of the novices, his food was tossed him hastily on a ladle, he got gruel made of broken lumps of rice, solid food stale or decaying, or sprouts dried and burnt; and this was not enough to keep him alive. [462] He took what he had got to the wife he had left: she took his bowl, saluted him, emptied it and gave him instead well-cooked gruel and rice with sauce and curry. The Brother was captivated by the love of such flavours and could not leave his wife. She thought she would test his affection. One day she had a countryman cleansed with white clay and set down in her house with some others of his people whom she had sent for, and she gave them something to eat and drink. They sat eating and enjoying it. At the house-door she had some bullocks bound to wheels and a cart set ready. She herself sat in a back room cooking cakes. Her husband came and stood at the door. Seeing him, one old servant told his mistress that there was an elder at the door. "Salute him and bid him pass on." But though he did so repeatedly, he saw the priest remaining there and told his mistress. She came, and lifting up the curtain to see, she cried, "This is the father of my sons." She came out and saluted him: taking his bowl and making him enter she gave him food: when he had eaten she saluted again and said, "Sir, you are a saint now: we have been staying in this house all this time; but there can be no proper householder's life without a master, so we will take another house and go far into the country: be zealous in your good works, and forgive me if I am doing wrong." For a time her husband was as if his heart would break. Then he said, "I cannot leave you: do not go, I will come back to my worldly life: send a layman's garment to such and such a place, I will give up my bowl and robes and come back to you." She agreed. The Brother went to his monastery, and giving up his bowl and robes to his teachers and instructors he explained, in answer to their questions, that he could not leave his wife and was going back to worldly life. Against his will they took him to the Master and told him that he was backsliding and wished to go back to worldly life. The Master said, "Is this tale true?" "It is, Lord." "Who causes you to backslide?" "My wife." "Brother, that woman is the cause of evil to you: formerly also through her you fell from the four stages of mystic meditation

and became very miserable: then through me you were delivered from your misery and regained the power of meditation you had lost," and then he told the tale of old.

---

[463] Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as the son of the king's family priest and his brahmin wife. On the day of his birth there was a blazing of weapons all over the city, and so they called his name young Jotipāla. When he grew up, he learned all the arts at Takkasilā and showed his skill in them to the king: but he gave up his position, and without telling anyone he went out by the back door, and entering a forest became an ascetic in the Kaviṭṭhaka hermitage, called Sakkadattiya. He attained perfection in meditation. As he dwelt there many hundreds of sages waited on him. He was attended by a great company and had seven chief disciples. Of them the sage Sālissara left the Kaviṭṭhaka hermitage for the Suraṭṭha country, and dwelt on the banks of the river Sātodikā with many thousand sages in his company: Meṇḍissara with many thousand sages dwelt near the town of Lambacūḷaka in the country of king Pajaka: Pabbata with many thousand sages dwelt in a certain forest-country: Kāḷadevala with many thousand sages dwelt in a certain wooded mountain in Avantī and the Deccan: Kisavaccha dwelt alone near the city of Kumbhavatī in the park of king Daṇḍaki: the ascetic Anusissa was attendant on the Bodhisatta and stayed with him: Nārada, the younger brother of Kāḷadevala, dwelt alone in a cave-cell amid the mountainous country of Arañjara in the Central Region. Now not far from Arañjara there is a certain very populous town. In the town there is a great river, in which many men bathe: and along its banks sit many beautiful courtesans tempting the men. The ascetic Nārada saw one of them and being enamoured of her, forsook his meditations and [464] pining away without food lay in the bonds of love for seven days. His brother Kāḷadevala by reflection knew the cause of this, and came flying through the air into the cave. Nārada saw him and asked why he had come. "I knew you were ill and have come to tend you." Nārada repelled him with a falsehood, "You are talking nonsense, falsehood, and vanity." The other refused to leave him and brought Sālissara, Meṇḍissara, and Pabbatissara. He repelled them all in the same way. Kāḷadevala went flying to fetch their master Sarabhaṅga and did fetch him. When the Master came, he saw that Nārada had fallen into the power of the senses, and asked if it were so. Nārada rose at the words and saluted, and confessed. The Master said, "Nārada, those who fall into the power of the senses waste away in misery in this life, and in their next existence are born in hell:" and so he spoke the first stanza:—

Who through desire obeys the senses' sway,
Loses both worlds and pines his life away.

Hearing him, Nārada answered, "Teacher, the following of desires is happiness: why do you call such happiness misery?" Sarabhaṅga said, "Listen, then," and spoke the second stanza:—

Happiness and misery ever on each other's footsteps press:
Thou hast seen their alternation: seek a truer happiness.

[465] Nārada said, "Teacher, such misery is hard to bear, I cannot endure it." The Great Being said, "Nārada, the misery that comes has to be endured," and spoke the third stanza:—

He who endures in troublous time with troubles to contend
Is strong to reach that final bliss where all our troubles end.

But Nārada answered, "Teacher, the happiness of love's desire is the greatest happiness: I cannot abandon it." The Great Being said, "Virtue is not to be abandoned for any cause," and spoke the fourth stanza:—

[466] For love of lusts, for hopes of gain, for miseries, great and small,
Do not undo your saintly past, and so from virtue fall.

Sarabhaṅga having thus shown forth the law in four stanzas, Kāḷadevala in admonition of his younger brother spoke the fifth stanza:—

Know[1] the worldly life is trouble, victual should be freely lent.
No delight in gathering riches, no distress when they are spent.

The sixth stanza is one spoken by the Master in his Perfect Wisdom concerning Devala's admonition of Nārada:

So far Black[2] Devala most wisely spoke:
"None worse than he who bows to senses' yoke."

---

[467] Then Sarabhaṅga spoke in warning, "Nārada, listen to this: he who will not do at first what is proper to be done, must weep and lament like the young man who went to the forest," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time in a certain town of Kāsi there was a certain young brahmin, beautiful, strong, stout as an elephant. His thoughts were, "Why should I keep my parents by working on a farm, or have a wife and children, or do good works of charity and so forth? I won't keep anybody nor do any good work; but I will go into the forest and keep myself by killing deer." So with

[1] The Scholiast takes *sadha* with all the clauses: the meaning then would be

Good are the cares of household life, 'tis good to give away,
Not to be proud when riches grow, nor grieved when they decay.

[2] Both *kāḷo* and *asito* mean *black*: this person is the Asita, the Simeon of the Buddhist nativity; cf. vol. I. 54.

the five kinds of weapons he went to the Himālaya and killed and ate many deer. In the Himālaya region he found a great defile, surrounded by mountains, on the banks of the river Vidhavā, and there he lived on the flesh of the slain deer, cooked on hot coals. He thought, "I shall not always be strong; when I grow weak I shall not be able to range the forest: now I will drive many kinds of wild animals into this defile, close it up by a gate, and then without roaming the forest I shall kill and eat them at my pleasure:" and so he did. As time passed over him, that very thing came to pass, and the experience of all the world befell him: he lost control over his hands and feet, he could not move freely here and there, he could not find his food or drink, his body withered, he became the ghost of a man, he showed wrinkles furrowing his body like the earth in a hot season; ill-favoured and ill-knit, he became very miserable. In like manner as time passed, the king of Sivi, named Sivi, had a desire to eat flesh roasted on coals in the forest: so he gave over his kingdom to his ministers, and with the five kinds of weapons he went to the forest and ate the flesh of the deer he slew: in time he came to that spot and saw that man. Although afraid, he summoned courage to ask who he was. "Lord, I am the ghost of a man, reaping the fruit of the deeds I have done: who are you?" "The king of Sivi." "Why have you come hither?" [468] "To eat the flesh of deer." He said, "Great king, I have become the ghost of a man because I came here with that object," and telling the whole story at length and explaining his misfortune to the king, he spoke the remaining stanzas:—

King, 'tis with me as if I'd been with foes in bitter strife,
Labour, and skill in handicraft, a peaceful home, a wife,
All have been lost to me: my works bear fruit in this my life.

Worsted a thousandfold I am, kinless and reft of stay,
Strayed from the law of righteousness, like ghost I'm fallen away.

This state is mine because I caused, instead of joy, distress:
Girt as it were with flaming fire, I have no happiness.

[469] With that he added, "O king, through desire of happiness I caused misery to others and have even in this life become the ghost of a man: do not thou commit evil deeds, go to thine own city and do good deeds of charity and the like." The king did so and completed the path to heaven.

The ascetic was roused by the teacher Sarabhaṅga's account of this case. He became agitated, and after saluting and gaining his teacher's pardon, by the proper processes he regained the power of meditation he had lost. Sarabhaṅga refused him leave to stay there, and took him back with him to his own hermitage.

After the lesson, the Master declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—After the Truths the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time Nārada was the backsliding Brother, Sālissara was Sāriputta, Meṇḍissara was Kassapa, Pabbata was Anuruddha, Kāḷadevala was Kaccāna, Anusissa was Ānanda, Kisavaccha was Moggallāna, and Sarabhaṅga was myself."

No. 424.

ĀDITTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Whate'er a man can save,*" *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning an incomparable gift. The incomparable gift must be described in full from the commentary on the Mahāgovindasutta. On the day after that on which it had been given, they were talking of it in the Hall of Truth, "Sirs, the Kosala king [470] after examination found the proper field of merit, and gave the great gift to the assembly with Buddha at its head." The Master came and was told what the subject of their talk was as they sat together: he said, "Brethren, it is not strange that the king after examination has undertaken great gifts to the supreme field of merit: wise men of old also after examination gave such gifts," and so he told a tale of old.

Once upon a time a king named Bharata reigned at Roruva in the kingdom of Sovīra. He practised the ten royal virtues, won the people by the four elements of popularity, stood to the multitude like father and mother and gave great gifts to the poor, the wayfarers, the beggars, the suitors and the like. His chief queen Samuddavijayā was wise and full of knowledge. One day he looked round his alms-hall and thought, "My alms are devoured by worthless greedy people: I don't like this: I should like to give alms to the virtuous paccekabuddhas who deserve the best of gifts: they live in the Himālaya region: who will bring them here on my invitation and whom shall I send on this errand?" He spoke to the queen, who said, "O king, be not concerned: sending flowers by the force of our giving suitable things, and of our virtue and truthfulness, we will invite the paccekabuddhas, and when they come we will give them gifts with all things requisite." The king agreed. He made proclamation by drum that all the townspeople should undertake to keep the precepts; he himself with his household undertook all the duties for the holy days and gave great gifts in charity. He had a gold box brought, full of jasmine flowers, came down from his palace and stood in the royal courtyard. There prostrating himself on the ground with the five contacts, he saluted towards the eastern quarter and threw seven handfuls of flowers, with the words, "I salute the saints in the eastern quarter: if there is any merit in us, shew compassion on us and receive our alms." As there are no paccekabuddhas in the eastern quarter, they did not come next day. On the second day he paid respects to the south quarter: but none came from thence. On the third day he paid respects to the west quarter [471], but none came. On the fourth day he paid respects to the north quarter, and after paying respects he threw seven handfuls of flowers with the

words, "May the paccekabuddhas who live in the north district of Himālaya receive our alms." The flowers went and fell on five hundred paccekabuddhas in the Nandamūla cave. On reflection they understood that the king had invited them; so they called seven of their number and said, "Sirs, the king invites you; shew him favour." These paccekabuddhas came through the air and lighted at the king's gate. Seeing them the king saluted them with delight, made them come up into the palace, shewed them great honour and gave them gifts. After the meal he asked them for next day and so on until the fifth day, feeding them for six days: on the seventh day he made ready a gift with all the requisites, arranged beds and chairs inlaid with gold, and set before the seven paccekabuddhas sets of three robes and all other things used by holy men. The king and queen formally offered these things to them after their meal, and stood in respectful salutation. To express their thanks the Elder of the assembly spoke two stanzas:—

Whate'er a man can save from flames that burn his dwelling down,
Not what is left to be consumed, will still remain his own.

The world's on fire, decay and death are there the flame to feed;
Save what you can by charity, a gift is saved indeed.

[472] Thus expressing thanks the Elder admonished the king to be diligent in virtue: then he flew up in the air, straight through the peaked roof of the palace and lighted in the Nandamūla cave: along with him all the requisites that had been given him flew up and lighted in the cave; and the bodies of the king and queen became full of joy. After his departure, the other six also expressed thanks in a stanza each:—

He who gives to righteous men,
Strong in holy energy,
Crosses Yama's flood, and then
Gains a dwelling in the sky.

Like to war is charity:
Hosts may flee before a few:
Give a little piously:
Bliss hereafter is your due.

Prudent givers please the Lord,
Worthily they spend their toil.
Rich the fruit their gifts afford,
Like a seed in fertile soil.

They who never rudely speak,
Wrong to living things abjure:
Men may call them timid, weak:
For 'tis fear that keeps them pure.

Lower duties win for man, reborn on earth, a princely fate,
Middle duties win them heaven, highest win the Purest State[1].

[1] The higher heavens in the Buddhist Cosmogony.

Charity is blest indeed,
[473] Yet the Law gains higher meed:
Ages old and late attest,
Thus the wise have reached their Rest.

So they also went with the requisites given them.

[474] The seventh paccekabuddha in his thanks praised the eternal nirvāna to the king, and admonishing him carefully went to his abode as has been said. The king and queen gave gifts all their lives and passed fully through the path to heaven.

After the lesson, the Master said, "So wise men of old gave gifts with discrimination," and identified the Birth: "At that time the paccekabuddha reached nirvāna, Samuddavijayā was the mother of Rāhula, and the king Bharata was myself."

No. 425.[1]

AṬṬHĀNA-JĀTAKA.

"*Make Ganges calm*," *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a backsliding Brother. The Master asked him, "Is the story true, Brother, that you are backsliding?" "Yes, lord." "What is the cause?" "The power of desire." "Brother, womankind are ungrateful, treacherous, untrustworthy: of old wise men could not satisfy a woman, even by giving her a thousand pieces a day: and one day when she did not get the thousand pieces she had them taken by the neck and cast out: [475] so ungrateful are womankind: do not fall into the power of desire for such a cause," and so he told an old tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, his son, young Brahmadatta, and young Mahādhana, son of a rich merchant of Benares, were comrades and playfellows, and were educated in the same teacher's house. The prince became king at his father's death: and the merchant's son abode near him. There was in Benares a certain courtesan, beautiful and prosperous. The merchant's son gave her a

[1] Cf. *Tibetan Tales*, no. 12 *Suśroni*, and *supra*, no. 374.

thousand pieces daily, and took pleasure with her constantly: at his father's death he succeeded to the rich merchant's position, and did not forsake her, still giving her a thousand pieces daily. Three times a day he went to wait upon the king. One day he went to wait upon him in the evening. As he was talking with the king, the sun set, and it became dark. As he left the palace, he thought, "There is no time to go home and come back again: I will go straight to the courtesan's house:" so he dismissed his attendants, and entered her house alone. When she saw him, she asked if he had brought the thousand pieces. "Dear, I was very late to-day; so I sent away my attendants without going home, and have come alone; but to-morrow I will give you two thousand pieces." She thought, "If I admit him to-day, he will come empty-handed on other days, and so my wealth will be lost: I won't admit him this time." So she said, "Sir, I am but a courtesan: I do not give my favours without a thousand pieces: you must bring the sum." "Dear, I will bring twice the sum to-morrow," and so he begged her [476] again and again. The courtesan gave orders to her maids, "Don't let that man stand there and look at me: take him by the neck, and cast him out, and then shut the door." They did so. He thought, "I have spent on her eighty crores of money; yet on the one day when I come empty-handed, she has me seized by the neck and cast out: Oh, womankind are wicked, shameless, ungrateful, treacherous:" and so he pondered and pondered on the bad qualities of womankind, till he felt dislike and disgust, and became discontented with a layman's life. "Why should I lead a layman's life? I will go this day and become an ascetic," he thought: so without going back to his house or seeing the king again, he left the city and entered the forest: he made a hermitage on the Ganges bank, and there made his abode as an ascetic, reaching the Perfection of Meditation, and living on wild roots and fruits.

The king missed his friend and asked for him. The courtesan's conduct had become known throughout the city: so they told the king of the matter, adding, "O king, they say that your friend through shame did not go home, but has become an ascetic in the forest." The king summoned the courtesan, and asked if the story were true about her treatment of his friend. She confessed. "Wicked, vile woman, go quickly to where my friend is and fetch him: if you fail, your life is forfeit." She was afraid at the king's words; she mounted a chariot and drove out of the city with a great retinue; she sought for his abode and hearing of it by report, went there and saluted and prayed, "Sir, bear with the evil I did in my blindness and folly: I will never do so again." "Very well, I forgive you; I am not angry with you." "If you forgive me, mount the chariot with me: we will drive to the city, and as soon as we enter it [477] I will give you all the money in my house." When he heard her,

he replied, "Lady, I cannot go with you now: but when something that cannot happen in this world will happen, then perhaps I may go;" and so he spoke the first stanza:—

Make Ganges calm like lotus-tank, cuckoos pearl-white to see,
Make apples bear the palm-trees' fruit: perchance it then might be.

But she said again, "Come; I am going." He answered, "I will go." "When?" "At such and such a time," he said and spoke the remaining stanzas:—

When woven out of tortoise-hair a triple cloth you see,
For winter wear against the cold, perchance it then may be.

When of mosquito's teeth you build a tower so skilfully,
That will not shake or totter soon, perchance it then may be.

When out of horns of hare you make a ladder skilfully,
Stairs that will climb the height of heaven, perchance it then may be.

When mice to mount those ladder-stairs and eat the moon agree,
And bring down Rāhu from the sky, the thing perchance may be.

When swarms of flies devour strong drink in pitchers full and free,
And house themselves in burning coals, the thing perchance may be.

When asses get them ripe red lips and faces fair to see,
And shew their skill in song and dance, the thing perchance may be.

When crows and owls shall meet to talk in converse privily,
And woo each other, lover-like, the thing perchance may be.

[478] When sun-shades, made of tender leaves from off the forest tree,
Are strong against the rushing rain, the thing perchance may be.

When sparrows take Himālaya in all its majesty,
And bear it in their little beaks, the thing perchance may be.

And when a boy can carry light, with all its bravery,
A ship full-rigged for distant seas, the thing perchance may be.

So the Great Being spoke these eleven stanzas to fix impossible (*aṭṭhāna*) conditions. The courtesan, hearing him, won his forgiveness and went back to Benares. She told the matter to the king, and begged for her life, which was granted.

After the lesson, the Master said, "So, Brethren, womankind are ungrateful and treacherous"; then he declared the Truths, and identified the Birth:—After the Truths, the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the king was Ānanda, the ascetic was myself."

No. 426.

DĪPI-JĀTAKA[1].

[479] "*How fares it with you*," *etc.*—The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning a certain she-goat. At one time the Elder Moggallāna lived in a dwelling with one door, in a mountain enclosure, surrounded by hills. His covered walk was close by the door. Some goatherds thought the enclosure would be a good place for their goats, so they drove them in and lived there at their pleasure. One day they came in the evening, took all the goats, and went away: but one she-goat had wandered far, and not seeing the goats departing, she was left behind. Later, as she was departing, a certain panther saw her, and thinking to eat her stood by the door of the enclosure. She looked all round, and saw the panther. "He is there because he wishes to kill and eat me," she thought; "if I turn and run, my life is lost; I must play the man," and so she tossed her horns, and sprang straight at him with all her might. She escaped his grip, though he was quivering with the thought of catching her: then running at full speed she came up with the other goats. The Elder observed how all the animals had behaved: next day he went and told the Tathāgata, "So, lord, this she-goat performed a feat by her readiness in device, and escaped from the panther." The Master answered, "Moggallāna, the panther failed to catch her this time, but once before he killed her though she cried out, and ate her." Then at Moggallāna's request, he told an old tale.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta was born in a certain village of the Magadha kingdom, in a wealthy family. When he grew up, he renounced desires and adopted the religious life, reaching the perfection of meditation. After dwelling long in the Himālaya, he came to Rājagaha for salt and vinegar, and dwelt in a hut of leaves which he made in a mountain enclosure. Just as in the introductory story, the goatherds drove their goats thither: and in the same way, one day as a single she-goat was going out later than the rest, a panther waited by the door, thinking to eat her. When she saw him, she thought, "My life is forfeit: by some means I must get him into pleasant and kindly talk, and so soften his heart [480] and save my life." Beginning a friendly talk with him from some distance, she spoke the first stanza:—

How fares it with you, uncle? and is it well with you?
My mother sends her kind regards: and I'm your friend so true.

Hearing her, the panther thought, "This baggage would beguile me by calling me 'uncle': she does not know how hard I am;" and so he spoke the second stanza:—

You've trod upon my tail, miss goat, and done me injury:
And you think by saying 'Uncle' that you can go scot-free.

[1] Cf. *Tibetan Tales*, no. 29, and *Folk-lore Journal*, vol. iv. p. 45.

When she heard him, she said, "O uncle, don't talk in that way," and spoke the third stanza:—

I faced you as I came, good Sir, you face me as you sit:
Your tail is all behind you: how could I tread on it?

He answered, "What do you say, she-goat? is there any place where my tail might not be?" and so he spoke the fourth stanza:—

[481] As far as four great continents with seas and mountains spread,
My tail extends: how could you fail on such a tail to tread?

The she-goat, when she heard this, thought, "This wicked one is not attracted by soft words: I will answer him as an enemy," and so she spoke the fifth stanza:—

Your villain's tail is long, I know, for I had warning fair:
Parents and brothers told me so: but I flew through the air.

Then he said, "I know you came through the air: but as you came, you spoilt my food by your way of coming," and so he spoke the sixth stanza:—

The sight of you, miss goat, on high, the air a-flying through,
Frightened a herd of deer: and so my food was spoilt by you.

Hearing this, the goat in fear of death could bring no other excuse, but cried out, "Uncle, do not commit such cruelty; spare my life." But though she cried out, the other seized her by the shoulder, killed her and ate her.

'Twas thus the she-goat cried for grace: but blood must satisfy
The beast that grips her throat; the bad will shew no courtesy.

Conduct, nor right, nor courtesy, the bad man will display;
He hates the good: to face him then 'tis best in open fray.

These are two stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

---

[482] A holy ascetic saw the whole matter of the two animals.

After this lesson, the Master identified the Birth: "At that time the she-goat and the panther were the she-goat and the panther of to-day, the holy ascetic was myself."

BOOK IX. NAVANIPĀTA.

No. 427.

GIJJHA-JĀTAKA[1].

[483] "*Formed of rough logs,*" *etc.*—This story the Master told at Jetavana concerning a disobedient Brother. He was, they say, of gentle birth, and though ordained in the doctrine that leads to Salvation, was admonished by his well-wishers, masters, teachers, and fellow-students to this effect: "Thus must you advance and thus retreat; thus look at or away from objects; thus must the arm be stretched out or drawn back; thus are the inner and outer garment to be worn; thus is the bowl to be held, and when you have received sufficient food to sustain life, after self-examination, thus are you to partake of it, keeping guard over the door of the senses; in eating you are to be moderate and exercise watchfulness; you are to recognize such and such duties towards Brethren who come to or go from the monastery; these are the fourteen[2] sets of priestly duties, and the eighty great duties to be duly performed; these are the thirteen[3] Dhuta practices; all these are to be scrupulously performed." Yet was he disobedient and impatient, and did not receive instruction respectfully, but refused to listen to them, saying, "I do not find fault with you. Why do you speak thus to me? I shall know what is for my good, and what is not." Then the Brethren, hearing of his disobedience, sat in the Hall of Truth, telling of his faults. The Master came and asked them what it was they were discussing, and sent for the Brother and said, "Is it true, Brother, that you are disobedient?" And when he confessed that it was so, the Master said, "Why, Brother, after being ordained in so excellent a doctrine that leads to Salvation, [484] do you not listen to the voice of your well-wishers? Formerly too you disobeyed the voice of the wise, and were blown into atoms by the Veramba wind." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time the Bodhisatta came to life as a young vulture on Vulture Mountain. Now his offspring Supatta, the king of the vultures,

[1] See No. 381 *supra*.

[2] Called *Khandakavattāni* because contained in the *Khandaka* division of the *Vinaya*.

[3] Hardy's *Eastern Monachism*, p. 9.

was strong and lusty and had a following of many thousands of vultures, and he fed the parent birds. And owing to his strength he used to fly to a very great distance. So his father admonished him and said, "My son, you must not go beyond such and such a point." He said, "Very good," but one day when it rained, he flew up with the other vultures, and leaving the rest behind, and going beyond the prescribed limit, he came within the range of the Veramba wind, and was blown into atoms.

The Master, in his Perfect Wisdom, to illustrate this incident, uttered these verses:

Formed of rough logs, an ancient pathway led
To dizzy heights, where a young vulture fed
The parent birds. Lusty and strong of wing
He oft to them would fat of serpents bring;
And when his father saw him flying high
And venturing far afield, he thus would cry,
"My son, when thou canst scan from thy look out
Earth's rounded sphere by ocean girt about,
No farther go, but straight return, I pray."
Then would this king of birds speed on his way,
And bending o'er the earth, with piercing sight
He viewed below forest and mountain height:
And earth would, as his sire described, appear
Amid the encircling sea a rounded sphere.
But when beyond these limits he had passed,
Strong bird though he might be, a raging blast
Swept him away to an untimely death,
Powerless to cope with storm-wind's fiery breath.
[485] Thus did the bird by disobedience prove
Fatal to those dependent on his love:
So perish all that scornful of old age
Deride the warnings uttered by the sage,
As the young vulture Wisdom's voice defied
And scorned the limits set to bound his pride.

---

[486] "Therefore, Brother, be not like unto this vulture, but do the bidding of your well-wishers." And being thus admonished by the Master, he thenceforth became obedient.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "The disobedient vulture of those days is now the disobedient Brother. The parent vulture was myself."

No. 428.

KOSAMBĪ-JĀTAKA.

"*Whene'er the Brotherhood,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling in the Ghosita park near Kosambī, told concerning certain quarrelsome folk at Kosambī. The incident that led to the story is to be found in the section of the Vinaya relating to Kosambī[1]. Here is a short summary of it. At that time, it is said, two Brothers lived in the same house, the one versed in the Vinaya, the other in the Sūtras. The latter of these one day having occasion to visit the lavatory went out leaving the surplus water for rinsing the mouth in a vessel. Afterwards the one versed in the Vinaya went in and seeing the water came out and asked his companion if the water had been left there by him. He answered, "Yes, Sir." "What! do you not know that this is sinful?" "No, I was not aware of it." "Well, Brother, it is sinful." "Then I will atone for it." "But if you did it inadvertently and heedlessly, it is not sinful." So he became as one who saw no sin in what was sinful. The Vinaya scholar said to his pupils, "This Sūtra scholar, though falling into sin, is not aware of it." They on seeing the other Brother's pupils said, "Your master though falling into sin does not recognize its sinfulness." They went and told their master. He said, "This Vinaya scholar before said it was no sin, and now says it is a sin: he is a liar." They went and told the others, "Your master is a liar." Thus they stirred up a quarrel, one with another. Then the Vinaya scholar, finding an opportunity, went through the form of excommunication of the Brother for refusing to see his offence. Thenceforth even the laymen who provided necessaries for the priests were divided into two factions. The sisterhoods too that accept their admonitions, and tutelary gods, with their friends and intimates and deities from those that rest in space[2] [487] to those of the Brahma World, even all such as were unconverted, formed two parties, and the uproar reached to the abode of the Sublime gods[2].

Then a certain Brother drew nigh to the Tathāgata, and announced the view of the excommunicating party who said, "The man is excommunicated in orthodox form," and the view of the followers of the excommunicated one, who said, "He is illegally excommunicated," and the practice of those who though forbidden by the excommunicating party, still gathered round in support of him. The Blessed One said, "There is a schism, yea, a schism in the Brotherhood," and he went to them and pointed out the misery involved in excommunication to those that excommunicated, and the misery following upon the concealment of sin to the opposite party, and so departed. Again when they were holding the Uposatha and similar services in the same place, within the boundary, and were quarrelling in the refectory and elsewhere, he laid down the rule that they were to sit down together, one by one from each side alternately. And hearing that they were still quarrelling in the monastery he went there and said, "Enough, Brothers, let us have no quarrelling." And one of the heretical side[3], not wishing to annoy the Blessed One, said, "Let the Blessed Lord of Truth stay at home. Let the Blessed One dwell quietly at ease, enjoying the bliss he has already obtained in this life. We shall make ourselves notorious by this quarrelling, altercation, disputing and contention."

[1] *Mahāvagga*, x. 1—10.

[2] These include all gods except those in the four highest heavens (*arūpa-brahma-lokas*). Hardy, *Manual of Budhism*, p. 26.

[3] Reading *adhammavādinā* as in the parallel passage of the *Mahāvagga*, p. 341.

But the Master said to them, "Once upon a time, Brethren, Brahmadatta reigned as king of Kāsi in Benares, and he robbed Dīghati, king of Kosala, of his kingdom, and put him to death, when living in disguise, and when prince Dīghāvu spared the life of Brahmadatta, they became thenceforth close friends. And since such must have been the long-suffering and tenderness of these sceptred and sword-bearing kings, verily, Brethren, you ought to make it clear that you too, having embraced the religious life according to so well-taught a doctrine and discipline, can be forgiving and tender-hearted." And thus admonishing them for the third time he said, "Enough, Brothers, let there be no quarrelling." And when he saw that they did not cease at his bidding, he went away, saying, "Verily, these foolish folk are like men possessed, they are not easy of persuasion." Next day returning from the collection of alms he rested awhile in his perfumed chamber, and put his room in order, and then taking his bowl and robe he stood poised in the air and delivered these verses in the midst of the assembly:

[488] Whene'er the Brotherhood in twain is rent,
The common folk to loud-mouthed cries give vent:
Each one believes that he himself is wise,
And views his neighbour with disdainful eyes.
Bewildered souls, puffed up with self-esteem,
With open mouth they foolishly blaspheme;
And as through all the range of speech they stray,
They know not whom as leader to obey.
"*This*[1] man abused me, *that* struck me a blow,
A third o'ercame and robbed me long ago."
All such as harbour feelings of this kind,
To mitigate their wrath are ne'er inclined.
"*He* did abuse and buffet me of yore,
He overcame me and oppressed me sore."
They who such thoughts refuse to entertain,
Appease their wrath and live at one again.
Not hate, but love alone makes hate to cease:
This is the everlasting law of peace.
Some men the law of self-restraint despise,
But who make up their quarrels, *they* are wise.
If men all scarred with wounds in deadly strife,
Reivers and robbers, taking human life,
Nay those that plunder a whole realm, may be
Friends with their foes, should Brethren not agree?
Shouldst thou a wise and honest comrade find,
A kindred soul, to dwell with thee inclined,
All dangers past, with him thou still wouldst stray,
In happy contemplation all the day.
But shouldst thou fail to meet with such a friend,
Thy life 'twere best in solitude to spend,
Like to some prince that abdicates a throne,
Or elephant that ranges all alone.
For choice adopt the solitary life,
Companionship with fools but leads to strife;
In careless innocence pursue thy way,
Like elephant in forest wild astray.

---

[489] When the Master had thus spoken, as he failed to reconcile these Brethren, he went to Bālakaloṇakāragāma (the village of Bālaka, the salt-maker),

[1] *Dhammapada*, v. 3—5. See also No. 371 *supra*.

and discoursed to the venerable Bhagu of the blessings of solitude. Thence he repaired to the abode of three youths of gentle birth and spoke to them of the bliss to be found in the sweets of concord. Thence he journeyed to the Pārileyyaka forest, [490] and after dwelling there three months, without returning to Kosambī, he went straight to Sāvatthi. And the lay folk of Kosambī consulted together and said, "Surely these reverend Brothers of Kosambī have done us much harm; worried by them the Blessed One is gone away. We will neither offer salutation nor other marks of respect to them, nor give alms to them when they visit us. So they will depart, or return to the world, or will propitiate the Blessed One." And they did so. And these Brethren overwhelmed by this form of punishment went to Sāvatthi and begged forgiveness of the Blessed One.

The Master thus identified the Birth: "The father was the great king Suddhodana, the mother was Mahāmāyā, prince Dīghāvu was myself."

No. 429.

MAHĀSUKA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Wherever fruitful trees*," *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a certain Brother. The story goes that he lived in a forest near a border village in the Kosala country, and received instruction in forms of meditation from the Master. The people made him a dwelling-place on a site where men continually passed to and fro, providing him with day and night quarters, and attentively ministered to him. In the very first month after he had entered upon the rainy season the village was burned down and the people had not so much as a seed left and were unable to supply his alms-bowl with savoury food; and though he was in a pleasant place of abode, he was so distressed for alms that he could not enter upon the Path or its Fruition. So when at the end of three months he went to visit the Master, after words of kindly greeting the Master hoped that though distressed for alms he had a pleasant place to live in. The Brother told him how matters stood. The Master on hearing that he had pleasant quarters said, "Brother, if this is so, an ascetic ought to lay aside covetous ways, and be content to eat whatever food he can get, and to fulfil all the duties of a priest. Sages of old when born into the world as animals, [491] though they lived on the powdered dust of the decayed

[1] Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 67.

tree in which they had their abode, laid aside greedy desires and were contented to stay where they were, and fulfilled the law of love. Why then do you abandon a pleasant dwelling-place, because the food you receive is scanty and coarse?" And at his request the Master told a story of the past.

Once upon a time many myriads of parrots lived in the Himālaya country on the banks of the Ganges in a grove of fig-trees. A king of the parrots there, when the fruit of the tree in which he dwelt had come to an end, ate whatever was left, whether shoot or leaf or bark or rind, and drank of water from the Ganges, and being very happy and contented he kept where he was. Owing to his happy and contented state the abode of Sakka was shaken. Sakka reflecting on the cause saw the parrot, and to test his virtue, by his supernatural power he withered up the tree, which became a mere stump perforated with holes, and stood to be buffeted by every blast of wind, and from the holes dust came out. The parrot king ate this dust and drank the water of the Ganges, and going nowhere else sat perched on the top of the fig-stump, recking nought of wind and sun.

Sakka noticed how very contented the parrot was, and said, "After hearing him speak of the virtue of friendship, I will come and give him his choice of a boon, and cause the fig-tree to bear ambrosial fruit." So he took the form of a royal goose, and preceded by Sujā in the shape of an Asura nymph, he went to the grove of fig-trees, and perching on the bough of a tree close by, he entered into conversation with the parrot and spoke the first stanza:

Wherever fruitful trees abound,
A flock of hungry birds is found:
But should the trees all withered be,
Away at once the birds will flee.

[492] And after these words, to drive the parrot thence, he spoke the second stanza:

Haste thee, Sir Redbeak, to be gone;
Why dost thou sit and dream alone?
Come tell me, prithee, bird of spring,
To this dead stump why dost thou cling?

Then the parrot said, "O goose, from a feeling of gratitude, I forsake not this tree," and he repeated two stanzas:

They who have been close friends from youth,
Mindful of goodness and of truth,
In life and death, in weal and woe
The claims of friendship ne'er forego.

I too would fain be kind and good
To one that long my friend has stood;
I wish to live, but have no heart
From this old tree, though dead, to part.

Sakka on hearing what he said was delighted, and praising him wished to offer him a choice, and uttered two stanzas:

[493] I know thy friendship and thy grateful love,
Virtues that wise men surely must approve.

I offer thee whate'er thou wilt for choice;
Parrot, what boon would most thy heart rejoice?

On hearing this, the king parrot making his choice spoke the seventh stanza:

If thou, O goose, what most I crave wouldst give,
Grant that the tree I love, again may live.
Let it once more with its old vigour shoot,
Gather fresh sweetness and bear goodly fruit.

Then Sakka, granting the boon, spoke the eighth stanza:

Lo! friend, a fruitful and right noble tree,
Well fitted for thy dwelling-place to be.
Let it once more with its old vigour shoot,
Gather fresh sweetness and bear goodly fruit.

[494] With these words Sakka quitted his present form, and manifesting the supernatural power of himself and Sujā, he took up water from the Ganges in his hand and dashed it against the fig-tree stump. Straightway the tree rose up rich in branch and stem, and with honey-sweet fruit, and stood a charming sight, like unto the bare Jewel-Mount. The parrot king on seeing it was highly pleased, and singing the praises of Sakka he spoke the ninth stanza:

May Sakka and all loved by Sakka blessèd be,
As I to-day am blest this goodly sight to see!

Sakka, after granting the parrot his choice, and causing the fig-tree to bear ambrosial fruit, returned with Sujātā to his own abode.

In illustration of this story these stanzas inspired by Perfect Wisdom were added at the close:

Soon as king parrot wisely made his choice,
The tree once more put forth its fruit again;
Then Sakka with his queen did fly amain
To where in Nandana the gods rejoice.

The Master, his lesson ended, said, "Thus, Brother, sages of old though born in animal forms were free from covetousness. Why then do you, after being ordained under so excellent a dispensation, follow greedy ways? Go and dwell in the same place." And he gave him a form of meditation, and thus identified the Birth:—The Brother went back and by spiritual insight attained to Sainthood:—"At that time Sakka was Anuruddha, and the parrot king was myself."

No. 430.

CULLASUKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Lo! countless trees*," *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning the Verañjā section[1]. When the Master after passing the rainy season at Verañjā in due course arrived at Sāvatthi, the Brethren in the Hall of Truth raised a discussion saying, "Sirs, a Tathāgata, a delicately nurtured kshatriya and Buddha, though possessed of supernatural powers, at the invitation of a brahmin of Verañjā stayed three months with him, and when owing to the temptation of Māra he failed to receive an alms at the hands of the brahmin, even for a single day, he gave up all covetous ways, and keeping in the same place for three months lived on water and a modicum of the ground flour of roots. [495] Oh the contented nature of Tathāgatas!" When the Master came and on inquiry learned the nature of their discussion he said, "It is no marvel, Brethren, that a Tathāgata now has lost all covetousness, seeing that formerly when born in an animal form he forsook covetousness." And hereupon he told a story of the past. The whole story is now to be related in detail in exactly the same way as in the preceding tale.

Lo! countless trees are here, all green and fruitful see!
Why, parrot, dost thou cling to this poor withered tree?

Long years we have enjoyed the luscious fruit it bare,
And tho' it now has none, it still should claim our care.

Nor leaves nor fruit it yields, alas! the tree is dead:
Why blame thy fellow-birds, that they should all have fled?

They loved it for its fruit, and now that it has none,
Poor selfish fools! their love and gratitude is gone.

Thy gratitude I own, thy true and constant love,
Sure virtue such as this the wise will aye approve.

I offer thee, O bird, whate'er thou wilt for choice;
Tell me, I pray, what boon would most thy heart rejoice?

Would that this tree might bear fresh leaves and fruit again;
I would be glad as they that treasure trove obtain.

Then was the tree by Sakka with ambrosia sprinkled o'er,
And boughs sprang up with cooling shade, as lovely as before.

May Sakka and all loved by Sakka blessèd be,
As I to-day am blest this joyous sight to see.

Thus was the tree made fruitful by the parrot's grateful choice,
And Sakka and his queen in groves of Nandana rejoice.

---

[496] The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: "In those days Sakka was Anuruddha, the parrot king was myself."

[1] See *Vinaya*, *Pār.* i. 1—4.

No. 431.

HĀRITA-JĀTAKA.

"*Friend Hārita,*" *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a discontented Brother. Now this Brother after seeing a smartly attired woman grew discontented and allowed his hair and nails to grow long, and wished to return to the world. And when he was brought against his will by his teachers and preceptors to the Master, and was asked by him, if it were true that he was a backslider, and if so why, he said, "Yes, your Reverence, it is owing to the power of sinful passion, after seeing a beautiful woman." [497] The Master said, "Sin, Brother, is destructive of virtue, and insipid withal, and causes a man to be re-born in hell; and why should not this sin prove your destruction? For the hurricane that smites Mount Sineru is not ashamed to carry off a withered leaf. But owing to this sin men who walk according to knowledge and wisdom, and have acquired the five Faculties and the eight Attainments, though they were great and holy men, being unable to fix their thoughts, fell away from mystic meditation." And then he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born in a certain village in a brahmin family worth eighty crores, and from his golden complexion they called him Harittacakumāra (Young Goldskin). When he was grown up, and had been educated at Takkasilā, he set up as a householder, and on the death of his father and mother he made inspection of his treasures and thought, "The treasure only continues to exist, but they who produced it cease to exist: I too must be reduced to atoms by means of death," and alarmed by the fear of death he gave great gifts, and entering the Himālaya country he adopted the religious life, and on the seventh day he entered upon the Faculties and Attainments. There for a long time he lived on wild fruit and roots, and going down from the mountain to procure salt and vinegar, he in due course reached Benares. There he abode in the royal park, and on the next day in going his round for alms he came to the door of the king's palace. The king was so glad to see him that he sent for him and made him sit on the royal couch beneath the shade of the white umbrella, and fed him on all manner of dainties, and on his returning thanks the king being exceedingly pleased asked him, "Reverend Sir, where are you going?" "Great king, we are looking out for a dwelling-place for the rainy season." "Very well, Reverend Sir," he said, and after the early meal he went with him to the park, and had quarters both for the day and night built for him, and, assigning the keeper of the park as his attendant, he saluted him and departed. The Great Being from that time fed continually in the palace, and lived there twelve years.

Now one day the king went to quell a disturbance on the frontier, [498] and committed the Bodhisatta to the care of the queen, saying, "Do not neglect our 'Field of Merit'." Thenceforth she ministered to the Great Being with her own hands.

Now one day she had prepared his food, and as he delayed his coming, she bathed in scented water, and put on a soft tunic of fine cloth, and opening the lattice lay down on a small couch, and let the wind play upon her body. And the Bodhisatta later on in the day, dressed in a goodly inner and outer robe, took his alms-bowl and walking through the air came to the window. As the queen rose up in haste, at the rustling sound of his bark garments, her robe of fine cloth fell from off her. An extraordinary object struck upon the eye of the Great Being. Then the sinful feeling, that had been dwelling for countless aeons in his heart, rose up like a snake lying in a box, and put to flight his mystic meditation. Being unable to fix his thoughts he went and seized the queen by the hand, and forthwith they drew a curtain round them. After misconducting himself with her, he partook of some food and returned to the park. And every day thenceforth he acted after the same manner.

His misconduct was blazed abroad throughout the whole city. The king's ministers sent a letter to him, saying, "Hārita, the ascetic, is acting thus and thus."

The king thought, "They say this, being eager to separate us," and disbelieved it. When he had pacified the border country he returned to Benares, and after marching in solemn procession round the city, he went to the queen and asked her, "Is it true that the holy ascetic Hārita misconducted himself with you?" "It is true, my lord." He disbelieved her also, and thought, "I will ask the man himself," and going to the park he saluted him, and sitting respectfully on one side he spoke the first stanza in the form of a question:

Friend Hārita, I oft have heard it said
A sinful life is by your Reverence led;
I trust there is no truth in this report,
And thou art innocent in deed and thought?

[499] He thought, "If I were to say I am not indulging in sin, this king would believe me, but in this world there is no sure ground like speaking the truth. They who forsake the truth, though they sit in the sacred enclosure of the Bo tree, cannot attain to Buddhahood. I must needs just speak the truth." In certain cases a Bodhisatta may destroy life, take what is not given him, commit adultery, drink strong drink, but he may not tell a lie, attended by deception that violates the reality of things. Therefore speaking the truth only he uttered the second stanza:

In evil ways, great king, as thou hast heard,
Caught by the world's delusive arts, I erred.

Hearing this the king spoke the third stanza:

Vain is man's deepest wisdom to dispel
The passions that within his bosom swell.

Then Hārita pointed out to him the power of sin and spoke the fourth stanza:

There are four passions in this world, great king,
That in their power are over-mastering:
Lust, hate, excess and ignorance their name;
Knowledge can here no certain footing claim.

[500] The king on hearing this spoke the fifth stanza:

Endowed with holiness and intellect
The saintly Hārita wins our respect.

Then Hārita spoke the sixth stanza:

Ill thoughts, with pleasant vices if combined,
Corrupt the sage to saintliness inclined.

Then the king, encouraging him to throw off sinful passion, spoke the seventh stanza:

The beauty that from purest hearts doth shine
  Is marred by lust, born of this mortal frame;
Away with it, and blessings shall be thine,
  And multitudes thy wisdom shall proclaim.

Then the Bodhisatta recovered the power to concentrate his thoughts, and observing the misery of sinful desire, he spoke the eighth stanza:

Since blinding passions yield a bitter fruit,
All growth of lust I cut down to the root.

[501] So saying he asked the king's leave, and having gained his consent he entered his hermit hut, and fixing his gaze on the mystic circle he entered into a trance, and came forth from the hut, and sitting cross-legged in the air he taught the king the true doctrine and said, "Great king, I have incurred censure in the midst of the people by reason of my dwelling in a place where I ought not. But be thou vigilant. Now will I return to some forest free from all taint of womankind." And amidst the tears and lamentations of the king he returned to the Himālaya, and without falling away from mystic meditation he entered the Brahma world.

The Master knowing the whole story said:

Thus Hārita for truth right stoutly did contend,
And lust forsaking did to Brahma world ascend.

And having in his Perfect Wisdom spoken this stanza, he declared the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained to Sainthood:—"At that time the king was Ānanda Hārita was myself."

No. 432.

PADAKUSALAMĀṆAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*O Pāṭala, by Ganges,*" *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a certain boy. He was, they say, the son of a householder at Sāvatthi, just seven years old, and skilled in recognizing footsteps. Now his father being minded to prove him went without his knowing it to a friend's house. The boy, without even asking where his father had gone, by tracing his footsteps, came and stood before him. So his father one day asked him saying, "When I went off without telling you, how did you know where I was gone?" [502] "My dear father, I recognized your footsteps. I am skilled in this way." Then his father, to prove him, went out of his house after the early meal, and going into his next-door neighbour's house, from it passed into another, and from this third house again returned to his own home, and thence made his way to the North gate, and passing out by it made a circuit of the city from right to left. And coming to Jetavana he saluted the Master and sat down to listen to the Law. The boy asked where his father was, and when they said, "We do not know," by tracing his father's steps, and starting from the next-door neighbour's house he went by the same road by which his father had travelled to Jetavana, and after saluting the Master stood in the presence of his father, and when asked by him, how he knew that he had come here, he said, "I recognized your footsteps and following in your track came hither." The Master asked, "Lay Brother, what are you saying?" He answered, "Your Reverence, this boy is skilled in knowing footsteps. To test him I came hither in such and such a manner. Not finding me at home, by following in my footsteps, he arrived here." "There is no marvel," said the Master, "in recognizing steps upon the ground. Sages of old recognized steps in the air," and on being asked, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, his queen-consort after falling into sin was questioned by the king, and taking an oath she said, "If I have sinned against you, I shall become a female Yakkha with a face like a horse." After her death she became a horse-faced Yakkha and dwelt in a rock-cave in a vast forest at the foot of a mountain, and used to catch and devour the men that frequented the road leading from the East to the Western border. After serving Vessavaṇa[1] three years, it is said, she got leave to eat people in a certain space, thirty leagues long by five leagues broad. Now one day a rich, wealthy, handsome brahmin, accompanied by a large suite, ascended that road. The Yakkha, on seeing him, with a loud laugh rushed upon him, and his attendants all fled. With the speed of the wind she seized the brahmin [503] and threw him on her back, and in entering the cave, through coming into contact with the man, under the influence of passion she conceived an affection

[1] The lord of Yakkhas.

for him, and instead of devouring him she made him her husband, and they lived harmoniously together. And thenceforth the Yakkha whenever she captured men, also took their clothes and rice and oil and the like, and serving him with various dainty food she herself would eat man's flesh. And whenever she went away, for fear of his escaping, she closed the mouth of the cave with a huge stone before leaving. And while they were thus living amicably together, the Bodhisatta passing from his former existence was conceived in the womb of the Yakkha by the brahmin. After ten months she gave birth to a son, and filled with love for the brahmin and her child, she fed them both. By and bye when the boy was grown up, she put him also inside the cave with his father, and closed the door. Now one day the Bodhisatta knowing she had gone away removed the stone and let his father out. And when she asked on her return who had removed the stone, he said, "I did, mother: we cannot sit in darkness." And through love for her child she did not say another word. Now one day the Bodhisatta asked his father, saying, "Dear father, your mouth is different from my mother's; what is the reason?" "My son, your mother is a Yakkha and lives on man's flesh, but you and I are men." "If so, why do we live here? Come, we will go to the haunts of men." "My dear boy, if we shall try to escape, your mother will kill us both." The Bodhisatta reassured his father and said, "Do not be afraid, dear father; that you shall return to the haunts of men shall be my charge." And next day when his mother had gone away, he took his father and fled. When the Yakkha returned and missed them, she rushed forward with the swiftness of the wind and caught them and said, "O brahmin, why do you run away? Is there anything that you want here?" "My dear," he said, "do not be angry with me. [504] Your son carried me off with him." And without another word, owing to her love for her child, she comforted them and making for her place of abode she brought them back after a flight of some days. The Bodhisatta thought, "My mother must have a limited sphere of action. Suppose I were to ask her the limits of space over which her authority extends. Then I will escape by going beyond this." So one day sitting respectfully near his mother he said, "My dear, that which belongs to a mother comes to the children; tell me now what is the boundary of our ground." She told him all the landmarks, mountains and such like in all directions, and pointed out to her son the space, thirty leagues long and five leagues broad, and said, "Consider it to be so much, my son." After the lapse of two or three days, when his mother had gone to the forest, he put his father on his shoulder and rushing on with the swiftness of the wind, by the hint given him by his mother, he reached the bank of the river that was the limit. The mother too, when on her return she missed them, pursued after them. The Bodhisatta carried his father into the middle of the river, and she

came and stood on the river bank, and when she saw that they had passed beyond the limits of her sphere, she stopped where she was, and cried, "My dear child, come here with your father. What is my offence? In what respect do not things go well with you? Come back, my lord." Thus did she beseech her child and husband. So the brahmin crossed the river. She prayed to her child also, and said, "Dear son, do not act after this sort: come back again." "Mother, we are men: you are a Yakkha. We cannot always abide with you." "And will you not return?" "No, mother." "Then if you refuse to return—as it is painful to live in the world of men, and they who know not any craft cannot live—I am skilled in the lore of the philosopher's stone: by its power, one can follow after the lapse of twelve years in the steps of those that have gone away. This will prove a livelihood to you. Take, my child, this invaluable charm." And though overcome by such great sorrow, through love of her child, she gave him the charm. [505] The Bodhisatta, still standing in the river, folded his hands tortoise-wise and took the charm, and saluting his mother cried, "Good-bye, mother." The Yakkha said, "If you do not return, my son, I cannot live," and she smote upon her breast, and straightway in sorrow for her son her heart was broken and she fell down dead on the spot. The Bodhisatta, when he knew his mother was dead, called to his father and went and made a funeral pile and burned her body. After extinguishing the flames, he made offerings of various coloured flowers, and with weeping and lamentation returned with his father to Benares.

It was told the king, "A youth skilled in tracking footsteps is standing at the door." And when the king bade him enter, he came in and saluted the king. "My friend," he said, "do you know any craft?" "My lord, following on the track of one who has stolen any property twelve years ago, I can catch him." "Then enter my service," said the king. "I will serve you for a thousand pieces of money daily." "Very well, friend, you shall serve me." And the king had him paid a thousand pieces of money daily. Now one day the family priest said to the king, "My lord, because this youth does nothing by the power of his art, we do not know whether he has any skill or not: we will now test him." The king readily agreed, and the pair gave notice to the keepers of the various treasures, and taking the most valuable jewels descended from the terrace, and after groping their way three times round the palace, they placed a ladder on the top of the wall and by means of it descended to the outside. Then they entered the Hall of Justice, and after sitting there they returned and again placing the ladder on the wall descended by it into the city. Coming to the edge of a tank they thrice marched solemnly round it, and then dropped their treasure in the tank, and climbed back to the terrace. [506] Next day there was a great outcry and men said, "Treasure has been stolen from the palace." The king pretending ignorance summoned

the Bodhisatta and said, "Friend, much valuable treasure has been stolen from the palace: we must trace it." "My lord, for one who is able to follow the traces of robbers and recover treasure stolen twelve years ago, there is nothing marvellous in his recovering stolen property after a single day and night. I will recover it; do not be troubled." "Then recover it, friend." "Very well, my lord," he said, and went and saluting his mother's memory he repeated the spell, still standing on the terrace, and said, "My lord, the steps of two thieves are to be seen." And following in the steps of the king and the priest he entered the royal closet, and issuing thence he descended from the terrace, and after thrice making a circuit of the palace he drew near the wall. Standing on it he said, "My lord, starting in this place from the wall I see footsteps in the air: bring me a ladder." And having had a ladder placed for him against the wall, he descended by it, and still following in their track he came to the Hall of Justice. Then returning to the palace he had the ladder planted against the wall, and descending by it he came to the tank. After thrice marching round it he said, "My lord, the thieves went down into this tank," and taking out the treasure, as if he had deposited it there himself, he gave it to the king and said, "My lord, these two thieves are men of distinction: by this way they climbed up into the palace." The people snapped their fingers in a high state of delight, and there was a great waving of cloths. The king thought, "This youth, methinks, by following in their steps knows the place where the thieves put the treasure, but the thieves he cannot catch." Then he said, "You at once brought us the property carried off by the thieves, but will you be able to catch the thieves and bring them to us?" "My lord, the thieves are here: they are not far off." [507] "Who are they?" "Great king, let any one that likes be the thief. From the time you recovered your treasure, why should you want the thieves? Do not ask about that." "Friend, I pay you daily a thousand pieces of money: bring the thieves to me." "Sire, when the treasure is recovered, what need of the thieves?" "It is better, friend, for us to catch the thieves than to recover the treasure." "Then, sire, I will not tell you, 'So and so are the thieves,' but I will tell you a thing that happened long ago. If you are wise, you will know what it means." And herewith he told an old tale.

Once upon a time, sire, a certain dancer named Pāṭala lived not far from Benares, in a village on the river's bank. One day he went into Benares with his wife and after gaining money by his singing and dancing, at the end of the fête he procured some rice and strong drink. On his way to his own village he came to the bank of the river, and sat down watching the freshly flowing stream, to drink his strong drink. When he was drunk and unconscious of his weakness, he said, "I will fasten my big lute about my neck and go down into the river." And he took his

wife by the hand and went down into the river. The water entered into the holes of the lute, and then the weight of his lute made him begin to sink. But when his wife saw he was sinking, she let go of him and went up out of the river and stood upon the bank. The dancer Pāṭala now rises and now sinks, and his belly became swollen from swallowing the water. So his wife thought, "My husband will now die: I will beg of him one song, and by singing this in the midst of the people, I shall earn my living." And saying, "My lord, you are sinking in the water: give me just one song, and I will earn my living by it," she spoke this stanza:

[508] O Pāṭala, by Ganges swept away,
Famous in dance and skilled in roundelay,
Pāṭala, all hail! as thou art borne along,
Sing me, I pray, some little snatch of song.

Then the dancer Pāṭala said, "My dear, how shall I give you a little song? The water that has been the salvation of the people is killing me," and he spoke a stanza:

Wherewith are sprinkled fainting souls in pain,
I straight am killed. My refuge proved my bane.

The Bodhisatta in explanation of this stanza said: "Sire, even as water is the refuge of the people, so also is it with kings. If danger arises from them, who shall avert that danger? This, sire, is a secret matter. I have told a story intelligible to the wise: understand it, sire." "Friend, I understand not a hidden story like this. Catch the thieves and bring them to me." Then the Bodhisatta said, "Hear then this, sire, and understand." And he told yet another tale.

"My lord, formerly in a village outside the city gates of Benares, a potter used to fetch clay for his pottery, and constantly getting it in the same place he dug a deep pit inside a mountain-cave. Now one day while he was getting the clay, an unseasonable storm-cloud sprang up, and let fall a heavy rain, and the flood overwhelmed and threw down the side of the pit, and the man's head was broken by it. Loudly lamenting he spoke this stanza:

That by which seeds do grow, man to sustain,
Has crushed my head. My refuge proved my bane.

"For even as the mighty earth, sire, which is the refuge of the people, broke the potter's head, even so when a king, who like the mighty earth is the refuge of the whole world, rises up and plays the thief, who shall avert the danger? Can you, sire, [509] recognize the thief hidden under the guise of this story?" "Friend, we do not want any hidden meaning. Say, 'Here is the thief,' and catch him and hand him over to me."

Still shielding the king and without saying in words, "Thou art the thief," he told yet another story.

In this very city, sire, a certain man's house was on fire. He ordered another man to go into the house and bring out his property. When this man had entered the house and was bringing out his goods, the door was shut. Blinded with smoke and unable to find his way out and tormented by the rising flame, he remained inside lamenting, and spoke this stanza:

> That which destroys the cold, and parches grain,
> Consumes my limbs. My refuge proves my bane.

"A man, O king, who like fire was the refuge of the people, stole the bundle of jewels. Do not ask me about the thief." "Friend, just bring me the thief." Without telling the king that he was a thief, he told yet another story.

Once, sire, in this very city a man ate to excess and was unable to digest his food. Maddened with pain and lamenting he spoke this stanza:

> Food on which countless brahmins life sustain
> Killed me outright. My refuge proved my bane.

"One, who like rice, sire, was the refuge of the people, stole the property. When that is recovered, why ask about the thief?" "Friend, if you can, bring me the thief." To make the king comprehend, he told yet another story.

[510] Formerly, sire, in this very city a wind arose and broke a certain man's limbs. Lamenting he spoke this stanza:

> Wind that in June wise men by prayer would gain,
> My limbs doth break. My refuge proved my bane.

"Thus, sire, did danger arise from my refuge. Understand this story." "Friend, bring me the thief." To make the king understand, he told him yet another story.

Once upon a time, sire, on the side of the Himālayas grew a tree with forked branches, the dwelling-place of countless birds. Two of its boughs rubbed against one another. Hence arose smoke, and sparks of fire were let fall. On seeing this the chief bird uttered this stanza:

> Flame issues from the tree where we have lain:
> Scatter, ye birds. Our refuge proves our bane.

"For just as, sire, the tree is the refuge of birds, so is the king the refuge of his people. Should he play the thief, who shall avert the danger? Take note of this, sire." "Friend, only bring me the thief." Then he told the king yet another story.

In a village of Benares, sire, on the western side of a gentleman's house was a river full of savage crocodiles, and in this family was an only son, who on the death of his father watched over his mother. His mother against his will brought home a gentleman's daughter as his wife. At

first she showed affection for her mother-in-law, but afterwards when blest with numerous sons and daughters of her own, she wished to get rid of her. Her own mother also lived in the same house. In her husband's presence she found all manner of fault with her mother-in-law, to prejudice him against her, saying, "I cannot possibly support your mother: you must kill her." [511] And when he answered, "Murder is a serious matter: how am I to kill her?" she said, "When she has fallen asleep, we will take her, bed and all, and throw her into the crocodile river. Then the crocodiles will make an end of her." "And where is your mother?" he said. "She sleeps in the same room as your mother." "Then go and set a mark on the bed on which she lies, by fastening a rope on it." She did so, and said, "I have put a mark on it." The husband said, "Excuse me a moment; let the people go to bed first." And he lay down pretending to go to sleep, and then went and fastened the rope on his mother-in-law's bed. Then he woke his wife, and they went together and lifting her up, bed and all, threw her into the river. And the crocodiles there killed and ate her. Next day she found out what had happened to her own mother and said, "My lord, my mother is dead, now let us kill yours." "Very well then," he said, "we will make a funeral pile in the cemetery, and cast her into the fire and kill her." So the man and his wife took her while she was asleep to the cemetery, and deposited her there. Then the husband said to his wife, "Have you brought any fire?" "I have forgotten it, my lord." "Then go and fetch it." "I dare not go, my lord, and if you go, I dare not stay here: we will go together." When they were gone, the old woman was awakened by the cold wind, and finding it was a cemetery, she thought, "They wish to kill me: they are gone to fetch fire. They do not know how strong I am." And she stretched a corpse on the bed and covered it over with a cloth, and ran away and hid herself in a mountain cave in that same place. The husband and wife brought the fire and taking the corpse to be the old woman they burned it and went away. A certain robber had left his bundle in this mountain cave and coming back to fetch it he saw the old woman and thought, "This must be a Yakkha: my bundle is possessed by goblins," and he fetched a devil-doctor. The doctor uttered a spell and entered the cave. Then she said to him, "I am no Yakkha: come, we will enjoy this treasure together." "How is this to be believed?" "Place your tongue on my tongue." He did so, and she bit a piece off his tongue and let it drop to the ground. The devil-doctor thought, "This is certainly a Yakkha," and he cried aloud and fled away, with the blood dripping from his tongue. [512] Next day the old woman put on a clean under-garment and took the bundle of all sorts of jewels and went home. The daughter-in-law on seeing her asked, "Where, mother, did you get this?" "My dear, all that are burned on a wooden pile in this cemetery receive

the same." "My dear mother, can I too get this?" "If you become like me, you will." So without saying a word to her husband, in her desire for a lot of ornaments to wear, she went there and burned herself. Her husband next day missed her and said, "My dear mother, at this time of day is not your daughter-in-law coming?" Then she reproached him saying, "Fie! you bad man, how do the dead come back?" And she uttered this stanza:

A maiden fair, with wreath upon her head,
Fragrant with sandal oil, by me was led
A happy bride within my home to reign:
She drove me forth. My refuge proved my bane.

"As the daughter-in-law, sire, is to the mother-in-law, so is the king a refuge to his people. If danger arises thence, what can one do? take note of this, sire." "Friend, I do not understand the things you tell me: only bring me the thief." He thought, "I will shield the king," and he told yet another story.

Of old, sire, in this very city a man in answer to his prayer had a son. At his birth the father was full of joy and gladness at the thought of having got a son, and cherished him. When the boy was grown up, he wedded him to a wife, and by and bye he himself grew old and could not undertake any work. So his son said, "You cannot do any work: you must go from hence," and he drove him out of the house. [513] With great difficulty he kept himself alive on alms, and lamenting he uttered this stanza:

He for whose birth I longed, nor longed in vain,
Drives me from home. My refuge proved my bane.

"Just as an aged father, sire, ought to be cared for by an able-bodied son, so too ought all the people to be protected by the king, and this danger now present has arisen from the king, who is the guardian of all men. Know, sire, from this fact that the thief is so and so." "I do not understand this, be it fact or no fact: either bring me the thief, or you yourself must be the thief." Thus did the king again and again question the youth. So he said to him, "Would you, sire, really like the thief to be caught?" "Yes, friend." "Then I will proclaim it in the midst of the assembly, So and So is the thief." "Do so, friend." On hearing his words he thought, "This king does not allow me to shield him: I will now catch the thief." And when the people had gathered together, he addressed them and spoke these stanzas:

Let town and country folk assembled all give ear,
Lo! water is ablaze. From safety cometh fear.
The plundered realm may well of king and priest complain;
Henceforth protect yourselves. Your refuge proves your bane.

[514] When they heard what he said, people thought, "The king, though he ought to have protected others, threw the blame on another. After he had with his own hands placed his treasure in the tank, he went about looking for the thief. That he may not in future go on playing the part of a thief, we will kill this wicked king." So they rose up with sticks and clubs in their hands, and then and there beat the king and the priest till they died. But they anointed the Bodhisatta and set him on the throne.

The Master, after relating this story to illustrate the Truths, said, "Lay Brother, there is nothing marvellous in recognizing footsteps on the earth: sages of old recognized them in the air," and he identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the lay Brother and his son attained to fruition of the First Path:—"In those days the father was Kassapa, the youth skilled in footsteps was myself."

No. 433.

LOMASAKASSAPA-JĀTAKA.

"*A king like Indra,*" *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a worldly-minded Brother. The Master asked him if he were longing for the world, and when he admitted that it was so, the Master said, "Brother, even men of the highest fame sometimes incur infamy. Sins like these defile even pure beings; much more one like you." And then he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time prince Brahmadatta, son of Brahmadatta king of Benares, and the son of his family priest named Kassapa [515], were schoolmates and learned all the sciences in the house of the same teacher. By and bye the young prince on his father's death was established in the kingdom. Kassapa thought, "My friend has become king: he will bestow great power on me: what have I to do with power? I will take leave of the king and my parents, and become an ascetic." So he went into the Himālayas and adopted the religious life, and on the seventh day he entered on the Faculties and Attainments, and gained his living by what he gleaned in the fields. And men nicknamed the ascetic Lomasakassapa (Hairy Kassapa). With his senses mortified he became an ascetic of

grim austerity. And by virtue of his austerity the abode of Sakka was shaken. Sakka, reflecting on the cause, observed him and thought, "This ascetic, by the exceedingly fierce fire of his virtue, would make me fall even from the abode of Sakka. After a secret interview with the king of Benares, I will break down his austerity." By the power of a Sakka he entered the royal closet of the king of Benares at midnight and illuminated all the chamber with the radiance of his form, and standing in the air before the king he woke him up and said, "Sire, arise," and when the king asked, "Who are you?" he answered, "I am Sakka." "Wherefore are you come?" "Sire, do you desire or not sole rule in all India?" "Of course I do." So Sakka said, "Then bring Lomasakassapa here and bid him offer a sacrifice of slain beasts, and you shall become, like Sakka, exempt from old age and death, and exercise rule throughout all India," and he repeated the first stanza:

A king like Indra thou shalt be,
Ne'er doomed old age or death to see,
Should Kassapa by thy advice
Offer a living sacrifice.

On hearing his words the king readily assented. Sakka said, "Then make no delay," and so departed. [516] Next day the king summoned a councillor named Sayha and said, "Good sir, go to my dear friend Lomasakassapa and in my name speak thus to him: 'The king by persuading you to offer a sacrifice will become sole ruler in all India, and he will grant you as much land as you desire: come with me to offer sacrifice'." He answered, "Very well, sire," and made proclamation by beat of drum to learn the place where the ascetic dwelt, and when a certain forester said, "I know," Sayha went there under his guidance with a large following, and saluting the sage sat respectfully on one side and delivered his message. Then he said to him, "Sayha, what is this you say?" and refusing him he spoke these four stanzas:

[1]No island realm, safe-guarded in the sea,
Shall tempt me, Sayha, to this cruelty.

A curse upon the lust of fame and gain,
Whence spring the sins that lead to endless pain.

Better, as homeless waif, to beg one's bread
Than by a crime bring shame upon my head.

Yea better, bowl in hand, to flee from sin
Than by such cruelty a kingdom win.

The councillor, after hearing what he said, went and told the king. Thought the king, "Should he refuse to come, what can I do?" and kept silent. [517] But Sakka at midnight came and stood in the air and said,

[1] These stanzas occur in No. 310 *supra*, in a different context.

"Why, sire, do you not send for Lomasakassapa and bid him offer sacrifice?" "When he is sent for, he refuses to come." "Sire, adorn your daughter, princess Candavatī, and send her by the hand of Sayha and bid him say, 'If you will come and offer sacrifice, the king will give you this maiden to wife.' Clearly he will be struck with love of the maiden and will come." The king readily agreed, and next day sent his daughter by the hand of Sayha. Sayha took the king's daughter and went there, and after the usual salutation and compliments to the sage, he presented to him the princess, as lovely as a celestial nymph, and stood at a respectful distance. The ascetic losing his moral sense looked at her, and with the mere look he fell away from meditation. The councillor seeing that he was smitten with love said, "Your Reverence, if you will offer sacrifice, the king will give you this maiden to wife." He trembled with the power of passion and said, "Will he surely give her to me?" "Yes, if you offer sacrifice, he will." "Very well," he said, "If I get her, I will sacrifice," and taking her with him, just as he was, ascetic locks and all, he mounted a splendid chariot and went to Benares. But the king, as soon as he heard he was certainly coming, prepared for the ceremony in the sacrificial pit. So when he saw that he was come, he said, "If you offer sacrifice, I shall become equal to Indra, and when the sacrifice is completed, I will give you my daughter." Kassapa readily assented. So the king next day went with Candavatī to the sacrificial pit. There all four-footed beasts, elephants, horses, bulls and the rest were placed in a line. Kassapa essayed to offer sacrifice by killing and slaying them all. Then the people that were gathered together there said, [518] "This is not proper or befitting you, Lomasakassapa: why do you act thus?" And lamenting they uttered two stanzas:

Both sun and moon bear potent sway,
And tides no power on earth can stay,
Brahmins and priests almighty are,
But womankind is mightier far.

E'en so Candavatī did win
Grim Kassapa to deadly sin,
And urged him by her sire's device
To offer living sacrifice[1].

At this moment Kassapa, to offer sacrifice, lifted up his precious sword to strike the royal elephant on the neck. The elephant at the sight of the sword, terrified with the fear of death, uttered a loud cry. On hearing his cry the other beasts too, elephants, horses, and bulls through fear of death uttered loud cries, and the people also cried aloud. Kassapa, on hearing these loud cries, grew excited and reflected on his matted hair. Then he became conscious of matted locks and beard, and the hair upon his body

[1] See Weber, *Ind. Stud.* x. 348.

and breast. Full of remorse he cried, "Alas! I have done a sinful deed, unbecoming my character," and showing his emotion he spoke the eighth stanza:

[519] This cruel act is of desire the fruit;
The growth of lust I'll cut down to the root.

Then the king said, "Friend, fear not: offer the sacrifice, and I will now give you the princess Candavatī, and my kingdom and a pile of the seven treasures." On hearing this Kassapa said, "Sire, I do not want this sin upon my soul," and spoke the concluding stanza:

Curse on the lusts upon this earth so rife.
Better by far than these the ascetic life;
I will forsaking sin a hermit be:
Keep thou thy realm and fair Candavatī.

With these words he concentrated his thoughts on the mystic object, and recovering the lost idea sat cross-legged in the air, teaching the law to the king, and, admonishing him to be zealous in good works, he bade him destroy the sacrificial pit and grant an amnesty to the people. And at the king's request, flying up into the air he returned to his own abode. And as long as he lived, he cultivated the Brahma perfections and became destined to birth in the Brahma world.

The Master having ended his lesson revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained to Sainthood:—"In those days the great councillor Sayha was Sāriputta, Lomasakassapa was myself.'

No. 434.

CAKKAVĀKA-JĀTAKA[1].

[520] "*Twin pair of birds*," *etc.*—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning a greedy Brother. He was, it was said, greedy after the Buddhist requisites and casting off all duties of master and pastor, entered Sāvatthi quite early, and after drinking excellent rice-gruel served with many a kind of solid food in the house of Visākhā, and after eating in the daytime various dainties, paddy, meat and boiled rice, not satisfied with this he goes about thence

[1] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 69.

to the house of Culla-Anāthapiṇḍika, and the king of Kosala, and various others. So one day a discussion was raised in the Hall of Truth concerning his greediness. When the Master heard what they were discussing, he sent for that Brother and asked him if it were true that he was greedy. And when he said "Yes," the Master asked, "Why, Brother, are you greedy? Formerly too through your greediness, not being satisfied with the dead bodies of elephants, you left Benares and, wandering about on the bank of the Ganges, entered the Himālaya country." And hereupon he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, a greedy crow went about eating the bodies of dead elephants, and not satisfied with them he thought, "I will eat the fat of fish on the bank of the Ganges," and after staying a few days there eating dead fish he went into the Himālaya and lived on various kinds of wild fruits. Coming to a large lotus-tank abounding in fish and turtles, he saw there two golden-coloured geese who lived on the sevāla plant. He thought, "These birds are very beautiful and well-favoured: their food must be delightful. I will ask them what it is, and by eating the same I too shall become golden-coloured." So he went to them, and after the usual kindly greetings to them as they sat perched on the end of a bough, he spoke the first stanza in connexion with their praises:

Twin pair of birds in yellow dressed,
  So joyous roaming to and fro;
What kind of birds do men love best?
  This is what I am fain to know.

[521] The ruddy goose on hearing this spoke the second stanza:

O bird, of human kind the pest,
We above other birds are blest.
All lands with our "devotion[1]" ring
And men and birds our praises sing.
Know then that ruddy geese are we,
And fearless wander o'er the sea[2].

Hearing this the crow spoke the third stanza:

What fruits upon the sea abound,
And whence may flesh for geese be found?
Say on what heavenly food ye live,
Such beauty and such strength to give.

[522] Then the ruddy goose spoke the fourth stanza:

No fruits are on the sea to eat,
And whence should ruddy geese have meat?
Sevāla plant, stript of its skin,
Yields food without a taint of sin.

[1] The ruddy goose, in the poetry of the Hindus, is their turtle-dove. See Wilson's *Meghadūta*, p. 77.

[2] By the word 'sea' the Ganges is here intended.

Then the crow spoke two stanzas:

I like not, goose, the words you use:
I once believed the food we choose
To nourish us, ought to agree
With what our outward form might be.

But now I doubt it, for I eat
Rice, salt, and oil, and fruit, and meat:
As heroes feast returned from fight,
So I too in good cheer delight.
But though I live on dainty fare,
My looks with yours may not compare.

[523] Then the ruddy goose told the reason why the crow failed to attain to personal beauty, while he himself attained to it, and spoke the remaining stanzas:

Not satisfied with fruit, or garbage found
Within the precincts of the charnel ground,
The greedy crow pursues in wanton flight
The casual prey that tempts his appetite.

But all that thus shall work their wicked will,
And for their pleasure harmless creatures kill,
Upbraided by their conscience pine away,
And see their strength and comeliness decay.

So happy beings that no creatures harm
In form gain vigour and in looks a charm,
For beauty surely be it understood
Depends not wholly on the kind of food.

[524] Thus did the ruddy goose in many ways reproach the crow. And the crow having brought this reproach upon himself said, "I want not your beauty." And with a cry of 'Caw, Caw,' he flew away.

The Master, his lesson ended, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the greedy Brother attained to fruition of the Second Path:—"In those days the crow was the greedy Brother, the she-goose was the mother of Rāhula, the he-goose myself."

No. 435.

HALIDDIRĀGA-JĀTAKA.

"*In lonesome forest,*" *etc.*—This story the Master at Jetavana told about a youth who was tempted by a certain coarse maiden. The introductory story will be found in the Thirteenth Book in the Cullanārada Birth[1].

---

[1] No. 477, Vol. iv.

Now in the old legend this maiden knew that if the young ascetic should break the moral law, he would be in her power, and thinking to cajole him and bring him back to the haunts of men, she said, "Virtue that is safe-guarded in a forest, where the qualities of sense such as beauty and the like have no existence, does not prove very fruitful, but it bears abundant fruit in the haunts of men, in the immediate presence of beauty and the like. So come with me and guard your virtue there. What have you to do with a forest?" And she uttered the first stanza:

In lonesome forest one may well be pure,
'Tis easy there temptation to endure;
But in a village with seductions rife,
A man may rise to a far nobler life.

On hearing this the young ascetic said, "My father is gone into the forest. When he returns, I will ask his leave and then accompany you." She thought, [525] "He has a father, it seems; if he should find me here, he will strike me with the end of his carrying-pole and kill me: I must be off beforehand." So she said to the youth, "I will start on the road before you, and leave a trail behind me: you are to follow me." When she had left him, he neither fetched wood, nor brought water to drink, but just sat meditating, and when his father arrived, he did not go out to meet him. So the father knew that his son had fallen into the power of a woman and he said, "Why, my son, did you neither fetch wood nor bring me water to drink, nor food to eat, but why do you do nothing but sit and meditate?" The youthful ascetic said, "Father, men say that virtue that has to be guarded in a forest is not very fruitful, but that it brings forth much fruit in the haunts of men. I will go and guard my virtue there. My companion has gone forward, bidding me follow: so I will go with my companion. But when I am dwelling there, what manner of man am I to affect?" And asking this question he spoke the second stanza:

[1]This doubt, my father, solve for me, I pray;
If to some village from this wood I stray,
Men of what school of morals, or what sect
Shall I most wisely for my friends affect?

Then his father spoke and repeated the rest of the verses:

One that can gain thy confidence and love,
Can trust thy word, and with thee patient prove,
In thought and word and deed will ne'er offend—
Take to thy heart and cling to him as friend.
To men capricious as the monkey kind,
And found unstable, be not thou inclined,
Though to some wilderness thy lot's confined.

[1] This stanza and the first seven of the following verses are to be found in No. 348 *supra*.

Eschew foul ways, e'en as thou would'st keep clear
Of angry serpent, or as charioteer
[526] Avoids a rugged road. Sorrows abound
Whene'er a man in Folly's train is found:
Consort not thou with fools—my voice obey—
The fool's companion is to grief a prey.

Being thus admonished by his father, the youth said, "If I should go to the haunts of men, I should not find sages like you. I dread going thither. I will dwell here in your presence." Then his father admonished him still further and taught him the preparatory rites to induce mystic meditation. And before long, the son developed the Faculties and Attainments, and with his father became destined to birth in the Brahma World.

The Master, his lesson ended, proclaimed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the Brother who longed for the world attained to fruition of the First Path:—"In those days the young ascetic was the worldly-minded Brother, the maiden then is the maiden now, but the father was myself."

No. 436.

SAMUGGA-JĀTAKA.

[527] "*Whence come ye, friends,*" *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told of a worldly-minded Brother. The Master, they say, asked him if it were true that he was hankering after the world, and on his confessing that it was so, he said, "Why, Brother, do you desire a woman? Verily woman is wicked and ungrateful. Of old Asura demons swallowed women, and though they guarded them in their belly, they could not keep them faithful to one man. How then will you be able to do so?" And hereupon he related an old-world tale.

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta foregoing sinful pleasures entered the Himālayas and adopted the religious life. And he dwelt there living on wild fruits, and developed the Faculties and Attainments. Not far from his hut of leaves lived an Asura demon. From time to time he drew nigh to the Great Being and

listened to the Law, but taking his stand in the forest on the high road where men gathered together, he caught and ate them. At this time a certain noble lady in the kingdom of Kāsi, of exceeding beauty, settled in a frontier village. One day she went to visit her parents, and as she was returning this demon caught sight of the men that formed her escort and rushed upon them in a terrible form. The men let fall the weapons in their hands and took to flight. The demon on seeing a lovely woman seated in the chariot, fell in love with her, and carrying her off to his cave made her his wife. Thenceforth he brought her ghee, husked rice, fish, flesh, and the like, as well as ripe fruit to eat, and arrayed her in robes and ornaments, and in order to keep her safe he put her in a box which he swallowed, and so guarded her in his belly. One day he wished to bathe, and coming to the tank he threw up the box and taking her out of it he bathed and anointed her, and when he had dressed her he said, "For a short time enjoy yourself in the open air," and without suspecting any harm he went a little distance and bathed. [528] At this time the son of Vāyu, who was a magician, girt about with a sword, was walking through the air. When she saw him, she put her hands in a certain position and signed to him to come to her. The magician quickly descended to the ground. Then she placed him in the box, and sat down on it, waiting the approach of the Asura, and as soon as she saw him coming, before he had drawn near to the box, she opened it, and getting inside lay over the magician, and wrapped her garment about him. The Asura came and without examining the box, thought it was only the woman, and swallowed the box and set out for his cave. While on the road he thought, "It is a long time since I saw the ascetic: I will go to-day and pay my respects to him." So he went to visit him. The ascetic, spying him while he was still a long way off, knew that there were two people in the demon's belly, and uttering the first stanza, he said:

Whence come ye, friends? Right welcome all the three!
  Be pleased to rest with me awhile, I pray:
I trust you live at ease and happily;
  'Tis long since any of you passed this way.

On hearing this the Asura thought, "I have come quite alone to see this ascetic, and he speaks of three people: what does he mean? Does he speak from knowing the exact state of things, or is he mad and talking foolishly?" Then he drew nigh to the ascetic, and saluted him, and sitting at a respectful distance he conversed with him and spoke the second stanza:

[529] I've come to visit thee alone to-day,
  Nor does a creature bear me company.
Why dost thou then, O holy hermit, say,
  "Whence come ye, friends? Right welcome, all the three."

Said the ascetic, "Do you really wish to hear the reason?" "Yes, holy Sir." "Hear then," he said, and spoke the third stanza:

Thyself and thy dear wife are twain, be sure;
Enclosed within a box she lies secure:
Safe-guarded ever in thy belly, she
With Vāyu's son doth sport her merrily.

On hearing this the Asura thought, "Magicians surely are full of tricks: supposing his sword should be in his hand, he will rip open my belly and make his escape." And being greatly alarmed he threw up the box and placed it before him.

The Master, in his Perfect Wisdom to make the matter clear, repeated the fourth stanza:

The demon by the sword was greatly terrified,
And from his maw disgorged the box upon the ground;
[530] His wife, with lovely wreath adorned as if a bride,
With Vāyu's son disporting merrily was found.

No sooner was the box opened than the magician muttered a spell and seizing his sword sprang up into the air. On seeing this, the Asura was so pleased with the Great Being that he repeated the remaining verses, inspired mainly with his praises:

O stern ascetic, thy clear vision saw
How low poor man, a woman's slave, may sink;
As life itself tho' guarded in my maw,
The wretch did play the wanton, as I think.

I tended her with care both day and night,
As forest hermit cherishes a flame,
And yet she sinned, beyond all sense of right:
—To do with woman needs must end in shame.

Methought within my body, hid from sight,
She must be mine—but "Wanton" was her name—
And so she sinned beyond all sense of right:
—To do with woman needs must end in shame.

Man with her thousand wiles doth vainly cope,
In vain he trusts that his defence is sure;
Like precipices down to Hell that slope,
Poor careless souls she doth to doom allure.

The man that shuns the path of womankind
Lives happily and from all sorrow free;
He his true bliss in solitude will find,
Afar from woman and her treachery.

[531] With these words the demon fell at the feet of the Great Being, and praised him, saying, "Holy Sir, through you my life was saved. Owing to that wicked woman I was nearly killed by the magician." Then the Bodhisatta expounded the Law to him, saying, "Do no harm to her:

keep the commandments," and established him in the five moral precepts. The Asura said, "Though I guarded her in my belly, I could not keep her safe. Who else will keep her?" So he let her go, and returned straight to his forest home.

The Master, his lesson ended, proclaimed the Truths, and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the worldly-minded Brother attained fruition of the First Path:—"In those days the ascetic with supernatural powers of sight was myself."

No. 437.

PŪTIMAṄSA-JĀTAKA[1].

[532] "*Why thus does Pūtimaṅsa,*" *etc.*—This was a story told by the Master while at Jetavana concerning the subjugation of the senses. For at one time there were many Brethren who kept no guard over the avenues of the senses. The Master said to the elder Ānanda, "I must admonish these Brethren," and owing to their want of self-restraint he called together the assembly of the Brethren, and seated in the middle of a richly-adorned couch he thus addressed them: "Brethren, it is not right that a Brother under the influence of personal beauty should set his affections on mental or physical attributes, for should he die at such a moment, he is re-born in hell and the like evil states; therefore set not your affections on material forms and the like. A Brother ought not to feed his mind on mental and physical attributes. They who do so even in this present condition of things are utterly ruined. Therefore it is good, Brethren, that the eye of the senses should be touched with a red-hot iron pin." And here he gave other details, adding, "There is a time for you to regard beauty, and a time to disregard it: at the time of regarding it, regard it not under the influence of what is agreeable, but of what is disagreeable. Thus will ye not fall away from your proper sphere. What then is this sphere of yours? Even the four earnest meditations, the holy eight-fold path, the nine transcendent conditions. If ye walk in this your proper domain, Māra will not find an entrance, but if ye are subject to passion and regard things under the influence of personal beauty, like the jackal Pūtimaṅsa, ye will fall away from your true sphere," and with these words he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, many hundreds of wild goats dwelt in a mountain-cave in a wooded district on

[1] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 71.

the slopes of the Himālayas. Not far from their place of abode a jackal named Pūtimaṅsa with his wife Veṇī lived in a cave. One day as he was ranging about with his wife, he spied those goats and thought, "I must find some means to eat the flesh of these goats," and by some device he killed a single goat. Both he and his wife by feeding on goat's flesh waxed strong and gross of body. Gradually the goats diminished in number. [533] Amongst them was a wise she-goat named Meḷamātā. The jackal though skilful in devices could not kill her, and taking counsel with his wife he said, "My dear, all the goats have died out. We must devise how to eat this she-goat. Now here is my plan. You are to go by yourself, and become friendly with her, and when confidence has sprung up between you, I will lie down and pretend to be dead. Then you are to draw nigh to the goat and say, 'My dear, my husband is dead and I am desolate; except you I have no friend: come, let us weep and lament, and bury his body.' And with these words come and bring her with you. Then I will spring up and kill her by a bite in the neck." She readily agreed and after making friends with the goat, when confidence was established, she addressed her in the words suggested by her husband. The goat replied, "My dear, all my kinsfolk have been eaten by your husband. I am afraid; I cannot come." "Do not be afraid; what harm can the dead do you?" "Your husband is cruelly-minded; I am afraid." But afterwards being repeatedly importuned the goat thought, "He certainly must be dead," and consented to go with her. But on her way there she thought, "Who knows what will happen?" and being suspicious she made the she-jackal go in front, keeping a sharp look-out for the jackal. He heard the sound of their steps and thought, "Here comes the goat," and put up his head and rolling his eyes looked about him. The goat on seeing him do this said, "This wicked wretch wants to take me in and kill me: he lies there making a pretence of being dead," and she turned about and fled. When the she-jackal asked why she ran away, the goat gave the reason and spoke the first stanza:

[534] Why thus does Pūtimaṅsa stare?
His look misliketh me:
Of such a friend one should beware,
And far away should flee.

With these words she turned about and made straight for her own abode. And the she-jackal failing to stop her was enraged with her, and went to her husband and sat down lamenting. Then the jackal rebuking her spoke the second stanza:

Veṇī, my wife, seems dull of wit,
To boast of friends that she has made;
Left in the lurch she can but sit
And grieve, by Meḷa's art betrayed.

On hearing this the she-jackal spoke the third stanza:

You too, my lord, were hardly wise,
  And, foolish creature, raised your head,
Staring about with open eyes,
  Though feigning to be dead.

At fitting times they that are wise
Know when to ope or close their eyes,
Who look at the wrong moment, will,
Like Pūtimaṅsa, suffer ill.

This stanza was inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

---

[535] But the she-jackal comforted Pūtimaṅsa and said, "My lord, do not vex yourself, I will find a way to bring her here again, and when she comes, be on your guard and catch her." Then she sought the goat and said, "My friend, your coming proved of service to us; for as soon as you appeared, my lord recovered consciousness, and he is now alive. Come and have friendly speech with him," and so saying she spoke the fifth stanza:

Our former friendship, goat, once more revive,
  And come with well-filled bowl to us, I pray,
My lord I took for dead is still alive,
  With kindly greeting visit him to-day.

The goat thought, "This wicked wretch wants to take me in. I must not act like an open foe; I will find means to deceive her," and she spoke the sixth stanza:

Our former friendship to revive,
A well-filled bowl I gladly give:
With a big escort I shall come;
To feast us well, go hasten home.

Then the she-jackal inquired about her followers, and spoke the seventh stanza:

What kind of escort will you bring,
  That I am bid to feast you well?
The names of all remembering
  To us, I pray you, truly tell.

The goat spoke the eighth stanza and said:

Hounds[1] grey and tan, four-eyed one too,
With Jambuk form my escort true:
Go hurry home, and quick prepare
For all abundance of good fare.

[1] Maliya and Pingiya probably refer to the colour of the dogs; Caturaksha is one of Yama's dogs in the Rigveda; Jambuka is a spirit in the train of Skanda.

[536] "Each of these," she added, "is accompanied by five hundred dogs: so I shall appear with a guard of two thousand dogs. If they should not find food, they will kill and eat you and your mate." On hearing this the she-jackal was so frightened that she thought, "I have had quite enough of her coming to us; I will find means to stop her from coming," and she spoke the ninth stanza:

Don't leave your house, or else I fear
Your goods will all soon disappear.
I'll take your greeting to my lord;
Don't stir: nay, not another word!

With these words she ran in great haste, as for her life, and taking her lord with her, fled away. And they never durst come back to that spot.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth: "In those days I was the divinity that dwelt there in an old forest tree."

No. 438.

TITTIRA-JĀTAKA[1].

"*Thy harmless offspring*," *etc.*—This story the Master, while dwelling at Vulture Peak, told concerning the going about of Devadatta to slay him. It was at this time that they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Alas! Sirs, how shameless and base was Devadatta. Joining himself to Ajātasattu, he formed a plot to kill the excellent and supreme Buddha, by the suborning of archers, the hurling of a rock, and the letting loose of Nāḷāgiri." The Master came and inquired of the Brethren what they were discussing in their assembly, and on being told what it was said, [537] "Not only now, but formerly too, Devadatta went about to kill me, but now he cannot so much as frighten me," and he related an old-world legend.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta, king of Benares, a world-renowned professor at Benares gave instruction in science to five hundred young brahmins. One day he thought, "So long as I dwell here,

[1] See R. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*, iii. 74.

I meet with hindrances to the religious life, and my pupils are not perfected in their studies. I will retire into a forest home on the slopes of the Himālayas and carry on my teaching there." He told his pupils, and, bidding them bring sesame, husked rice, oil, garments and such like, he went into the forest and building a hut of leaves took up his abode close by the highway. His pupils too each built a hut for himself. Their kinsfolk sent rice and the like, and the natives of the country saying, "A famous professor, they say, is living in such and such a place in the forest, and giving lessons in science," brought presents of rice, and the foresters also offered their gifts, while a certain man gave a milch cow and a calf, to supply them with milk. Now a lizard along with her two young ones came to dwell in the hut of the teacher, and a lion and a tiger ministered to him. A partridge too constantly resided there, and from hearing their master teach sacred texts to his pupils, the partridge got to know three Vedas. And the young brahmins became very friendly with the bird. By and bye before the youths had attained to proficiency in the sciences, their master died. His pupils had his body burnt, set up a tope of sand over his ashes, and with weeping and lamentation adorned it with all manner of flowers. So the partridge asked them why they wept. "Our master," they replied, "has died while our studies are still incomplete." "If this is so, do not be distressed: I will teach you science." "How do you know it?" "I used to listen to your master, while he was teaching you, and got up three Vedas by heart." "Then do you impart to us what you have learned by heart." [538] The partridge said, "Well, listen," and he expounded knotty points to them, as easily as one lets down a stream from a mountain height. The young brahmins were highly delighted and acquired science from the learned partridge. And the bird stood in the place of the far-famed teacher, and gave lectures in science. The youths made him a golden cage and fastening an awning over it, they served him with honey and parched grain in a golden dish and presenting him with divers coloured flowers, they paid great honour to the bird. It was blazed abroad throughout all India that a partridge in a forest was instructing five hundred young brahmins in sacred texts. At that time men proclaimed a high festival—it was like a gathering together of the people on a mountain top. The parents of the youths sent a message for their sons to come and see the festival. They told the partridge, and entrusting the learned bird and all the hermitage to the care of the lizard, they left for their several cities. At that moment an ill-conditioned[1] wicked ascetic wandering about hither and thither came to this spot. The lizard on seeing him entered into friendly talk with him,

[1] The reading is doubtful. Another reading is *nikkāruṇiko*, "pitiless": Morris for *niggatiko* suggests *nigaṇṭho*, "naked ascetic".

saying, "In such and such a place you will find rice, oil and such like; boil some rice and enjoy yourself," and so saying he went off in quest of his own food. Early in the morning the wretch boiled his rice, and killed and ate the two young lizards, making a dainty dish of them. At midday he killed and ate the learned partridge and the calf, and in the evening no sooner did he see the cow had come home than he killed her too and ate the flesh. Then he lay down grunting at the foot of a tree and fell asleep. In the evening the lizard came back and missing her young ones went about looking for them. A tree-sprite observing the lizard all of a tremble because she could not find her young ones, by an exercise of divine power stood in the hollow of the trunk of the tree and said, "Cease trembling, lizard: your young ones and the partridge and the calf and cow nave been killed by this wicked fellow. Give him a bite in the neck, and so bring about his death." And thus talking with the lizard the deity spoke the first stanza:

[539] Thy harmless offspring he did eat,
Though thou didst rice in plenty give;
Thy teeth make in his flesh to meet,
Nor let the wretch escape alive.

Then the lizard repeated two stanzas:

Filth doth his greedy soul, like nurse's garb, besmear,
His person all is proof against my fangs, I fear.

Flaws by the base ingrate are everywhere espied,
Not by the gift of worlds can he be satisfied.

The lizard so saying thought, "This fellow will wake up and eat me," and to save her own life she fled. Now the lion and the tiger were on very friendly terms with the partridge. Sometimes they used to come and see the partridge, and sometimes the partridge went and taught the Law to them. To-day the lion said to the tiger, "It is a long time since we saw the partridge; it must be seven or eight days: go and bring back news of him." The tiger readily assented, and he arrived at the place the very moment that the lizard had run away, and found the vile wretch sleeping. In his matted locks were to be seen some feathers of the partridge, [540] and close by appeared the bones of the cow and calf. King tiger seeing all this and missing the partridge from his golden cage thought, "These creatures must have been killed by this wicked fellow," and he roused him by a kick. At the sight of the tiger the man was terribly frightened. Then the tiger asked, "Did you kill and eat these creatures?" "I neither killed nor ate them." "Vile wretch, if you did not kill them, tell me who else would? And if you do not tell me, you are a dead man!" Frightened for his life he said, "Yes, sir, I did kill and eat the young lizards and the cow and the calf, but I did not kill the

partridge." And though he protested much, the tiger did not believe him but asked, "Whence did you come here?" "My lord, I hawked about merchant's wares for a living in the Kāliṅga country, and after trying one thing and another I have come here." But when the man had told him everything that he had done, the tiger said, "You wicked fellow, if you did not kill the partridge, who else could have done so? Come, I shall bring you before the lion, the king of beasts." So the tiger went off, driving the man before him. When the lion saw the tiger bringing the man with him, putting it in the form of a question he spoke the fourth stanza:

Why thus in haste, Subāhu[1], art thou here,
And why with thee does this good youth appear?
What need for urgency is here, I pray?
Quick, tell me truly and without delay.

[541] On hearing this the tiger spoke the fifth stanza:

The partridge, Sire, our very worthy friend,
I doubt, to-day has come to a bad end:
This fellow's antecedents make me fear
We may ill news of our good partridge hear.

Then the lion spoke the sixth stanza:

What may the fellow's antecedents be,
And what the sins that he confessed to thee,
To make thee doubt that some misfortune may
Have fallen on the learned bird to-day?

Then in answer to him king tiger repeated the remaining verses:

As pedlar thro' Kāliṅga land
Rough roads he travelled, staff in hand;
With acrobats he has been found,
And harmless beast in toils has bound;
With dicers too has often played,
And snares for little birds has laid;
In crowds with cudgel-sticks has fought,
And gain by measuring corn has sought:
False to his vows, in midnight fray
Wounded, he washed the blood away:
His hands he burned thro' being bold
To snatch at food too hot to hold.
[542] Such was the life I heard he led,
Such are the sins upon his head,
And since we know the cow is dead,
And feathers midst his locks appear,
I greatly for friend partridge fear.

The lion asked the man, "Did you kill the learned partridge?" "Yes, my lord, I did." The lion on hearing him speak the truth, was anxious to

[1] Subāhu (strong-arm) is the name of the tiger. Compare no. 361 *supra*, p. 127.

let him go, but king tiger said, "The villain deserves to die," and then and there rent him with his teeth. Then he dug a pit and threw the body into it. [543] The young brahmins when they returned home, not finding the partridge, with weeping and lamentation left the place.

The Master ended his lesson saying, "Thus, Brethren, did Devadatta of old too go about to kill me," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the ascetic was Devadatta, the lizard Kisāgotamī, the tiger Moggallāna, the lion Sāriputta, the world-renowned teacher Kassapa, and the learned partridge was myself."

INDEX.

* These Jātakas occur in the present volume.

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY J. & C. F. CLAY, AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.